THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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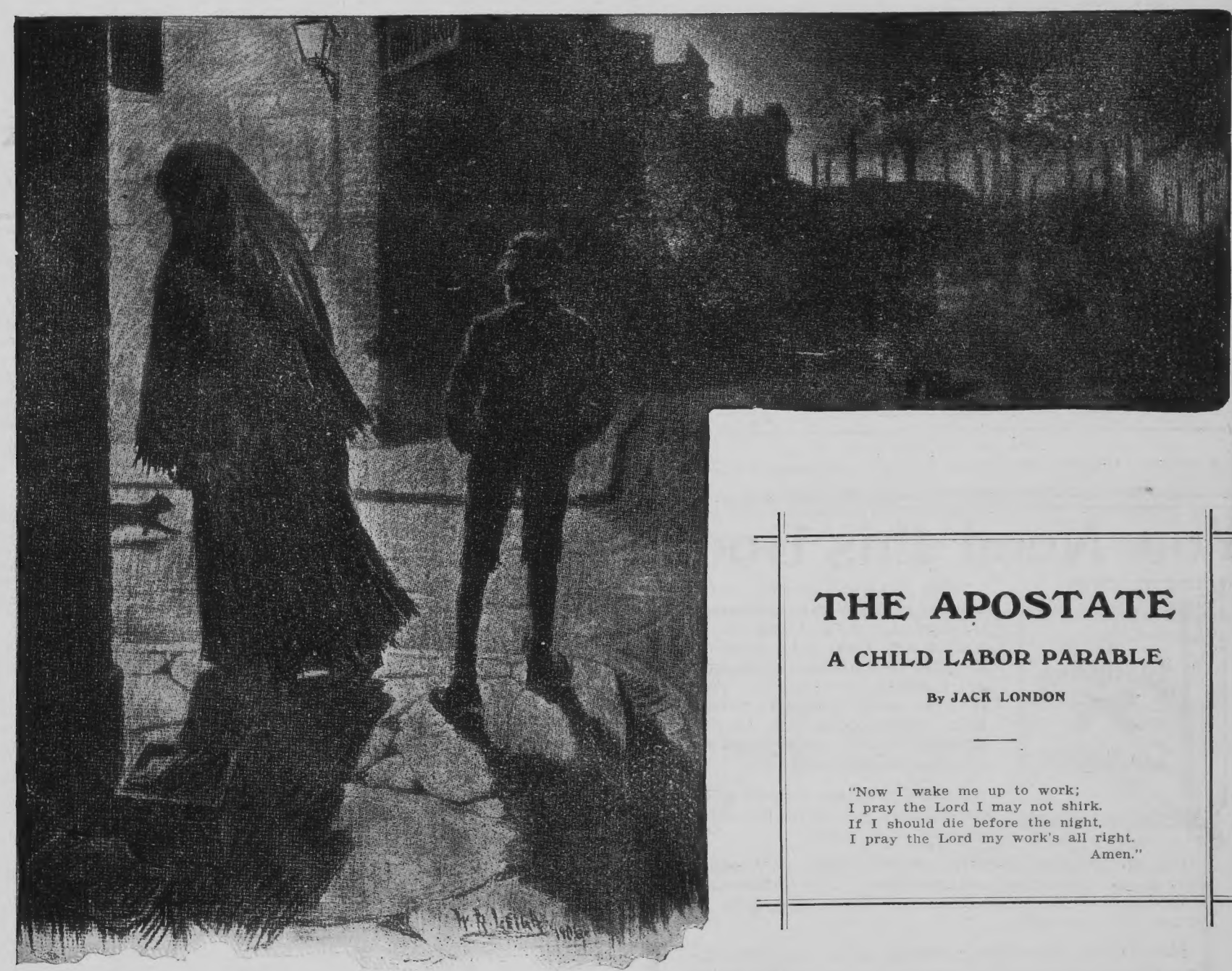

"'Don't be late,'" was her final warning from out of the dark that was swallowing her up."

THE APOSTATE

A CHILD LABOR PARABLE

By JACK LONDON

"Now I wake me up to work;
I pray the Lord I may not shirk.
If I should die before the night,
I pray the Lord my work's all right.
Amen."

IF YOU don't git up, Johnny, I won't give you a bite to eat.

The threat had no effect on the boy. He clung stubbornly to sleep, fighting for its oblivion as the dreamer fights for his dream. The boy's hands loosely clenched themselves, and he made feeble, spasmodic blows at the air. The blows were intended for his mother, but she betrayed practiced familiarity in avoiding them as she shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Lemme 'lone!"

It was a cry that began, muffled, in the depths of sleep; that swiftly rushed upward, like a wail, into passionate belligerence, and that died away and sank down into an inarticulate whine. It was a bestial cry, as of a soul in torment, filled with infinite protest and pain.

But she did not mind. She was a sad-eyed, tried-faced woman, and she had grown used to this task, which she repeated every day of her life. She got a grip on the bedclothes and tried to strip them down; but the boy, ceasing his punching, clung to them desperately. In a huddle at the foot of the bed, he still remained covered. Then she tried dragging the bedding to the floor. The boy opposed her. She braced herself. Her's was the superior weight, and the boy and bedding, the former insad-eyed, tired faced woman, and she shelter against the chill of the room that bit into his body.

As he toppled on the edge of the bed it seemed that he must fall headfirst to the floor. But consciousness fluttered up in him. He righted himself and for a moment perilously balanced. Then he struck the floor on his feet. On the instant his mother seized him by the shoulders and shook him. Again his fists struck out, this time with more force and directness. At the same time his eyes opened. She released him. He was awake.

"All right," he mumbled.

She caught up the lamp and hurried out, leaving him in darkness.

"You'll be docked," she warned back to him.

He did not mind the darkness. When he had got into his clothes he went out into the kitchen. His tread was very heavy for so thin and light a boy. His legs dragged with their own weight, which seemed unreasonable because they were such skinny legs. He drew a broken-bottomed chair to the table.

"Johnny!" his mother called sharply.

He arose as sharply from the chair, and without a word went to the sink. It was a greasy, filthy sink. A smell came up from the outlet. He took no notice of it. That a sink should smell was to him part of the natural order, just as it was part of the natural order that the soap should be grimy with dish-water and hard to lather. Nor did he try very hard to make it lather. Several splashes of the cold water from the running faucet completed the function. He did not wash his teeth. For that matter he had never seen a toothbrush, nor did he know that there

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existed beings in the world who were guilty of so great a foolishness as tooth-washing.

"You might wash yourself wunst a day without bein' told," his mother complained.

She was holding a broken lid on the pot as she poured two cups of coffee. He made no remark, for this was a standing quarrel between them, and the one thing upon which his mother was hard as adamant. "Wunst" a day it was compulsory that he should wash his face. He dried himself on a greasy towel, damp and dirty and ragged, that left his face covered with shreds of lint.

"I wish we didn't live so far away," she said, as he sat down. "I try to do the best I can. You know that. But a dollar on the rent is such a savin', an' we've more room here. You know that."

He scarcely followed her. He had heard it all before, many times. The range of her thought was limited and she was ever harking back to the hardship worked upon them by living so far from the mills.

"A dollar means more grub," he remarked sententiously. "I'd sooner do the walkin' an' git the grub."

He ate hurriedly, half-chewing the bread and washing the unmasticated chunks down with coffee. The hot and muddy liquid went by the name of coffee. Johnny thought it was coffee—and excellent coffee. That was one of the few life's illusions that remained to him. He had never drunk real coffee in his life.

In addition to the bread there was a small piece of cold pork. His mother refilled his cup with coffee. As he was finishing the bread, he began to watch if more was forthcoming. She intercepted his questing glance.

"Now don't be hoggish, Johnny," was her comment. "You've had your share. Your brothers an' sisters are smaller'n you."

He did not answer the rebuke. He was not much of a talker. Also, he ceased his hungry glancing for more. He was uncomplaining, with a patience that was as terrible as the school in which it had been learned. He finished his coffee, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and started to arise.

"Wait a second," she said hastily. "I guess the loaf kin stand you another slice—a thin un."

There was legerdemain in her actions. With all the seeming of cutting a slice from the loaf for him, she put loaf and slice back in the bread-box and conveyed to him one of her own two slices. She believed she had deceived him, but he had noticed her sleight-of-hand. Nevertheless he took the bread shamelessly. He had a philosophy that his mother, what of her chronic sickliness, was not much of an eater anyway.

She saw that he was chewing the bread dry and reached over and emptied her coffee into his cup.

"Don't set good somehow on my stomach this mornin'," she explained.

A distant whistle, prolonged and shrieking, brought both of them to their feet. She glanced at the tin alarm-clock on the shelf. The hands stood at half-past five. The rest of the factory world was just arousing from sleep. She drew a shawl about her shoulders, and on her head put a dingy hat, shapeless and ancient.

"We've got to run," she said, turning the wick of the lamp and blowing down the chimney.

They groped their way out and down the stairs. It was clear and cold, and Johnny shivered at the first contact with the outside air. The stars had not yet begun to pale in the sky, and the city lay in blackness. Both Johnny and his mother shuffled their feet as they walked. There was no ambition in the leg muscles to swing the feet clear of the ground.

After fifteen silent minutes, his mother turned off to the right.

"Don't be late," was her final warning from out of the dark that was swallowing her up.

He made no response, steadily keeping on his way. In the factory quarter, doors were opening everywhere, and he was soon one of a multitude that pressed onward through the dark. As he entered the factory gate the whistle blew again. He glanced at the east. Across a ragged sky-line of housetops a pale light was beginning to creep. This much he saw of the day as he turned his back upon it and joined his work-gang.

He took his place in one of many long rows of machines. Before him, above a bin filled with small bobbins, were large bobbins revolving rapidly. Upon these he wound the jute-twine of the small bobbins. The work was simple. All that was required was celerity. The small bobbins were emptied so rapidly, and there were so many large bobbins that did the emptying, that there were no idle moments.

He worked mechanically. When a small bobbin ran out, he used his left hand for a brake, stopping the large bobbin and at the same time, with thumb and forefinger, catching the flying end of twine. Also, at the same time, with his right hand, he caught up the loose twine-end of a small bobbin. These various acts with both hands were performed simultaneously and swiftly. Then there would come a flash of his hands as he looped the weaver's knot and released the bobbin. There was nothing difficult about weaver's knots. He once boasted he could tie them in his sleep. And for that matter, he sometimes did, toiling centuries long in a single night at tying an endless succession of weaver's knots.

Some of the boys shirked, wasting time and machinery by not replacing the small bobbins when they ran out. And there was an overseer to prevent this. He caught Johnny's neighbor at the trick and boxed his ears.

"Look at Johnny there—why ain't you like him?" the overseer wrathfully demanded.

Johnny's bobbins were running full blast, but he did not thrill at the indirect praise. There had been a time . . . but that was long ago, very long ago. His apathetic face was expressionless as he listened to himself being held up as a shining example. He was the perfect worker. He knew that. He had been told so, often. It was a commonplace, and besides it didn't seem to mean anything to him any more. From the perfect worker he had evolved into the perfect machine. When his work went wrong, it was with him as with the machine, due to faulty material. It would have been as possible for a perfect nail-die to cut imperfect nails as for him to make a mistake.

And small wonder. There had never been a time when he had not been in intimate relationship with machines. Machinery had almost been bred into him, and at any rate he had been brought up on it. Twelve years before, there had been a small flutter of excitement in the loom-room of this very mill. Johnny's mother had fainted. They stretched her out on the floor in the midst of the shrieking machines. A couple of elderly women were called from their looms. The foreman assisted. And in a few minutes there was one more soul in the loom-room than had entered by the doors. It was Johnny, born with the pounding, crashing roar of the looms in his ears, drawing with his first breath the warm moist air that was thick with flying lint. He had coughed the first day in order to rid his lungs of the lint; and for the same reason he had coughed ever since.

The boy alongside of Johnny whimpered and sniffed. The boy's face was convulsed with hatred for the overseer who kept a threatening eye on him from a distance; but every bobbin was running full. The boy yelled terrible oaths into the whirling bobbins before him; but the sound did not carry half a dozen feet, the roaring of the room holding it in and containing it like a wall.

Of all this Johnny took no notice. He had a way of accepting things.

Besides, things grow monotonous by repetition, and this particular happening he had witnessed many times. It seemed to him as useless to oppose the overseer as to defy the will of the machine. Machines were made to go in certain ways and to perform certain tasks. It was the same with the overseer.

But at eleven o'clock there was an excitement in the room. In an apparently occult way the excitement instantly permeated everywhere. The one-legged boy who worked on the other side of Johnny bobbed swiftly across the floor to a bin-truck that stood empty. Into this he dived out of sight, crutch and all. The superintendent of the mill was coming along, accompanied by a young man. He was well-dressed and wore a starched shirt—a gentleman, in Johnny's classification of men, and also, "the Inspector."

He looked sharply at the boys as he passed along. Sometimes he stopped and asked questions. When he did so he was compelled to shout at the top of his lungs, at which moments his face ludicrously contorted with the strain of making himself heard. His quick eye noted the empty machine alongside of Johnny's, but he said nothing. Johnny also caught his eye, and he stopped abruptly. He caught Johnny by the arm to draw back a step from the machine; but with an exclamation of surprise he released the arm.

"Pretty skinny," the superintendent laughed anxiously.

"Pipe-stems," was the answer. "Look at those legs. The boy's got the rickets—incipient, but he's got them. If epilepsy doesn't get him in the end, it will be because tuberculosis gets him first."

Johnny listened, but did not understand. Furthermore he was not interested in future ills. There was an immediate and more serious ill that threatened him in the form of the inspector.

"Now, my boy, I want you to tell me the truth," the inspector said, or shouted, bending close to the boy's ear to make him hear. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen," Johnny lied, and he lied with the full force of his lungs. So loudly did he lie that it started him off in a dry, hacking cough that lifted the lint which had been settling in his lungs all morning.

"Looks sixteen at least," said the superintendent.

"Or sixty," snapped the inspector.

"He's always looked that way."

"How long?" asked the inspector quickly.

"For years. Never gets a bit older."

"Or younger, I daresay. I suppose he's worked here all those years?"

"Off and on—but that was before the new law was passed," the superintendent hastened to add.

"Machine idle?" the inspector asked, pointing at the unoccupied machine beside Johnny's, in which the partly filled bobbins were flying like mad.

"Looks that way." The superintendent motioned the overseer to him and shouted in his ear and pointed at the machine. "Machine's idle," he reported back to the inspector.

They passed on, and Johnny returned to his work, relieved in that the ill had been averted. But the one-legged boy was not so fortunate. The sharp-eyed inspector haled him out at arm's length from the bin-truck. His lips were quivering, and his face had all the expression of one upon whom was fallen profound and irremediable disaster. The overseer looked astounded, as though for the first time he had laid eyes on the boy, while the superintendent's face expressed shock and displeasure.

"I know him," the inspector said. "He's twelve years old. I've had discharged from three factories inside of the year. This makes the fourth."

He turned to the one-legged boy. "You promised me, word and honor, that you'd go to school."

The one-legged boy burst into tears. "Please, Mr. Inspector, two babies died on us, and we're awful poor."

"What makes you cough that way?" the inspector demanded, as though charging him with crime.

And as in denial of guilt, the one-legged boy replied, "It ain't nothin'. I jes' caught a cold last week, Mr. Inspector, that's all."

In the end the one-legged boy went out of the room with the inspector, the latter accompanied by the anxious and protesting superintendent. After that monotony settled down again. The long morning and the longer afternoon wore away and the whistle blew for quitting-time. Darkness had already fallen when Johnny passed out through the factory gate. In the interval the sun had made a golden ladder of the sky, flooded the world with its gracious warmth, and dropped down and disappeared in the west behind a ragged sky-line of housetops.

Supper was the family meal of the day—the one meal at which Johnny encountered his younger brothers and sisters. It partook of the nature of an encounter, to him, for he was very old, while they were distressingly young. He had no patience with their excessive and amazing juvenility. He did not understand it. His own childhood was too far behind him. He was like an old and irritable man, annoyed by the turbulence of their young spirits that was to him arrant silliness. He glowered silently over his food, finding compensation in the thought that they would soon have to go to work. That would take the edge off of them and make them sedate and dignified—like him. Thus it was, after the fashion of the human, that Johnny made of himself a yardstick with which to measure the universe.

During the meal, his mother explained in various ways and with infinite repetition that she was trying to do the best she could; so that it was with relief, the scant meal ended, that Johnny shoved back his chair and arose. He debated for a moment between bed and the front door, and finally went out to the latter. He did not go far. He sat down on the stoop, his knees drawn up and his narrow shoulders drooping forward, his elbows on his knees and the palms of his hands supporting his chin.

As he sat there he did no thinking. He was just resting. So far as his mind was concerned it was asleep. His brothers and sisters came out, and with other children played noisily about him. An electric globe on the corner lighted their frolics. He was peevish and irritable, that they knew; but the spirit of adventure lured them into teasing him. They joined hands before him, and keeping time with their bodies, chanted in his face weird and uncomplimentary doggerel. At first he snarled curses at them—curses he had learned from the lips of various foremen. Finding this futile, and remembering his dignity, he relapsed into dogged silence.

His brother Will, next to him in age, having just passed his tenth birthday, was the ringleader. Johnny did not possess particularly kindly feelings toward him. His life had early been embittered by continual giving over and giving way to Will. He had a definite feeling that Will was greatly in his debt and was ungrateful about it. In his own playtime, far back in the dim past, he had been robbed of a large part of that playtime by being compelled to take care of Will. Will was a baby then, and then, as now, their mother had spent her days in the mills. To Johnny had fallen the part of little father and little mother as well.

Will seemed to show the benefit of the giving over and the giving way. He was well-built, fairly rugged, as tall as his elder brother and even heavier. It was as though the life-blood of the one had been diverted into the other's veins. And in spirits it was the same. Johnny was jaded, worn out, without resilience,

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5. Clarion—by Miss Elsie Honeyman, Ladner, B.C.

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To every present subscriber or reader who will send us **one new subscriber** to **The Western Home Monthly** for **one year at Fifty cents**, at any time before Oct. 31, 1907, we will send **Free** by mail, post paid, **Twelve Beautiful Post Cards** and a neat **Post Card Album**, bound in boards, suitably printed cover and, having spaces to hold 24 cards.

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Manitoba College.	Wesley College.	Armstrong Point.	Court House.
University of Manitoba	First Baptist Church.	Wellington Crescent.	Royal Alexandra Hotel.
Grace Church.	St. Stephen's Church.	Fort Garry Gateway.	Fort Garry Court.
Victoria School.	General Hospital.	Government Buildings.	The Assiniboine River.
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They will be sent you promptly, and when you receive them we are sure you will feel well repaid for your time and trouble. In your letter do not fail to say that the subscription is for **The Western Home Monthly**, and do not fail to give your own name and full address as well as that of the subscriber. Do not be discouraged if you do not get the subscriber at the first house you visit; keep on until the subscription is secured—the reward is well worth the effort. If you want more than one set of the cards and album, and can get more than one subscriber, do so; we will send you a set of twelve and an album for every new subscriber you send us.

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while his younger brother seemed bursting and spilling over with exuberance.

The mocking chant rose louder and louder. Will leaned closer as he danced, thrusting out his tongue. Johnny's left arm shot out and caught the other around the neck. At the same time he rapped his bony fist to the other's nose. It was a pathetically bony fist, but that it was sharp to hurt was evidenced by the squeal of pain it produced. The other children were uttering frightened cries, while Johnny's sister, Jennie, had dashed into the house.

He thrust Will from him, kicked him savagely on the shins, then reached for him and slammed him face downward in the dirt. Nor did he release him till the face had been rubbed in the dirt several times. Then the mother arrived, an anemic whirlwind of solicitude and maternal wrath.

"Why can't he leave me alone?" was Johnny's reply to her upbraiding. "Can't he see I'm tired?"

"I'm as big as you," Will raged in her arms, his face a mess of tears, dirt and blood. "I'm as big as you now, an' I'm goin' to git bigger. Then I'll lick you—you see if I don't."

"You ought to be to work, seein' how big you are," Johnny snarled. "That's what's the matter with you. You ought to be to work. An' it's up to your ma to put you to work."

"But he's too young," she protested. "He's only a little boy."

"I was younger'n him when I started to work."

Johnny's mouth was open, further to express the sense of unfairness that he felt, but the mouth closed with a snap. He turned gloomily on his heel and stalked into the house and to bed. The door of his room was open to let in the warmth from the kitchen. As he undressed in the semi-darkness he could hear his mother talking with a neighbor woman who had dropped in. His mother was crying, and her speech was punctuated with spiritless sniffles.

"I can't make out what's gittin' into Johnny," he could hear her say. "He didn't used to be this way. He was a patient little angel.

"An' he *is* a good boy, too," she hastened to defend. "He's worked faithful, an' he did go to work too young. But it wasn't my fault. I do the best I can, I'm sure."

Prolonged sniffling from the kitchen, and Johnny murmured to himself as his eyelids closed down, "You betcher life I've worked faithful."

The next morning he was torn bodily by his mother from the grip of sleep. Then came the meager breakfast, the tramp through the dark, and the pale glimpse of day across the housetops as he turned his back on it and went in through the factory gate. It was another day, of all the days, and all the days were alike.

"And yet there had been variety in his life—at the times he changed from one job to another, or was taken sick, When he was six he was little mother and father to Will and the other children still younger. At seven he went into the mills—winding bobbins. When he was eight he got work in another mill. His new job was marvelously easy. All he had to do was to sit down with a little stick in his hand and guide a stream of cloth that flowed past him. This stream of cloth came out of the maw of a machine, passed over a hot roller, and went on its way elsewhere. But he sat always in the one place, beyond the reach of daylight, a gas-jet flaring over him, himself part of the mechanism.

He was very happy at that job in spite of the moist heat, for he was still young and in the possession of dreams and illusions. And wonderful dreams he dreamed as he watched the steaming cloth streaming endlessly by. But there was no exercise about the work, no call upon his mind, and he dreamed less and less, while his mind grew torpid and drowsy. Nevertheless he earned two dollars a week, and two dollars represented the difference between acute starvation and chronic underfeeding.

But when he was nine, he lost his job. Measles was the cause of it. After he recovered he got work in a glass factory. The pay was better, and the work demanded skill. It was piece-work, and the more skilful he was the bigger wages he earned. Here was incentive. And under this incentive he developed into a remarkable worker.

It was simple work, the tying of glass stoppers into small bottles. At his waist he carried a bundle of twine. He held the bottles between his knees so that he might work with both hands, Thus, in a sitting position and bending over his own knees, his narrow shoulders grew humped and his chest was contracted for ten hours each day. This was not good for the lungs, but he tied three hundred dozen bottles a day.

The superintendent was very proud of him, and brought visitors to look at him. In ten hours three hundred dozen bottles passed through his hands. This means that he had attained machine-like perfection. All waste movements were eliminated. Every motion of his thin arms, every movement of a muscle in the thin fingers, was swift and accurate. He worked at high tension, and the result was that he grew nervous. At night his muscles twitched in his sleep, and in the daytime he could not relax and rest. He remained keyed up and his muscles continued to twitch. Also he grew sallow and his lint-cough grew worse. Then pneumonia laid hold of the feeble lungs within the contracted chest, and he lost his job in the glass-works.

Now he had returned to the jute-mills, where he had first begun with winding bobbins. But promotion was waiting for him. He was a good worker. He would next go on the starcher, and later he would go into the loom-room. There was nothing after that except increased efficiency.

The machinery ran faster than when he had first gone to work, and his mind ran slower. He no longer dreamed at all, though his earlier years had been full of dreaming. Once he had been in love. It was when he first began guiding the cloth over the hot roller, and it was with the daughter of the superintendent. She was much older than he, a young woman, and he had seen her at a distance only a paltry half dozen times, But that made no difference. On the surface of the cloth stream that poured past him, he pictured radiant futures wherein he performed the prodigies of toil, invented miraculous machines, won to the mastership of the mills, and in the end took her in his arms and kissed her soberly on the brow.

But that was all in the long ago, before he had grown too old and tired to love. Also, she had married and gone away, and his mind had gone to sleep. Yet it had been a wonderful experience, and he used often to look back upon the time they believed in fairies. He had never believed in fairies nor Santa Claus; but he had believed implicitly in the smiling futures his imagination had wrought into the steaming cloth.

He had become a man very early in life. At seven, when he drew his first wages, began his indolescence. A certain feeling of independence crept up in him, and the relationship between him and his mother changed. Somehow, as an earner and bread-winner, doing his own work in the world, he was more like an equal with her. Manhood, full-blown manhood, had come when he was eleven, at which time he had gone to work on the night-shift for six months. No child works on the night-shift and remains a child.

There had been several great events in his life. One of these had been when his mother had bought some California prunes. Two others had been the two times when she cooked custard. Those had been

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events. He remembered them kindly.

And at that time his mother had told him of a blissful dish she would sometime make—"floating island," she had called it, "better than custard." For years he had looked forward to the day when he should sit down to the table with floating island before him, until at last he had relegated the idea of it to the limbo of unattainable ideals.

Once he found a silver quarter lying on the sidewalk. That, also, was a great event in his life, withal a tragic one. He knew his duty on the instant the silver flashed on his eyes, before even he had picked it up. At home, as usual, there was not enough to eat, and home he should have taken it as he did his wages every Saturday night. Right conduct in this case was obvious: but he had never had any spending of his money, and he was suffering from candy-hunger. He was ravenous for the sweets that only on red-letter days he had ever tasted in his life.

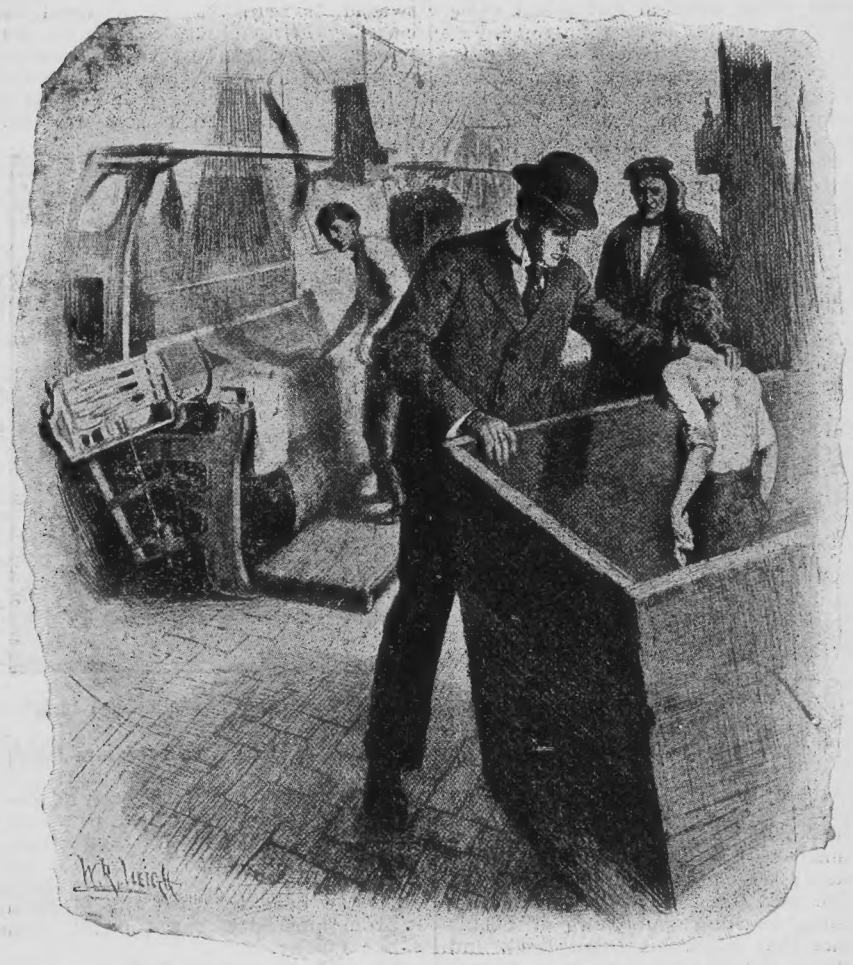
He did not attempt to deceive himself. He knew it was sin, and deliberately he sinned when he went on a fifteen-cent candy debauch. Ten cents he saved for a future debauch; but not being accustomed to the carrying of money, he lost the ten cents. This occurred at the time when he was suffering all the torments of conscience, and it was to him an act of divine retribution. He had a frightened sense of the closeness of an awful and wrathful God. God had seen, and God had been swift to punish, denying him even the full wages of sin.

In memory he always looked back upon that event as the one great criminal deed of his life, and at the recollection his conscience always awoke and gave him another twinge. It was the one skeleton in his closet. Also, being so made and circumstanced, he looked back upon the deed with regret. He was dissatisfied with the manner in which he had spent the quarter. He could have invested it better, and, out of his later knowledge of the quickness of God, he would have beaten God out by spending the whole quarter at one fell swoop. In retrospect he spent the quarter a thousand times and each time to better advantage.

There was one other memory of the past, dim and faded, but stamped into his soul everlastingly by the savage feet of his father. It was more like a nightmare than a remembered vision of a concrete thing—more like the race-memory of man that makes him fall in his sleep and that goes back to his arboreal ancestry.

This particular memory never came to Johnny in broad daylight when he was wide awake. It came at night, in bed, at the moment that his consciousness was sinking down and losing itself in sleep. It always aroused him to frightened wakefulness, and for the moment, in the first sickening start, it seemed to him that he lay crosswise on the foot of the bed. In the bed were the vague forms of his father and mother. He never saw what his father looked like. He had but one impression of his father, and that was that he had savage, and pitiless feet.

His earlier memories lingered with him, but he had no late memories. All days were alike. Yesterday or last year were the same as a thousand years—or a minute. Nothing ever happened. There were no events to mark the march of time. Time did not march. It stood always still. It was only the whirling machines that moved, and they moved nowhere—in spite of the fact that they moved faster.



"The sharp-eyed inspector haled him out at arm's length from the bin-truck."

When he was fourteen he went to work on the starcher. It was a colossal event. Something had at last happened that could be remembered beyond a night's sleep or a week's pay-day. It marked an era. It was a machine Olympiad, a thing to date from. "When I went to work on the starcher," or, "after," or "before I went to work on the starcher," were sentences often on his lips.

He celebrated his sixteenth birthday by going into the loom-room and taking a loom. Here was an incentive again, for it was piece-work. And he excelled, because the clay of him had been molded by the mills into the perfect machine. At the end of three months he was running two looms, and, later, three and four.

At the end of his second year at the looms, he was turning out more yards than any other weaver, and more than twice as much as some of the less skilful ones. And at home things began to prosper as he approached the full stature of his earning power. Not, however, that his increased earnings were in excess of

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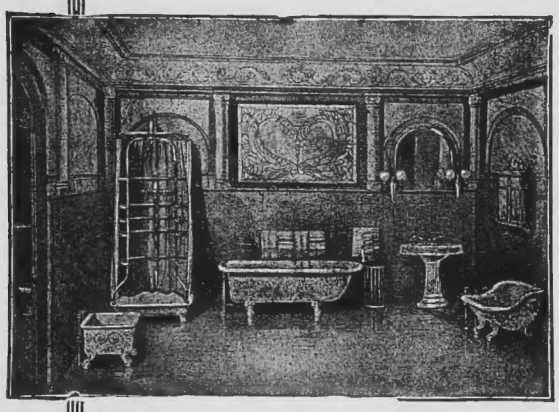

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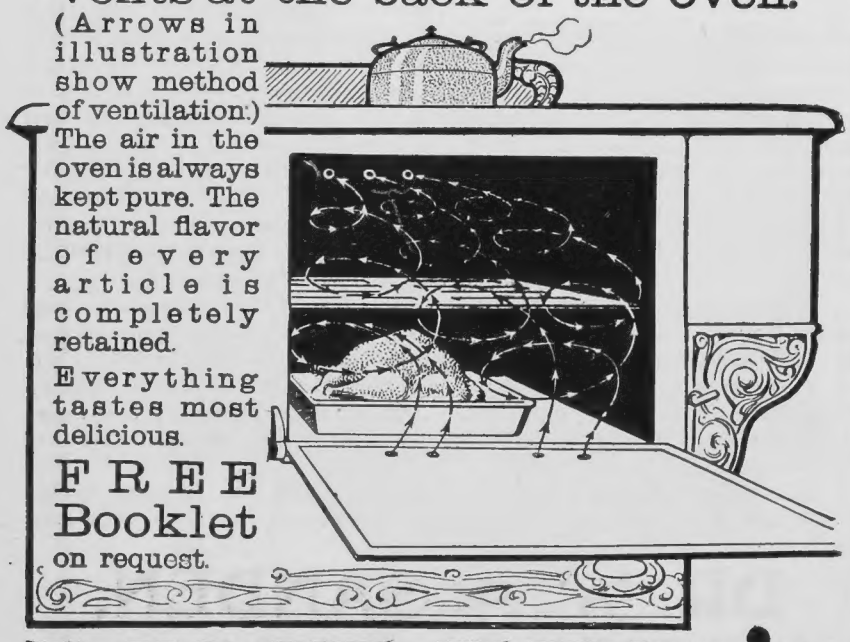

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need. The children were growing up. They ate more. They were going to school, and school-books cost money. And somehow, the faster he worked, the faster climbed the prices of things. Even the rent went up, though the house had fallen from bad to worse disrepair.

He had grown taller; but with his increased height he seemed leaner than ever. Also, he was more nervous. With the nervousness increased his peevishness and irritability. The children had learned by many bitter lessons to fight shy of him. His mother respected him for his earning power, but somehow her respect was tinctured with fear.

There was no joyousness in life for him. The procession of the days he never saw. The nights he slept away in twitching unconsciousness. The rest of the time he worked, and his consciousness was machine consciousness. Outside this his mind was a blank. He had no ideals, and but one illusion, namely, that he drank excellent coffee. He was a work-beast. He had no mental life whatever; yet deep down in the crypts of his mind, unknown to him, were being weighed and sifted every hour of his toil, every movement of his hands, every twitch of his muscles, and preparations were making for a future course of action that would amaze him and all his little world.

It was in the late spring that he came home from work one night aware of an unusual tiredness. There was a keen expectancy in the air as he sat down to the table, but he did not notice. He went through the meal in moody silence, mechanically eating what was before him. The children um'd and ah'd and made smacking noises with their mouths. But he was deaf to them.

"D'ye know what you're eatin'?" his mother demanded at last, desperately.

He looked vacantly at the dish before him, and vacantly at her.

"Floatin' island," she announced triumphantly.

"Oh," he said.

"Floatin' island!" the children chorused loudly.

"Oh," he said. And after two or three mouthfuls, he added, "I guess I ain't hungry to-night."

He dropped the spoon, shoved back his chair, and arose wearily from the table.

"An' I guess I'll go to bed."

His feet dragged more heavily than usual as he crossed the kitchen floor. Undressing was a Titan's task, a monstrous futility, and he went weakly as he crawled into bed, one shoe still on. He was aware of a rising, swelling something inside his head that made his brain thick and fuzzy. His lean fingers felt as big as his wrist, while in the ends of them was a remoteness of sensation vague and fuzzy like his brain. The small of his back ached intolerably. All his bones ached. He ached everywhere. And in his head began the shrieking, pounding, crashing, roaring of a million looms. All space was filled with flying shuttles. They darted in and out, intricately, amongst the stars. He worked a thousand looms himself, and ever they speeded up, faster and faster, and his brain unwound, faster and faster, and became the thread that fed the thousand flying shuttles.

He did not go to work the next morning. He was too busy weaving colossally on the thousand looms that ran inside his head. His mother went to work, but first she sent for the doctor. It was a severe attack of la grippe, he said. Jennie served as nurse and carried out his instructions.

It was a very severe attack, and it was a week before Johnny dressed and tottered feebly across the floor. Another week, the doctor said, and he would be fit to return to work. The foreman of the loom-room visited him on Sunday afternoon, the first day of his convalescence. The best weaver in the room, the foreman told his mother. His job would be held for him. He could come back to work a week from Monday.

"Why don't you thank 'm, Johnny?" his mother asked anxiously.

"He's ben that sick he ain't himself yet," she explained apologetically to the visitor.

Johnny sat hunched up and gazing steadfastly at the floor. He sat in the same position long after the foreman had gone. It was warm outdoors, and he sat on the stoop in the afternoon. Sometimes his lips moved. He seemed lost in endless calculations.

Next morning, after the day grew warm, he took his seat on the stoop. He had pencil and paper this time with which to continue his calculations, and he calculated painfully and amazingly.

"What comes after millions?" he asked at noon, when Will came home from school. "An' how d'ye work 'em?"

That afternoon finished his task. Each day, but without pencil and paper, he returned to the stoop. He was greatly absorbed in the one tree that grew across the street. He studied it for hours at a time, and was unusually interested when the wind swayed its branches and fluttered its leaves. Throughout the week he seemed lost in a great communion with himself. On Sunday, sitting on the stoop, he laughed aloud, several times, to the perturbation of his

"At last the city was behind him."

mother, who had not heard him laugh in years.

Next morning, in the early darkness, she came to his bed to rouse him. He had had his fill of sleep all week and woke easily. He made no struggle, nor did he attempt to hold onto the bedding when she stripped it from him. He lay quietly, and spoke quietly.

"It ain't no use, ma."

"You'll be late," she said, under the impression that he was stupid with sleep.

"I'm awake, ma, an' I tell you it ain't no use. You might as well let me alone. I ain't goin' to git up."

"But you'll lose your job!" she cried.

"I ain't goin' to git up," he repeated in a strange, passionless voice.

She did not go to work herself that morning. This was sickness beyond any sickness she had ever known. Fever and delirium she could understand; but this was insanity. She pulled the bedding over him and sent Jennie for the doctor.

When that person arrived Johnny was sleeping gently, and gently he awoke and allowed his pulse to be taken.

"Nothing the matter with him," the doctor reported. "Badly debilitated, that's all. Not much meat on his bones."

"He's always been that way," his mother volunteered.

"Now go 'way, ma, an' let me finish my snooze."

Johnny spoke sweetly and placidly, and sweetly and placidly he rolled over on his side and went to sleep.

At ten o'clock he awoke and dressed himself. He walked out into the kitchen, where he found his mother with a frenzied expression on her face.

"I'm goin' away, ma," he announced, "an' I jes' want to say good-by."

She threw her apron over her head and sat down suddenly and wept. He waited patiently.

"I might a-known it," she was sobbing.

"Where?" she finally asked, removing the apron from her head and gazing up at him with a stricken face in which there was little curiosity.

"I don't know—anwyhere."

As he spoke the tree across the street appeared with dazzling brightness on his inner vision. It seemed to lurk just under his eyelids, and he could see it whenever he wished.

"An' your job?" she quavered.

"I ain't never goin' to work again."

"My God, Johnny!" she wailed, "don't say that!"

What he had said was blasphemy to her. As a mother who hears her child deny God, was Johnny's mother shocked by his words.

"What's got into you, anyway?" she demanded, with a lame attempt at imperativeness.

"Figures," he answered. "Jes' figures. I've ben doin' a lot of figurin' this week, an' it's most suprisin'."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," she sniffled.

Johnny smiled patiently, and his mother was aware of a distinct shock at the persistent absence of his peevishness and irritability.

"I'll show you," he said. "I'm plum tired out. What makes me tired? Moves. I've ben movin' ever since I was born. I'm tired of movin', an' I ain't goin' to move any more. Remember when I worked in the glass-house? I used to do three hundred dozen a day. Now I reckon I made about ten different moves on each bottle. That's thirty-six thousan' moves a day. Ten days, three hundred an' sixty thousan' moves. One month, one million an' eighty thousan' moves. Chuck out the eighty thousan'—" he spoke with the complacent beneficence of a philanthropist—"chuck out the eighty thousan', that leaves a million moves a month—twelve million moves a year.

"At the looms I'm movin' twic'st as much. That makes twenty-four million moves a year, an' it seems to me I've ben a-movin' that way 'most a million years."

"Now this week I ain't moved at all. I ain't made one move in hours an' hours. I tell you it was swell, jes' settin' there, hours an' hours, an' doin' nothin'. I ain't never ben happy before. I never had any time. I've ben movin' all the time. That ain't no way to be happy. An' I ain't goin' to do it any more. I'm jes' goin' to set, an' set, an' rest, an' rest, an' then rest some more."

"But what's goin' to come of Will an' the children?" she asked despairingly.

"That's it, 'Will an' the children,'" he repeated.

But there was no bitterness in his voice. He had long known his mother's ambition for the younger boy, but the thought of it no longer rankled. Nothing mattered any more. Not even that.

"I know, ma, what you've ben plannin' for Will—keepin' him in school to make a book-keeper out of him. But it ain't no use. I've quit. He's got to go to work."

"An' after I have brung you up the way I have," she wept, starting to cover her head with the apron and changing her mind.

"You never brung me up," he answered with sad kindliness. "I brung myself up, ma, an' I brung up Will. He's bigger'n me, an' heavier, an' taller. When I was a kid I reckon I didn't git enough to eat. When he came along an' was a kid, I was workin' and earnin' grub for him, too. But that's done with. Will can go to work, same as me, or he can go to hell, I don't care which. I'm tired. I'm goin' now. Ain't you goin' to say good-by?"

She made no reply. The apron had gone over her head again and she was crying. He paused a moment in the doorway.

"I'm sure I done the best I knew how," she was sobbing.

He passed out of the house and down the street. A wan delight came into his face at the sight of the lone tree. "Jes' ain't goin' to do nothin'," he said to himself, half aloud, in a crooning tone. He glanced wistfully at the sky, but the bright sun dazzled and blinded him.

It was a long walk he took, and he did not walk fast. It took him past the jute mill. The muffled roar of the loom-room came to his ears, and he smiled. It was a gentle, placid smile. He hated no one, not even the pounding, shrieking machines. There was no bitterness in him, nothing but an inordinate hunger for rest.

The houses and factories thinned out and the open spaces increased as he approached the country. At last the city was behind him, and he was walking down a leafy lane beside the railway track. He did not walk like a man. He did not look like a man. He was a travesty of the human. It was a twisted and stunted and nameless piece of life that shambled like a sickly ape, arms loose-hanging, stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested, grotesque and terrible.

He passed by a small railroad station and lay down in the grass under a tree. All afternoon he lay there Sometimes he dozed, with muscles that twitched in his sleep. When awake, he lay without movement, watching the birds or looking up at the sky through the branches of the tree above him. Once or twice he laughed aloud, but without relevance to anything he had seen or felt.

After twilight had gone, in the first darkness of the night, a freight train rumbled into the station. While the engine was switching cars onto the side track, Johnny crept along the side of the train. He pulled open the side-door of an empty box-car and awkwardly and laboriously climbed in. He closed the door. The engine whistled. Johnny was lying down, and in the darkness he smiled.

In Apple-Picking Time.

'Long in apple-pickin' time there is
Somethin' in the weather
That'll set your spirits dancin' till they're
lighter than a feather;
You can hear it in the music o' the
neighborin' rooster's call,
You can see it in the squirrel carryin'
nuts along the wall;
An' the rustle,
An' the bustle,
An' the hurryin' in o' crops,
An' the weedin'.
An' the seedin'
An' the dryin' o' the hops;
There's a busy feelin' in the air that
sets your soul a-rime
In the hearty, healthy workin' days o'
apple-pickin' time.

When the crib is full o' corn an' the
oat-bin runnin' over,
An' the crickets finish chirpin' in the
straw stack an' the clover,
Then the echo on the mountain sends
your voice a callin' back,
An' you hear the far-off rumblin' o' the
freight train on the track;
An' the lowin'
In the mowin'
Where you turned the cows to browse,
An' the hurry,
An' the flurry,
An' the bankin' up the house;
An' you'll laugh at wind an' weather
when the snow's a driftin' in
If the mows are full o' fodder an' there's
apples in the bin.

Every critter is astir with the news o'
changin' weather,
You can hear the wild goose honk as
he calls his flock together,
An' the hounds are on the mountain an'
the wood-chuck's in his lair,
An' the squirrel fills his cellar in the
hollow hemlock there;
An the singin',
An' the ringin'
O' the axes on the hill;
Gettin' ready,
Workin' steady,
All the empty bins to fill;
An' when youth has crept behind you
an' your life is past its prime,
You will feel your boyhood comin'
back in apple-pickin' time.

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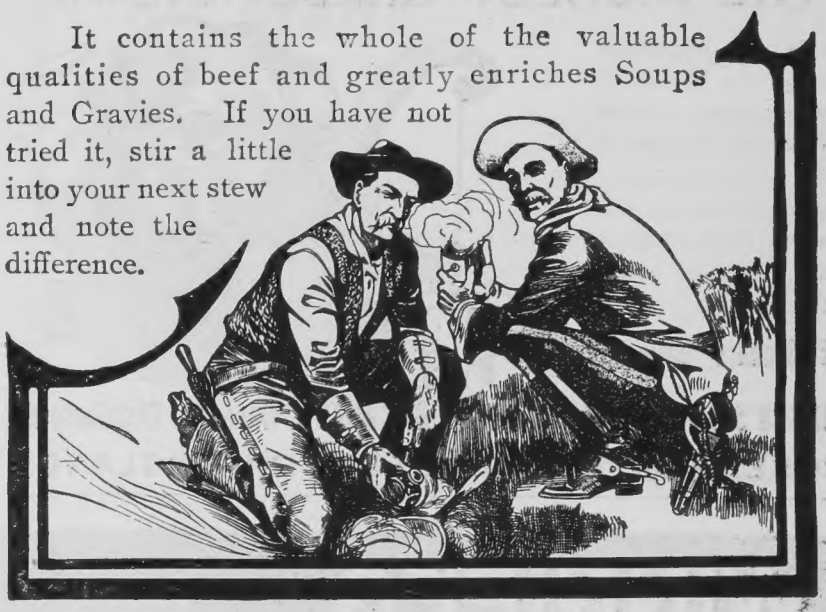

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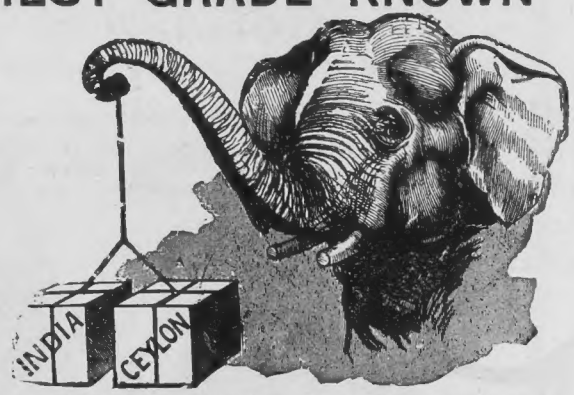

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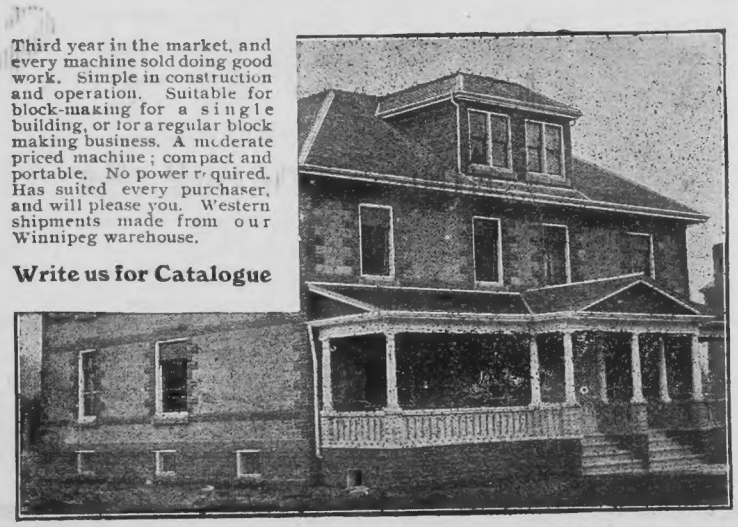

Address Dept. T, THE JAS. STEWART MFG. CO., Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.

Mr. Dooley on the Big Fine.

By F. P. Dunne.

"That was a splendid fine they soaked Jawn D. with," said Mr. Dooley.

"What did they give him?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Twinty-nine millyon dollars," said Mr. Dooley.

"Oh, great!" said Mr. Hennessy. "That's a grand fine. It's a gorjous fine. I can't hardly believe it."

"It's true, though," said Mr. Doolev. "Twinty-nine millyon dollars. Divvle th' cent less. I can't exactly make out what th' charge was that they arrested him on but th' gin'ral idee is that Jawn D. was goin' around loaded up to th' guards with Standard Ile, exceedin' th' speed limit in acquirin' money an' singin': 'A charge to keep I have' till th' neighbors cud stand it no longer. The judge says: 'Ye're an old offender an' I'll have to make an example iv ye. Twinty-nine millyon dollars or fifty-eight millyon days. Call th' next case, Mister Clerk.'

"Did he pay th' fine? He did not. Iv coorse he cud if he wanted to. He wudden't have to pawn annything to get th' money, ye can bet on that. All he'd have to do would be to put his hand down in his pocket, skin twinty-nine millyon dollar bills off iv his roll an' hurl thim at th' clerk. But he refused to pay as a matter of principle. 'Twas not that he needed money. He don't care f'r money in th' passionate way that you an' me do, Hinnissy. Th' likes iv us are as crazy about a dollar as a man is about his child whin he has on'y wan. Th' chances are we'll spoil it. But Jawn D. havin' a large an' growin' fam'ly iv dollars takes on'y a kind iv gen'ral inthrest in thim. He's issued a statement sayin' that he's a custojeen iv money appointed be himsilf. He looks afther his own money an' th' money iv other people. He takes it an' puts it where it won't hurt thim an' they won't spoil it. He's a kind iv a society f'r th' previntion iv croolty to money. If he finds a man misusing his money he takes it away fr'm him an' adopts it. Ivery Saturday night he lets th' man see it f'r a few hours. An' he says he's surprised to find that whin, with th' purest intintions in th' wurruld, he is found thryin' to coax our little money to his home where it'll find conjanial surroundings an' have other money to play with, th' people thry to lynch him an' th' polis arrest him f'r abduction.

"So as a matther iv principle he appealed th' case. An appeal, Hinnissy, is where ye ask wan coort to show its contempt f'r another coort. 'Tis sthrange that all th' pathrites that have wanted to hang Willum Jennings Bryan an' mesilf f'r not shown' proper respect f'r th' joodicyary, are now showin' their respect f'r the joodicyary be appealin' fr'm their decisions. Ye'd think Jawn D. wud bow his head reverentially in th' awful presence iv Kenesaw Mt. Landis an' sob out: 'Thank ye'er honor. This here noble fine fills me with joy. But d'ye think ye give me enough? If agreeable I'd like to make it an even thirty millyons.' But he doesn't. He's like mesilf. Him an' me bows to th' decisions iv th' coorts on'y if they bow first. I have gr'reat respect f'r th' joodicyary, as fine a lot iv cross an' indignant men as ye'll find annywhere. I have th' same respect f'r thim as they have f'r each other. But I niver bow to a decision iv a judge onless, first, it's pleasant to me, an' second, other judges bow to it. Ye can't be too careful about what decisions ye bow to. A decision what seems agreeable may turn out like an acquaintance ye scrape up at a picnic. Ye may be ashamed iv it tomorrah. Manny's th' time I've bowed to a decree iv a coort on'y to see it go up gayly to th' supreem coort, knock at th' dure an' be kicked down stairs be an angry old gintleman in a black silk petticoat. A decree iv th' coort has got to be pretty vinrable befure I do more thin greet it with a pleasant smile. Me idee was whin I read about Jawn D.'s fine that he'd settle at wanst, payin' twinty-eight millyon dollar bills an' th' other millyon in chicken-feed like ten thousand dollar bills just to annoy th' clerk. But I ought to've known bether. Manny's th' time I've bent me proud neck to a decision iv a coort that lasted no longer thin it took th' lawyer f'r th' defnse to call up another judge on th' tillyphone. A judge listens to a case an' hears, while he's figurin' a possible goluf score on his blotting pad, th' argymints iv two or three lawyers that no wan wud dare to offer a judgeship to. Gin'rally speaking, judges are lawyers. They get to be judges because they have what Hogan calls th' joodicyal timpramint, which is why annybody gets a job. Th' other kind iv people won't take a job. They'd rather take a chance. Th' judge listens to a case f'r days an' decides it th' way he intinded to. D'ye find h' larned counsel that's just been beat climin' up on th' bench an' throwin' his arms around th' judge? Ye bet ye don't. He gathers his law books into his arms, gives th' magisthrate a look that means: 'There's an eliction next year,' an' runs down th' hall to another judge. Th' other judge hears his kick an' says he: 'I don't know annything about this here case except what ye've whispered to me, but I know me larned callague an' I wudden't thrust him to referee a roller-skatin' contest. Don't pay th' fine till ye hear fr'm me.' The on'y wan that bows to th' decision is th' fellow that lost, an' pretty soon he sees he's made a mistake, f'r wan day th' other coort comes out an' declares that th' decision of th' lower coort is another argymint in favor iv abolishing night law schools.

"That's th' way Jawn D. felt about it an' he didn't settle. I wondher will they put him away if he don't pay ivinchooly? 'Twill be a long sentence. A frind iv mine wanst got full iv kerosene an' attempted to juggle a polisman. They thried him whin he come out iv th' emergency hospital an' fined him a hundherd dollars. He didn't happen to have that amount with him at th' moment or at anny moment since th' day he was born. But th' judge was very lenient with him. He said he needn't pay if he cudden't. Th' coort wud give him a letther of inthroduction to th' bridewell an' he cud stay there f'r two hundred days. At that rate it'll be a long time befure Jawn D. an' me meet again on the goluf links. Hogan has it figured out that if Jawn D. refuses to go back on his Puritan principles an' separate himself fr'm his money he'll be wan hundherd and fifty-eight thousand years in cold storage. A man ought to be pretty good at th' lock step in a hundherd an' fifty-eight thousand years.

"Well, sir, glory be but times has changed whin they land me gr-reat an' good frind with a fine that's about akel to three millyon dhrunk an' disordeerly cases. 'Twud've been cheaper if he'd took to dhrink arly in life. I've made a vow, Hinnissy, niver to be very rich. I'd like to be a little rich, but not rich enough f'r annywan to notice that me pockets bulged. Time was whin I dhreamed iv havin' money an' lots iv it. 'Tis thrue I begun me dhreams at th' wrong end. I spent th' money first in me dhreams an' thin I got it. I was always clear about th' way to spend it, but oncertain about th' way to get it. If th' Lord had intinded me to be a rich man He'd've turned me dhreams around an' made me clear about makin' th' money, but very awkward an' shy about gettin' rid of it. There are two halves to ivry dollar. Wan is knowing how to make it, an' th' other is not knowin' how to spend it comfortably. When I hear iv a man with gr-reat business capacity I know he's got an akel amount iv spending incapacity. No matter how much he knew about business he wudden't be rich if he wasn't totally ignorant iv a science that we have developed as far as our means will allow. But now, I tell ye, I don't dhream iv bein' rich. I'm afraid iv it. In th' good old days th' polis coorts were crowded with the poor. They weren't charged with poverty, iv coorse, but with the results iv poverty, d'ye mind. Now, be hivens, th' rich have invaded even th' coorts an' the bridewell. Manny a face wearin' side whiskers an' goold rimmed specs peers fr'm th' windows iv th' Black Maria. 'What's this man charged with?' says th' coort. 'He was found in possession iv tin millyon dollars,' says th' polisman. An' th' judge puts on th' black cap."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "'tis time they got what was comin' to thim."

"I'll not say ye're wrong," said Mr. Dooley. "I see th' way me frind Jawn D. feels about it. He thinks he's doin' a great sarvice to th' wurruld collectin' all th' money in sight. It might remain in incompetint hands if he didn't get it. 'Twud be a shame to lave it where it'd be misthreated. But th' on'y throuble with Jawn is that he don't see how th' other fellow feels about it. As a father iv about thirty dollars I want to bring thim up mesilf in me own foolish way. I may not do what's right be thim. I may be too indulgent with thim. Their home life may not be happy. Perhaps 'tis clear that if they wint to th' Rockyfeller institution f'r th' care iv money they'd be in betther surroundings, but whin Jawn thries to carry thim off I raise a cry iv 'Polis,' a mob iv people that niver had a dollar iv their own and niver will have wan pounce on th' misguided man, th' polis pinch him an' th' governmint condemns th' institution an' lets out th' inmates an' a good manny iv thim go to th' bad."

"D'ye think he'll iver sarye out his fine?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "But if he does, whin he comes out at th' end iv a hundherd an' fifty-eight thousand years he'll find a great manny changes in men's hats an' th' means iv transportation, but not much in annything else. He may find flyin' machines, though it'll be arly f'r thim but he'll see a good manny people still walking to their wurruk."

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Thanksgiving Festival.

An Ode of Turkey Time.

Now the turkey steps forth grandly to
the center of the stage,
Now the publisher gives orders for a
turkey sketch—front page;
Now the artist turns to turkey in a
dull and listless way,
Now the bard in desperation wonders
what is new to say;
The markets groan with turkeys, young
and tender, old and tough,
There is turkey all about us, but we
cannot get enough.

There are turkeys adolescent, there are
turkeys in their teens,
There are turkeys in the papers, turk-
eys in the magazines;
There are turkeys in the stories, there
are turkeys in the news,
There are turkeys in the coulmns of
the dignified Reviews;
There are turkeys in the love tales,
there are turkeys in the books,
There are turkeys simply fashioned,
there are turkeys quite de luxe.

There are turkeys in the poems, there
are turkeys in the plays.
There are turkeys in the ovens, there
are turkeys on the drays;
There are turkeys in the grab bag at
the Sewing Circle's Fair,
There are turkeys in the kitchen, there
are turkeys in the yard.
For the frost is on the pumpkin and
the turkey's on the bard.

There's an endless flow of turkeys from
the village, vale, and farm,
And the turkey-ridden husband takes a
turkey on his arm;
There are turkeys in the street cars,
there are turkeys in the vans.
There are turkeys in the barrels, boxes,
bags, crates, bales and cans.
But over and beyond it all an hour of
bliss I see;
When the turkey's on the table—then
it's good enough for me.

—J. W. Foley.

Thanksgiving Day.

The golden-rod candles are all burned
out
By the zigzag fence of gray;
The asters have turned to withered
seeds
That the wind will flutter away;
But here's a cheer for the waning year,
And the glad Thanksgiving day!

The thrushes have flown from the tree-
tops high,
And the bluebirds could not stay:
And lone and hushed are the empty
nests;
But the children smile as they say,
"When frost is chill on the misty hill
Comes the glad Thanksgiving day."

They know that the harvest is garnered
in
In its ripe and golden store,
And patient and still the brown earth
waits,
For the time of its toil is o'er;
It waits the snow that shall fold it low,
Till it wakes from sleep once more.

The daisies will whiten the fields again
And the robins build next May;
So gratefully sing, little children sing,
Till the air with mirth is gay,
A song for the cheer of the happy year
And the glad Thanksgiving day!

Angelina W. Wray.

Thanksgiving Ceremony.

It's a very formal matter.
Eatin' turkey out our way,
'Cause gran'paw allus rises
With a word or two to say
After gran'maw asks the blessin,
Jest before he starts to carve.
It's a joke. We think it funny.
If we didn't we might starve.

It's something about Turkey
Gettin' all mixed up with Greece.
An' how the combination
Means disturbance of the peace.
Every year we're all attention;
Not another word is spoke,
An' we nearly die a-laughin'
When our gran'paw tells his joke.

For What are We Thankful?

For what are we thankful? For this:
For the breath and the sunlight of life;
For the love of the child and the kiss
On the lips of the mother and wife.

For roses entwining,
For birds and for bloom;
And hopes that are shining
Like stars in the gloom.

For what are we thankful? For this:
The strength and the patience of toil;
For even the joys that we miss—
The hope of the seed in the soil.

For souls that are whiter
From day unto day;
And lives that are brighter
From going God's way.

For what are we thankful? For all
The sunshine—the shadow—the song;
The blossoms may wither and fall,
But the world moves in music along.

For simple, sweet living
('Tis Love that can teach it),
A heaven forgiving,
And faith that can reach it!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Soliloquy of a Turkey.

Dey's a so't o' threatenin' feelin' in de
blowin' of de breeze,
An' I's feelin' kin' o' squeamish in de
night;
I's a-walkin "roun' a-lookin' at de
diffunt style o' trees,
An' a-measurin' dey thickness an' dey
height.
Fu' dey's sump'n mighty 'spicious in de
looks de da'kies give,
Ez dey pass me an' my family on de
groun',
So it 'curs to me dat lakly, ef I caihs
to try an' live,
It concehns me fu' to 'mence to look
erroun'.

Dey's a cu'ious kin' o' shivah runnin' up
an' down by back,
An' I feel my feddahs ruffli'n all de
day,
An' my legs commence to tremble evah
blessid step I mek;
W'en I sees a ax, I tu'ns my head
away.
Folks is gorgin' me with goodies, an'
dey's treatin' me wid caih,
An' I's fat in spite of all dat I kin do.
I's mistrus'ful of de kin'ness dat's
erroun' me evahwhaih,
Fu' it's jes' too good, an' frequent, to
be true.

Snow's a-fallin' on de medders, all
erroun' me now is white,
But I's still kep' on a-roostin' on de
fence;
Isham comes an' feels my breas'bone,
an 'he hefted me las' night,
An' he's gone erroun' a-grinnin' evah
sence.
'Tain't de snow dat meks me shivah;
'tain't de col' dat makes me shake;
'Tain't de wintah time itse'f dat's
'fectin' me;
But I t'ink de time is comin', an' I'd
bettah mek a break,
Fu' to sit wid Mistah 'Possom in his
tree.

W'en you hyeah de da'kies singin', an'
de quatahs all is gay,
'Tai't de time fu' birds lak me to be
erroun';
W'en de hick'ry chips is flyin', an' de
log's been ca'ied erway,
Den hit's dang'ous to be roostin' nigh
de groun'.
Grin on, Isham! Sing on, da'kies! But
I flop my wings an' go
Fu' de sheltah of de ve'y highest tree,
Fu' dey's too much close ertention—
an' dey's too much fallin' snow—
An' it's too nigh Thanksgivin' now
fu' me.

Thanksgiving Day on the Farm.

If there's wun thing more'n t'other,
As some folks of'n say,
As makes a chap feel kinder good,
Et is Thanksgivin' Day!
Fer even ef he's had hard luck
An' things ha'n't bin jes' right,
There's lots o' folks has had it, tu,
Frum mornin' until night.
An' w'en we kinder rekuns up
Our pleasures with our pain
An' take the hull year thro' an' thro'
We surely can't complain;
We've had good health, enuff ter eat,
An' cloes enuff ter wear,
An' mostly there's a turkey fat
W'en Thanksgivin' draws near,
An' then, thank God, the rent is paid,
The hosses they've got hay,
The cattle ha'n't got no disease,
There's no old scores to pay;
This mornin' my old gal an' me
Jes' tuk a look aroun',
The same as we've dun ev'ry year,
'Fore snow lays on the groun'.
Sez I, "There's Mister Gobbler there
A-struttin' roun' so gay,
But mebbe he'll fergit ter strut
'Bout nex' Thanksgivin' Day."
It really made me feel as proud
As any millionaire.
An' Bess an' me walked roun' the farm
An' tuk the mornin' air:
I knew her old heart jes' felt glad
Fer thinkin' 'bout our Jim
A-comin' with his new made wife
Ter sing Thanksgivin' hymn,
An' so, altho' we ha'n't got rich,
We'll thank the Lord an' say:
Fur what we hev, Almighty God,
We give Thee thanks this day.

H. Wakefield Smith.

The Day of the Turkey.

Thanksgiving Day, Thanksgiving Day,
Thanksgiving Day is coming.
And list, I hear, from far and near,
The stately turkeys drumming.
With lordly strut and stamp they go,
Each thinks himself a winner,
And such is right, if crisp and bright,
He crowns the Thursday's dinner.

—Lalia Mitchell Annable.

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A Hostage of Thanksgiving

By Agnes L. Pratt

A SOLITARY figure limned against the drear background of the landscape plunged recklessly ahead as if pursued by demons. Frozen earth cut his thinly-clad feet cruelly; from gray and chilling skies globules of hail and snow lashed his face, his hands, impotently. The darkness of night fast wrapped the way ahead in indistinct hues. Yet on he pressed, avoiding the beaten highway, skirting far in the rear of sparsely scattered dwellings, and shying like a hunted animal when crackling twig or whirr of wings startled the silence.

Finally he neared a house. Its immense proportions loomed through the enshrouding shadows like a haven of rest, and instinctively he turned his lagging steps to its door. A brilliant light shone in every window. The curtains were raised, only a filmy drapery of lace filtering to his vision the view of comfort within. Effacing himself among the shadows, he gazed long and hungrily at the scene. A gray-haired man lounged in the big easy chair. A pleasant-faced matron rocked near by, and at the piano, touching the notes softly, a young girl sang songs of home and love and light. One great choking sob clutched at his throat desperately, as with tottering steps he approached the door. A long peal at the bell, hurried footsteps inside, then a flood of warmth and light, in whose searching rays he stood revealed.

"For God's sake, food and shelter! I am famishing."

From the doorway, where he leaned, the silvery-haired man regarded him sternly. The women had crept quietly to the hall, and now looked at him with pityng eyes. The tableaux remained thus fixed, for neither man, regarding the other with fixed and horror-stricken gaze, would speak. Then the girl pressed forward.

"Father," she cried sharply, "why don't you let him in? Can't you see how cold and famished he looks?'

The elder man glanced stonily down at the newcomer.

"Speak!" he commanded. "Tell them who you are—what you are!"

With a dramatic gesture, the younger came into the full light, let fall a long, enveloping coat, and removed from his head the closely-drawn cap.

"An escaped convict." He laughed bitterly. "Wrongfully accused, unjustly imprisoned, and now—now"—his eyes roved wildly around—"free—free; and because it is Thanksgiving season, because to-morrow you will sit down to your feast with your family and friends, and I had hoped"—falteringly—"that the loving kindness of the season, or—or—something else—would soften your heart—I ventured to ask you for the shelter without which I should have perished. It is bitterly cold out there." He inclined his head toward the swamps from which he had emerged.

"Do you know me?"

Pushing his glasses high up on his forehead, the other bent a searching stare on the pallid features of the youth.

"You are the judge who sentenced me."

There was no tremor in the hopeless voice. Icy despair seemed to clutch the very heart of him who stood for the second time before the stern eyes that had judged him.

"Oh, father, father!" A gentle hand was laid supplicatingly on his arm, a gentle voice pleaded. "You are not the judge now; he is so tired and cold and hungry! Whatever you do later, remember to-morrow is Thanksgiving day, and—and—" She hesitated, then concluded, courageously, "Remember the vacant chair at our table and for whom it is waiting."

A little pathetic smile crept into the judge's face timidly, and abode there.

"I have not forgotten," he assured her, softly. Then—"Go now—you and the mother. Make ready some food for the wayfarer. I want a word alone with him."

He drew the youth into the wide hall where an open fire blazed cheerily on the great fire-place.

"Now tell me your story."

"You know it sir." Quite simply the answer came "You knew me before it happened. It was the son of an old friend you sentenced eight years ago—the friend of your son."

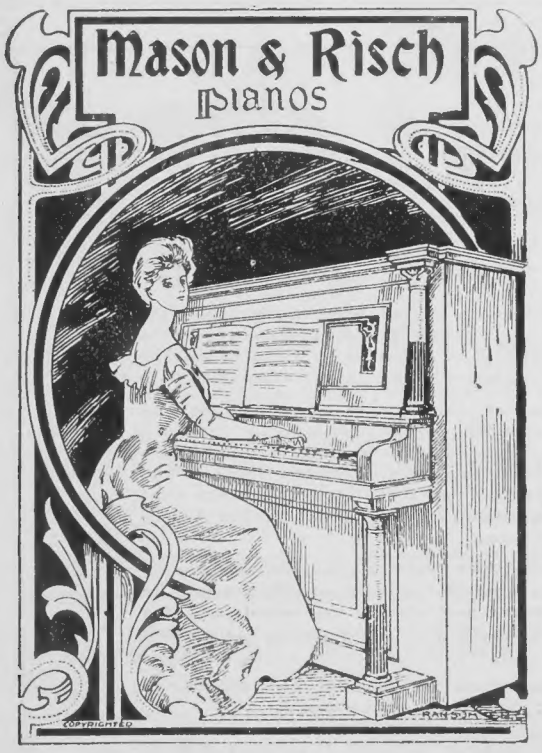
"I but did my duty." The other man looked strangely gray and worn in the firelight streaming over his face, his hair, his figure, and the hand he laid on the mantel trembled impotently.

"Perhaps." The young man smiled bitterly. "But you sentenced me to hell for the crime of another."

"Well,"—the judge sighed, dismissing this aspect of the case,—"as long as you had the temerity to approach me for shelter, knowing my duty as you did, and the consequences of your rash act, you may stay to-morrow. It is Thanksgiving. There will be no guests at our table unless—unless—" he brushed away a cobwebby vision uncertainly—"but that is not possible. We will make you as comfortable as we can, because it is Thanksgiving, and from this house no wanderer is ever turned away on that day. Then—then—" the tenderness, unwonted, filtered from his voice, and he concluded judicially—"the day after will be the day of reckoning. In my position I cannot harbor an escaped criminal."

"Life is sweet to the young, sir." On the opposite side of the fireplace, his prison garb in strange contrast to the judge's conventional attire, the younger man raised his head proudly, "I was exhausted—fainting—nearly dead, and I had still faith enough to believe my bitterest enemy would not cast me out. As for me, one day is enough. We learn—up there"—he indicated the direction whence he had come—"we learn to live our lives a day—aye, one hour—at a time. So be it. I will remain with you to-morrow as your Thanksgiving guest—uninvited, unwelcome. The day after shall be the day of reckoning!"

The judge inclined his head acquiescently.



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"If you follow me," he said, and now his voice expressed nothing save courtesy. "I will show you your apartments and furnish you with some clothing of—of—my son's."

"I thank you, judge."

They disappeared up the long stairway and shadows closed around them. Judge Graves knew this boy. Eight years ago he had been the friend of his father, the boy and his son intimates. Then had followed swiftly, disgrace, exposure, judgment, and death. His own son, a mere lad, had disappeared, and from that day no word had come to them from him. Each Thanksgiving, at their bountiful table, an extra chair was placed, and in it sat whoever chance might lead to their door—always with the hope that, one day, their own boy would return and claim it. Now fate, or circumstance, had brought this youth whose wrong-doing had been the downfall of the hopes of two families, and whose return to prison walls was the imperative duty of the judge who had sent him there.

Warmed, fed, and refreshed, the appearance of the newcomer surprised the little group gathered in the parlor. The judge had set himself a difficult task, and with firm, set lips he performed it.

"Now, my boy," he said kindly, when the young man finally stood before him, "I want you—for just this night and to-morrow—to forget the immediate past—to have one light spot for remembrance when you must return to your punishment. Take up the thread of your life where you dropped it. Remember only that you are the son of our old friend and the guest of this house. I can be merciful as well as just. You are safe here while you stay, and—" the judge's lips quivered, for he was very pitiful to his old friend's son under the influence of haunting memories and the Thanksgiving spirit that pervaded the house—"and I want you to enjoy a glimpse of our home life."

"You are very kind, sir."

All the evening, forgetting, as he was bidden, the past eight eventless years, he entered into the spirit of their home life, talked with them of friends and neighbors both families had known, and joined his voice in singing with the maiden who had been only a child when the calamity happened, who could but dimly realize, even now, the intricacies of this tragedy of her home and friends.

So the night passed. Morning dawned on a world of white. The young man wandered through the great rooms and into the dining-room of the judge's mansion, but the maiden was there before him.

"Good-morning." She greeted him kindly. "Wasn't it fortunate these came last night?" She indicated a great armful of tropic roses. "The snow is so deep and tracks unbroken, they could not have come to-day."

He gazed long and hungrily at the flowers, the winsome face above them, the laughing, saucy eyes.

"They are beautiful," he breathed. "Let me assist you." Then, remembering, he shrank away.

Touched by a quick intuition she understood. Separating the flowers she laid a fragrant armful near him.

"You may arrange these, Mr.—Mr.—I have forgotten your name."

"Up there," and the haunting sadness sprang into his eyes again, "I was just 941. It is so long since I have had a name I have almost forgotten it myself."

"But you are to forget that," she reminded him, "and remember only what came before to-day."

"I will." He bowed low. "My name shall be again—just for to-day—the honored one of my father—John Grahame. Afterward, 941, if you will," in a low tone

She turned away with tears in her eyes. He was so boyish to have suffered so—sinned so. But for to-day—yes, she would be brave to-day, and keep up the delusion. All through the morning hours she led him merrily through the rooms of the great mansion from one treasure to another—entertaining him as he had never been entertained before. Once the judge's wife approached her husband cautiously.

"Do you think it right dear," she asked, anxiously, "to allow him so much freedom with our Alice? You know what he is, and where he has come from."

"It is only for the day. Afterward he must go back. He is the son of our old friend, and but for that one fault is still the gentleman."

With this reply the mother was fain to be content. Presently, when evening shadows began to fall far and wide over the snow-clad earth and day was drawing to a close, the feast of Thanksgiving Day was served. The young man entered the brilliantly lighted room with the judge's daughter, and stood for a moment regarding the long table with devouring eyes.

"It is so many years," he murmured, "since I have seen anything like it."

"There is our vacant chair." The girl indicated a chair at one side of the judge's place. "They have kept it always, for him—my brother. Do you know the story?"

"I knew him once. He was just my age. But that all happened after—after I went away. I knew he had gone—yes."

The words came hurriedly and a wave of embarrassment flooded his features. With downcast eyes the girl related the story to him.

"Father says he had roving blood in his veins from some long-buried Spanish ancestor. At any rate, he was always restless, ill at ease. And one day, silently, without message or written word to them, he just went away. And their belief is beautiful." The girl turned to him with shining eyes. "They think he will come back some Thanksgiving Day—it was Thanksgiving when he went away—just as silently and unannounced as he went. Until he does, the place is always set apart for him at Thanksgiving dinner, and if by chance any uninvited guest comes, why—he occupies it until my brother returns."

A sudden, swift pallor overspread the face of the young man, but the girl's eyes, busy with the glittering scene before them, did not observe it. At that moment the judge and his wife entered, and dinner having been announced, they sat down. It was a real old-fashioned New England Thanksgiving dinner, served with courtesy, but without many modern accessories that have somehow robbed the revered custom of its fascination. There were turkeys, two of them, with all the fixings, and all the homely accompaniments that housewives have prepared for so many generations among the hills of New England. Always with the haunting sadness tugging at his heart-strings, the youth feasted, and his merry laughter denied the assertion that fought for precedence in his saddened eyes. Noting which, the judge brought forth his profoundest wisdom, his wittiest stories, and his brightest repartee for the entertainment of this strange guest, in the interest of whose brief happiness he seemed to struggle with pitiful intensity. When it was all over, the youth brushed away the vision so unreal and followed his host to the wide hall, where they stood once more in thoughtful silence on either side of the cheery fire of logs. The maiden forgetting for the moment the tragedy of it all, had called out a sweet "good-night" and followed her mother to the echoless rooms above.

"Well," the youth addressed the silent man opposite, "it is all over, I suppose."

"Yes." The monosyllable escaped the judge sadly.

"And to-morrow you return me to my keepers, to the worse than hell, where I have suffered eight long years that seemed an eternity, for the crime of another?"

"I must do my duty." The words were wrung from gray lips and the steadfast heart beneath them.

"You could not let me steal away silently as I came, carrying nothing with me but the memory of this Thanksgiving Day—this day of home-life that has been like a glimpse of heaven itself to me. Oh, sir," pleading eyes were raised to the relentless ones opposite, "you have shown me that you can be kind as well as just. Let mercy be stronger than justice for this once. I tell you I am innocent, but—but—" brokenly—"my lips are sealed. For God's sake, believe me—let me go—out into the night and make for myself a new life away from here. I promise you———"

The judge raised his hand. "I cannot listen," he said, coldly, "for then I should be compounding a felony. You gave yourself a hostage to me, promising on your honor to return after this—this Thanksgiving Day was over. Now," sternly, for the lingering tenderness faded from his eyes and he was again the righteous judge, "let justice be done."

Moodily the young man gazed into the glowing embers. When the last tones of the emotionless voice died away in far echoes he roused himself.

"Then let justice be done." He echoed the last words of the judge, passionately. "I would have spared you if I could. Listen," as the elder man waved him impatiently aside. "Let me tell you the story of this Thanksgiving Day as it has come to me."

Some compelling force in the eyes lifted now proudly, scornfully to his own, halted the words of denunciation that trembled on the judge's lips, and

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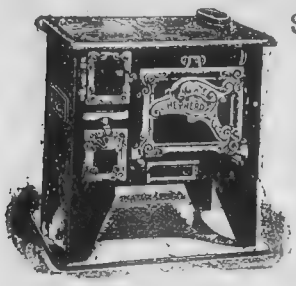

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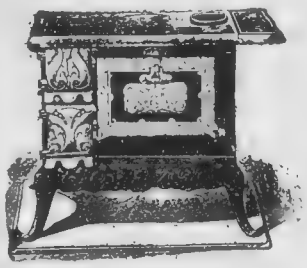

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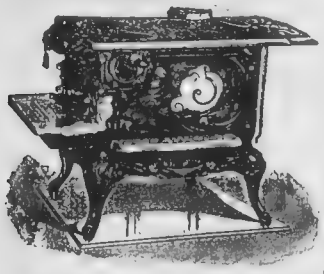

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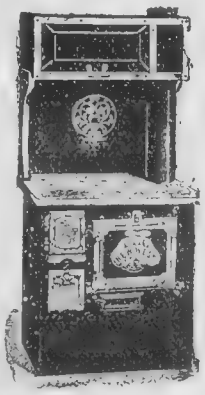

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DEPT. H. M.

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he listened haughtily, with folded arms and unseeing eyes.

You took me in, a wayfarer, an escaped convict, from yonder prison; made me welcome, clothed me in garments that were your son's, gave me his place at your table. But just for this once—this one Thanksgiving Day—so that, when I returned, as you promised me I should, to my prison fare, I should have, at your hands, the memory of one day spent among environments to which I have been accustomed. I know why you did that." He raised his eyes steadily into the elder man's face. It was for the sake of old times—old memories—old friends. You did it for them—not for me. And I—I—for the sake of one glimpse of Paradise—I was willing to return to the hell they have made for me—up there."

He paused a moment, looked moodily down at the fire, and proceeded. "I reckoned without my host. I had not seen your daughter." A little bitter smile crept to the corners of his mouth and abode there. The judge regarded him sternly now, unbelievingly. "I thought when you took me in, I would go back there—after just one Thanksgiving Day like the old ones—and to do my duty as you would do yours. I did not know her then." His voice rang out hopelessly against the stillness, and yet that silent figure regarded him stonily, wordlessly. "I have spent this happy Thanksgiving with her; in that short space has been born the only such affection my heart has ever known, and though I feel its hopelessness, I know it is an inspiration—an uplifting influence that would work for my good, out there—in the world—if you would let me go. I cannot go back there."

Like a thunderbolt from Jove, the stern interruption came. "You must. These senseless pleadings—they must cease. To-morrow——"

Swift lightnings darted into the dark eyes opposite. a sudden pallor settled imperceptibly about the drawn lips of the youth.

"Then I must tell you"—and the low voice trembled with suppressed emotions. "To all my appeals for mercy you have turned a deaf ear, and now—when you think I have contaminated your one pure lamb by a misconceived affection—you are ready to drag me forth again to my tormentors. I tell you I will not go! Listen!" The judge raised his eyes impatiently. "I am innocent! I am innocent! Do you hear me? Do you believe me?"

Like the cry of a lost soul the sudden declaration came and the damning reply followed closely: "No!"

The stern echo died quite away and the youth withdrew a clinched hand from his breast. A folded paper flashed a moment, white in the firelight, then dropped into the judge's involuntarily outstretched hand.

"Read that! Those are the words of your son. That is his handwriting—even you cannot deny that—written and conveyed to me the day of his disappearance. I have carried it with me ever since. But—but"—brokenly the words came—"for your sake—for his sake—I have never told—until now——"

The silvered head bowed a moment over the crumpled paper, but the burning eyes refused to make sense of the scrawled lines. "I—I—cannot," he faltered. "You—you—read it." It was a strangely broken and bowed man who listened to the intense tones reading the few words inscribed on the paper.

"Dear Chum: I know you are bearing up there the punishment that should be mine, but I am too great a coward to come out and clear your name at the expense of my own—and my father's. I could never tell him and my mother. But you shall be avenged. When this is handed you I shall be beyond all scorn and censure of this world, and then you may make this public and clear yourself. You see, I am still a coward, even in death. They will never find me, I shall hide so securely; but you may use this—my confession—to free yourself."

The words died away abruptly. When the judge lifted his head the waters of many sorrows had gone over him and years had stamped themselves in furrowed lines on his countenance.

"And—and—you kept this from me, to——"

"For his sake—and yours," was the low response. "I did not care so very much then for myself. There are only two years more, anyway. But since—since,'—a crimson flood swept his face from chin to brow—"I have known her, it—it has been different."

"You shall be vindicated."

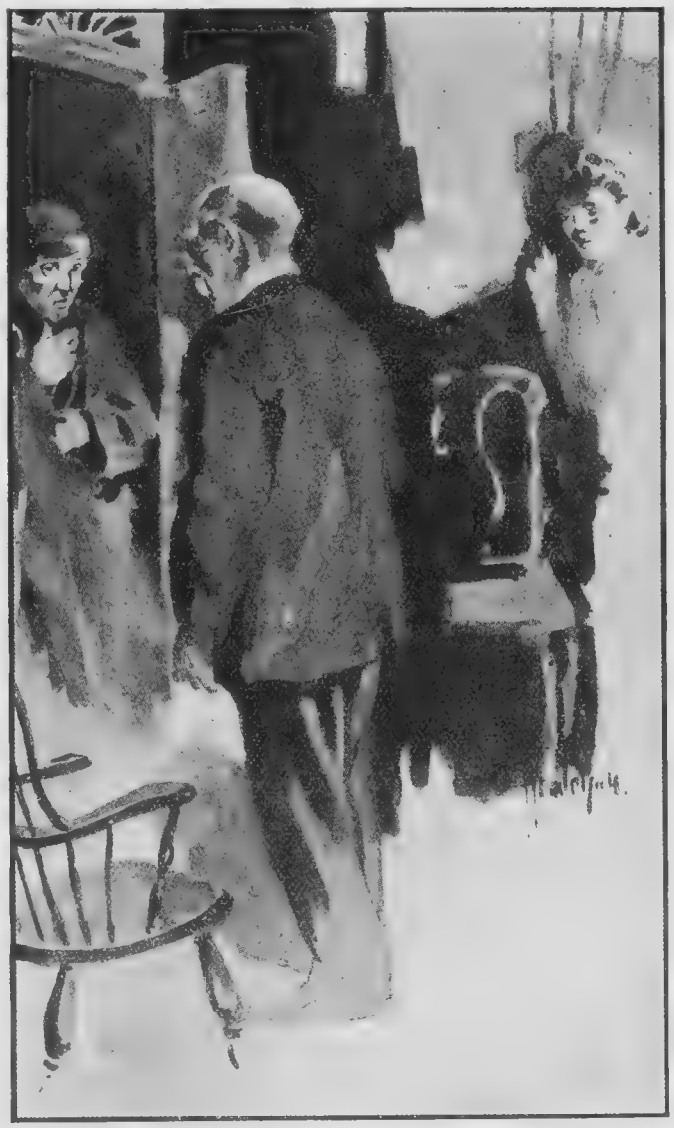
The judge reached for the paper. But the younger man, quicker than he, dropped it into the bed of burning coals, and in a second it was consumed, leaving nothing but a few feathery flakes of ashes.

"If you will tell her," he faltered, "that I am innocent—that you are convinced of that—and—and—let me go—in these clothes—into the night and away—anywhere—where I can be a man and forget—no one need ever know."

A swift silence, solemn, unbroken fell over the room. Occasionally a cinder, loosened from one of the great logs, dropped down with a silky hissing sound. Both men gazed at the fire, their thoughts far away. One out in the world, where he hoped to bury himself and forget; the other with his duty, stern and implacable. Finally the elder man severed the silence which had become oppressive.

"It shall be as you wish," he said, quite humbly. "You shall go to-night, with my blessing and assistance. And—and"—turning, he laid one hand on the boy's shoulder—"while you are away I will try to make up to you for the years you have suffered for us. For their sakes"—he glanced up the long stairway—"I will be lenient with the memory of my son. But your name shall be cleared, and you shall return here without a stain. In an hour I will come back to you here. I must have a little time to think. But when I return"—he looked keenly into the honest eyes raised to his—"I shall be prepared to accompany you a little way toward your destination, and—and—you must let me assist you in making your new start in the world. Wait for me here."

The young man nodded assent. The judge's tall figure, bent and broken, disappeared within a darkened inner room, and he was left alone with his meditations, now as when he entered this house, bound by his word, a hostage of Thanksgiving.



"'For God's sake, food and shelter! I am famishing.'"

This October Thursday.

Turkey in the pantry,
  Chicken in the pot,
Mother choppin' apples,
  Oven roastin' hot.

Grandma seedin' raisins,
  Molly mixin' spice;
Gracious! but the kitchen
  Smells uncommon nice.

  Cranberries a-poppin',
  Pies all in a row.
Gee! but don't that mince-meat
  Tempt a feller, though?

Silver spoons a-shinin',
  Cake with frostin' thick,
Say, I think the Governor's
  A regular old brick!

Givin' us a holiday,
  No lessons to be done,
Kinsfolk here to dinner,
  Havin' all such fun.

Wish it would come often;
  Best of all, I say,
Is this October Thursday,
  Folks call "Thanksgiving Day."

Baby Has Gone to School.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
  What will the mother do?
With never a call to button or pin,
  Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
  Another good-by to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
  Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
  And half of something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
  When the children, one by one,
Will go from home out into the world
  To battle with life alone.
And not even the baby left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
  Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
  If nothing were misplaced;
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

Correspondence

The interest in our Correspondence Column is on the increase, judging from the number of letters we received last month. The approach of fall and winter possibly is responsible for so many young men and young women writers wanting to get acquainted so that they may have something to occupy their spare time during the long evenings spent indoors. Do not ask us for the names of writers in these columns as we are not at liberty to make known the names unless we are given permission by the writers. When sending us a letter to re-mail to any address please affix a postage stamp on the blank envelope enclosed. All writers are requested to give us their full name and address, not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith.

"Sally" Writes "Hardy Gent."

Manitoba, July 20, 1907.

Editor,—I have been greatly interested month after month by reading the correspondence columns of the W. H. M., and considering the different views. I was greatly taken with the letter in your January number signed "Woman's Friend," also "Irish Lassie's" letter that appeared in your February number. I think "Irish Lassie" is the kind of girl they should have in the Northwest. I am enclosing a letter, which please forward to the young man who signed himself "Hardy Gent" in your May number, and oblige, yours truly, "Sally."

"Twin Sisters" vs. "Two of a Kind."

Sask., May 13, 1907.

Editor,—We have read with interest and amusement the correspondence on matrimony carried on in your widely circulated paper, and hope it may be the means of brightening the homes of many western bachelors, ourselves included.

In your April number we saw a letter from "Twin Sisters," Ebor, Man. Please forward enclosed letters to them, and oblige. We are 24 years old, have dark brown hair, blue eyes, height, 5 ft. 10 in. and 5 ft. 6 in. respectively. For further particulars regarding our dispositions and morals, personal correspondence would be the only means of finding out.

"Two of a Kind."

Means Business, Not Fun.

Alberta, July 17, 1907.

Editor,—In reading the April number of the W. H. M., I would like to say a few words in defence of the widows. Some correspondents say, "Widows, save your stamps and stationery," and some say, "No widows need write." This is rather short on the widows. Could not other words be uttered that would not cut the ones who have loved and lost through death? I would remind my fellowbrethren that most widows have done much towards the replacing of youth in this world. They are more experienced and capable of homemaking than many of the young maids, but some of the young maids are not to be despised by any means.

I may say that I am a lonely bachelor, English, life abstainer and non-smoker, in moderate circumstances, Protestant and not over good-looking. I am not averse to marriage, providing I could get a good Christian woman, who would help me to make a home and success of farming. I am a farmer by choice, not by profession. I am 30 years of age.

Any respectable woman about that age who has lived on a farm and understands hens and would help to milk would be suitable. I will endeavor to make it worth any woman's while to consider this. No objection to widows. I mean business, not fun.

"Nil Desperandum."

Arthurvale Alta., June 8, 1907.

Editor,—Forward my letter to "Lulu."

"Bachelor Bill" Writes Letter.

Million, Man., July 23, 1907.

Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your magazine, and would like to correspond with some of the young ladies. I am good-looking, 5 ft. 8 ins. tall, weigh 175 lbs., and have brown hair and blue eyes. I have a quarter-section of land and suitable building.. "Bachelor Bill."

"Sour Sal" Philosophizes.

Glen Ewen, Sask., July 23, 1907.

Editor,—Will you please again let "Sour Sal" enter your circle and give a few shy pointers.

Well, "Lonely Hopeful," your letter is very sensible and shows you have admirable good taste. "Rosebud" was quite right in suggesting that "Devil" must have forgotten all respect for his mother and sisters, and as for criticizing him I should not bother.

Let me tell the "Masher" that if he practises what he preaches he will certainly find a good wife, which he deserves. Have any of we boys and girls

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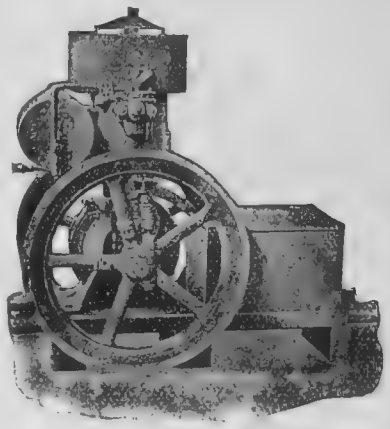

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stopped to think and consider marriage? No, I do not think many do, and yet it is the most serious part in the dealings of our lives. If more of us would stop and consider this problem thoroughly before we took that step, how much better our lives might be.

"Fair Play" thinks that we girls are hard on the boys. Well, perhaps we are. Still, do not some of you deserve it? Sometimes I feel like sympathizing with the young man, but again I change my mind when I see young men who might be good, industrious and sober, but no, they would rather sink down and down and lose all self-respect by just having what they call a good time. But will it not soon fade away? Yes! alas, too soon, and so will your self-respect. Yet again, I will not be selfish. We girls should also remember our self-respect. Be courteous to all good men, whether poor or rich.. What does it matter for money, so long as he is noble and good.

Sometimes a little help from one of us might lift a young man from ruin, instead of a cool, cruel word, which might drive him to degradation. I think we might try and help each other instead of hindering, and how much better our lives will be.

"Sour Sal."

A Chance for Young Men.

Sask., July 6, 1907.

Editor,—Being a reader of your interesting magazine I thought I would like to be a writer also. I think you have a great many real nice bachelors, and I should like very much to correspond with some of them for pastime.

I hope "Lonely Hopeful" finds that ideal lady that he is looking for, but I rather think he is too hard to suit. Any girl that wants a husband very badly, should write to "Very Anxious." I think he is an honest chap, telling that he uses liquor and tobacco. Most young men try to hide their bad habits. If any of either sex wish to correspond with me, my address is with the editor.

Hoping my letter escapes the waste-paper basket, and wishing your paper every success.

"Prairie Maiden."

Must be Farmer's Daughter.

Red Deer, Alta., July 12, 1907.

Editor,—Being a constant reader of your Western Home Monthly, I thought I would send a letter to your correspondence columns.

I am a jolly young bachelor, 27 years of age, and am sometimes very lonely, so I think I will ask you to do me a favor. I don't use either liquor or tobacco, and have a good, comfortable home for some young lady who would be my wife. I live six miles from town. I have a good farm and a good house on it, 16 by 24 feet and one and a half stories high.

I am very fond of music, and would prefer a wife who could play the piano. I would like to hear from young ladies of between 20 and 23 years of age. She must be a farmer's daughter. Your very respectable friend, "Bixen."

"Dimples" from Ontario.

Moosomin, Sask., July 26, 1907.

Editor,—I have been a reader of this interesting paper for some time. I came out from Ontario about five months ago to my married sister, who takes the Western Home Monthly.

Some of the ladies who write talk as though the bachelars are very bad, but as many as I have so far seen are very nice fellows. Some ladies object to smoking, but for my part I do not object to smoking, although I think chewing and drinking are very bad habits.

I am a young girl, 19 years of age 5 ft. 3 in. tall, and have dark eyes. I am very fond of skating, although I am not a very good skater.

If any of the young bachelors care to write, I will try and answer their letters. Well, as I am, no doubt, taking too much precious space, I will close, signing myself "Dimples."

"Buster" Writes Letter.

Saddle Lake, Alta., July 30, 1907.

Editor,—As I have been a reader of your wonderful magazine now for about four months, and I think it is just a fine one, and I must say I get very much interested in your correspondence columns. I would like very much if you would give me the address of the young lady of Strathcona, Alta., who signed herself "One Fair Maiden of Alberta," in the February number.

"Buster."

Write Her Care Editor this Magazine.

Winnipeg, Aug. 25, 1907.

Editor,—In the Western Home Monthly's August number did I with very much interest read the letter signed "Flossie." I would like to correspond with her, and would ask you to please send me the address and oblige

"Julius."

"Farmer John" Matrimonially Inclined.

Earl Grey, Sask., Aug. 17, 1907.

Editor,—Please send me the address of "Hettie," aged 22, who hails from the Old Country. I wish to correspond with that young lady.

I have 320 acres of land here, and am doing well on it. Have nearly 100 acres under crop, which is very heavy.

I am a young man of clean life and good family, and would like to marry a young woman who would be a pleasant companion and a good housekeeper. I believe a woman has enough to do to keep the house neat without working outdoors. "Farmer John."

Would be the Chore Boy.

Sunny Plain, July 17, 1907.

Editor,—I address a few lines to you, as I am a reader of your splendid magazine and am a bachelor. I would like to take my chance with the rest if you can find space in your columns for a few lines.

I would like a helpmate who is a housekeeper; I will be the chore boy.

I have 160 acres of land and crop in this year, and when a man works all day in the field, then has to cook his own meals, it seems very hard, especially when there are so many girls in the country. If you can put me in touch with some girl about 25 who is willing to come out West, I will answer any letter written to me.

"Jesse James, the Outlaw."

From a Cranky Old "Bach."

Prague, Alta., Aug. 10, 1907.

Editor,—I am a new member of the W. H. M. club (I presume all subscribers are at least honorary members and I just received my first cop) and being a "cranky old bach," past forty, gray, bald and toothless, (at least, if not altogether so, I guess I will be sometime, so I might as well give myself all the credit my old age should warrant).

I thought I would try to help out some of my brothers in affliction.

Did any of you ever make a bachelor cake? My experience is that a bachelor's larder is very liable to extreme fluctuations as a result we are almost always out of part of the ingredients called for in the regular cook books, and as I am rather frond of cake, I have, on account of aforesaid fluctuations, managed to figure out a recipe which I nearly always use and which I think will fit almost any bachelor's kitchen.

Of course, the first thing for a cake is eggs. If you have them, break from two to six, the more the better, into a deep pan. If you have no pan, use a lard or syrup pail. If you have sour milk, put in two or three cups, according to the size of the cake you want. If you have sour cream use it instead of the milk and you won't need any shortening. If you have no cream mix a cup of butter, or lard with a little salt, into one or two cups of sugar. Mix the sugar and butter thoroughly, then with an egg beater mix the eggs and milk, put in about half a teaspoon of flavoring extract, then put in your sugar and butter and beat it some more. Now take a sifter of flour and add a small spoonful of salt and for sour milk one spoon of baking powder and a small spoon of soda; for sweet milk use two heaping spoons of baking powder. Sift into the eggs, etc., and beat into a smooth batter. The batter should be stiff as it is not so liable to fall. If too thin add more flour, if too stiff add more milk. Bake in a quick oven.

Why don't some of you good people with big families of girls come out here to Central Alberta? In spite of the late spring the prospects at present (Aug. 3rd) are that we will have a bumper crop in all grains and there is lots of cheap land and some homesteads here yet.

There are about ten bachelors for every marriageable girl or woman from fifteen year old up, and every bachelor owns a quarter section of land or more, so you see a few big families of girls would be thoroughly appreciated in this "neck of the woods."

If any one is interested, I would be glad to give them any information I can about the country or its people. Thanking you in advance for space, either in your paper or your waste basket, I beg to subscribe myself,

"A Cranky Old Bach."

Red Ensign Long Winded.

Regina, Sask., Aug. 19, 1907.

Editor,—A friend of mine who is a subscriber to your valuable paper, and after he had devoured the contents, he generally passes it on to me and now I look forward to it every month and read the correspondence column with great interest, so I thought I would like to join the circle and express some of my views.

The letters appearing are very amusing and interesting as well as instructive, and some of the writers possess a fair amount of foresight and others are far too anxious to obtain a husband or wife.

D. O. N.'s remarks are very true. Some fancy they can obtain a wife on the mail order system, but little do they realize how soon they may regret it in days to come.

I can quite understand the homesteader in a good many cases, after his day's work is over; he arrives home and he has the usual routine of cooking, etc., and then he commences to realize there is something missing about the shack, so after devouring the contents of your correspondence column it suddenly dawns upon him. "Marriage," and some of the young damsels

letters sound so inviting, so no sooner said than done and he seems to think anything is good enough as long as he gets a wife.

In nine cases out of ten he resides a considerable distance from where there are girls and unable to afford the time for friendship he takes pot luck, so he really buys a wife as he would purchase an article at the nearest store. He has to accept what they stock as he cannot afford the time to go further afield, so imagine their lot. (Ask Daisy.) A young lady accepting a proposal on these conditions has no chance whatever of studying his disposition and the only way open for viewing one another is by correspondence and photos, erlying entirely on the letters exchanged as to their personal beauty, as I notice they all possess that more or less.

I quite agree to exchanging photos shortly after correspondence opens up, as it soon gives one a fair idea if it is advisable to keep corresponding or drop it, and he or she should be most prompt in expressing their desire to discontinue corresponding, so giving either party a good chance of corresponding with others in the circle, who may meet with the approval of some other admirer, as we do not in this world all appear the same to one another or some of us would be on the shelf.

After an exchange of photos and both seem favorably impressed, the young man should endeavor to bring about a meeting and the chances are a happy union may result.

For "Silverheel's" edification as to a town boy's view of a model wife, I am barred corresponding with her under the age clause or perhaps I could give her a much better account, so she must accept it as it is.

Under no circumstances should a couple wed for any other purpose but Love (Capital L for Love), but should they be fortunate enough to obtain wealth with it all well and good.

If we all speak the truth it is one of our ambitions to love and be loved in return, but give me the love if it should be impossible to obtain both. Far better poor and happy than rich and miserable, but, of course, there is the happy medium to being poor. But the happiest woman of all in my estimation is the one who has worked and helped to place her husband on a good financial footing, which is generally brought about by her kind disposition, her household abilities, her love for home and her economical principles, which has given her husband encouragement to try and make a headway, which in most cases is the stepping stone to success. This class of women have often turned the wildest of men into the best of husbands.

I don't for one moment suggest for any young lady to marry a man of wild and careless disposition as an experiment from her kind loving heart as nine cases out of ten it will only be folly. Some young damsels do not seem to realize what marrying for love means; they generally expect their husbands to be making love to them in his spare time, in other words, like the performance of a couple of turtle doves, and when he fails to keep up his so-called love she at once imagines he has neglected her. She then imagines he really has not the love for her she expected or he professed he had, so she comes to the conclusion he only wanted a household drudge, or as some term it, the marriage of convenience, but after all is said and done and all jokes on one side (this side, please) it is the man's fault and the woman's mistake.

This sort of man's love is much stronger than one would imagine. I have proved this by my lodging experience and I take a deep interest in studying human nature and I have met cases of married couples who could not agree and yet I found out by studying this couple that more love existed there than the ordinary spectator could guess. The whole cause of the trouble was, they were of the same disposition.

"Lord Byron No. 2" Takes Pen in Hand.

Laurence, Alta., Aug. 15, 1907.

Editor,—Being a constant reader of your splendid magazine, I take much pleasure in reading the page by "The Philosopher," also the articles on "The Young Man and his Problem," by James L. Gordon.

Occasionally I catch a glimpse of the correspondence column, and sometimes notice a particularly bright and interesting letter, but a good many of them, especially by the young ladies, are written in a plaintive and monotonous strain commenting continually on such things as feeding pigs, calves, milking cows, etc. There may be some who are compelled to do these outside chores, but we find those so engaged have more ability in that line, and we find that not more than one in ten understands anything whatever of the methods of good housekeeping. It is a fact that extravagance and not economy is the general policy of womankind.

I am no friend of the bar-room or tobacco store, but while the women are sitting in judgment on these matters they would do well to remember that their own uncontrollable tempers and vipers' tongues are much greater defects of characters than the others of which they speak so loudly, and if these were remedied less would be heard of the smoking and drinking habits, as many men are turned to these through lack of attractiveness in the home as the paint and polish which was so alluring in the days of courtship has vanished like a mist.

The Lord never intended women to sit as judges and rulers over men, and we are sure they are much more respected when they keep the place which nature has assigned to them.

Much has been said of late by your lady correspondents relating to the high standard of character which they require of men, but it goes without saying the world over, and is therefore true, that if a woman must choose between a decent, respectable, churchgoing young man and a downright idle, worthless tough, she will almost invariably choose the latter. Many of these angelic young ladies claim they can "sing and play the piano, organ and harp," but we are not aware that this is any great assistance to her husband, beautiful as these accomplishments are.

I do not wish your fair readers to think that I am an inveterate crank and woman-hater, but having given this matter some consideration both in this country and abroad, I have come to the conclusion that women are much at fault in the home, as no matter where you go you find a lot of unmannerly and disobedient children, even among those women who think they are above the average, both in intelligence and education.

It is generally conceded that our Canadian girls are equal if not superior to any that can be found. Having always been extremely popular, not only with my own sex, but also with the fair, I hope to win the affections of one of these beautiful women.

I hope to hear by letter or through your paper from some of the beautiful and sarcastic critics who so ably defend their cause.

My motto is: "None but the brave deserve the fair."

"Lord Byron No. 2."

Says Letters are Interesting.

Saskatoon, Sask., Aug. 15, 1907.

Editor,—Being a constant reader of our valuable paper and much interested in the correspondence columns, I thought I would write a few lines to you. I think you are deserving of great credit for the interest you are taking in the young people and for the privileges you are giving them to become acquainted with each other. A large number of the letters are quite interesting.

I would be pleased to correspond with a number of young ladies under 25, Westerners, including Manitobans, preferred.

I am 26 years of age, 5 ft. 11 in. tall, and weigh 172 lbs. I have property in country, but at present I am living in town, in the "Hub" of Saskatchewan and the hard wheat belt.

Please forward enclosed letters to "Handsome Maiden," Alberta, and to "Daisy," Wapella, Sask., and oblige.

"Westerner."

"Busybody" from Ontario.

Frankville, Ont., Aug. 17, 1907.

Editor,—I have been a reader of your magazine since last February. The correspondence pages interest and amuse me very much, so I thought I would have my letter ready for next month.

I notice all the bachelors want the girls to write first. Now, I think it is their place to write if they see a letter that seems to suit their fancy or taste, so if any of the bachelors think they would care to waste a stamp on me, they can get my name from the Editor.

I quite like "Canadian Jack's" idea of married life on a farm.

I am a farmer's daughter and always lived on this same farm. I have done all kinds of house work since I was big enough, and it keeps me busy the year round. I do all my own baking, preserving, house cleaning and sewing etc.

I am 26 years of age, have light complexion, light hair, weigh about 100 lbs. A few people have told me I am good looking, but I don't believe them.

I can't play the piano, and haven't had much education, but I can get a meal good enough for farmers.

All young men that don't touch strong drink and tobacco are to be praised for it. I am not so particular about their looks or the color of their hair, etc., if they are only clean, honest, industrious, kind and good-natured.

I guess perhaps I have said enough for this time. I will now wait for results.

"Busybody."

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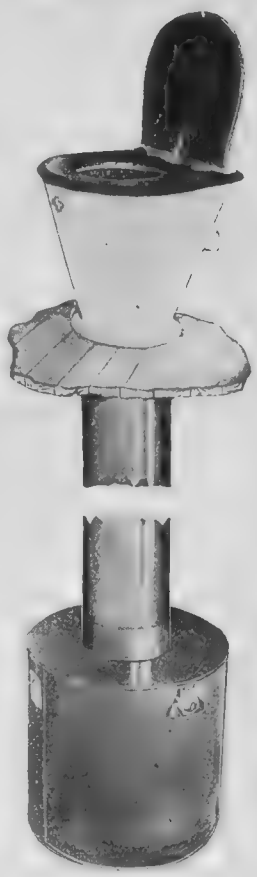

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Carolyn Wilkins.

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Ironville, N. Y.

The Life Reading prepared three years ago was correct. You said I was to have some little amount of money left me unexpectedly by a distant relative, an elderly lady. This has come true, and from a source I had no idea of at the time. What you foretold regarding marriage is also true.

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A Farmer's View of Double Blessedness.

Alberta, Aug. 18, 1907.

Editor,—I have been reading your valuable paper for some time. I take great interest in the correspondence columns, and if you will give me space I will give my views.

It is surprising to see so many different views taken of married life by those that are thinking of jumping the rope.

Now, I do not think that a woman should be made a slave of, nor do I think she should have all the say. If they marry for pure, holy love, they should work together for the best results. If the man is crowded by his work, his wife will not hestitate to help him by milking or feeding pigs and calves. On the other hand, if he has a slack time, he should return the compliment by turning the washer, or churning, or even helping her about her everyday work. But, above all, he should have a smile and a pleasant word for her. A woman appreciates that above all other things. Hoping I have not taken up too much space,

"Happy Hooligan."

A Frivolous Chap.

Alta., Sept. 18, 1907.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber of the W. H. M. but my chum is, and every month we have a foot race to the post office to see which one of us is entitled to the paper first, and we have some dandy races sometimes, and if one of us don't look out we will be running races for prizes.

I have roamed through a great deal of this world, "for a lad of my age," but give me the W. H. M. every time.

Now, dear Editor, if you will allow me enough space to say something about myself and see if I can't get some nice little girl to write me.

I am a barber by trade and at present am running a barber shop of my own, and also with my bank account I am pretty well fixed. I am 5 feet, 7 inches high and weigh about 162 pounds.

Will say nothing about my looks but am willing to exchange photos with any nice looking little girl.

I am 21 years of age and an American, coming from Portland, Ore. Have been in the country three years and by the time I am here that much longer I expect to be well fixed, as I have a good start in life now.

I hope to see this in print and furthermore to hear from the girls, some girl that enjoys dancing and is full of fun, for I certainly enjoy dancing or skating.

Now, don't all write at once, please; but those who do care to write, if any, will find my address with the Editor.

Thanking you for your valuable space, I remain,

"Buzz, the Barber."

Dixie Likes Boys.

Tantallon, Sask., Aug. 28, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your magazine and am interested in the correspondence page so thought I would write a letter, too.

I am a young girl of fair complexion, blue eyes and a small mouth. I am a favorite of the boys and I like boys very much. I like their companionship better than girls. I like dark, handsome boys the best, the lively, jolly ones with pure black eyes and curly hair, and tall. I play the piano and sing and ride horseback, of which I am very fond. I am fond of pets and have quite a few. Not many young ladies are fond of pets. I would like to see this printed. "Dixie."

Brownie Likes Dark Men.

Tantallon, Sask., Aug. 18, 1907.

Editor.—Being an interested reader of the correspondence page of your paper, I have dceided to write.

I've lived on a farm the greater part of my life. Can do all house work and am a good cook. Have brown hair and blue eyes, very sentimental and sensible. I admire dark men the most, so would like to correspond with a dark young Westerner.

"Brownie."

Widowers and Aged Bachelors Barred.

Bagot, Man., Aug. 23, 1907.

Editor.—I am an interested reader of the W. H. M., especially the correspondence column.

I am a Canadian girl, 19 years old, fair complexion, brown eyes and dark brown hair and weigh 117 pounds, am a good housekeeper and got prizes for cooking. Would be pleased to correspond with nice young gentleman not over twenty-five. Widowers and aged bachelors not wanted. Wishing your paper success. "Shamrock."

Thinks Better to Marry for Love.

Ontario, Aug. 31, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your valuable paper and enjoy the correspondence columns very much. I am 20 years of age, 5 feet, 3 inches in height and weigh 120 pounds; fair complexion, dark brown hair and light blue eyes, considered fairly good looking.

I don't think I would care for that fellow who signs himself "Hustler," if he means all he says. I would not want anyone to marry me just because I had lots of money. I think it is better to marry for love; of course, money is all right in its place.

I play the piano and would be pleased to correspond with some young man who is fond of music, who has dark hair and dark eyes; but one who does not drink or use tobacco. I feel like writing far more only I might be taking up too much space. Anyone who wishes for my address will find it with the editor. Will you please publish this. I must now close, wishing your paper every success.

"May Flower."

Likes Daisy Best.

Alberta, Sept. 9, 1907.

Editor.—As it is so interesting to read the other letters, I have decided to have my say, so here goes.

I am a young bachelor, 21 years old, am 5 feet, 10 inches high, and have dark hair and blue eyes. I have no bad habits, such as drinking and using tobacco.

I have several head of cattle and a few horses, and as I am just starting for myself, I would like to come in contact with some nice young lady, who is not too bad for looks.

The girl I marry must be very high-toned and fond of buggy and horseback riding and all sorts of sports, especially dancing, as I am very fond of them myself.

I pity those who have to cut out dancing on account of their wives. Of course, it is all right not to go to dances in the busy season, but during leisure months one should have a good time. Not work from daylight till dark from year to year to get a few more dollars, for one will be no better off in the year 2,000.

After reading all the letters I like Daisy best. I would rather like to correspond with her.

"Smoky Mokes."

Tired of Baching.

Chering, Sask., Sept. 10, 1907.

Editor.—Being a subscriber to the W. H M., I wish you would publish these few lines in the correspondence columns of your valuable magazine.

I am a young Englishman, 27 years of age, so would like to correspond with a young Englishwoman from 20 to 25 years of age with a view to matrimony, as I am tired of baching. Full particulars later. "Rob Roy."

Baldy Wants a Wife."

Brierwood, Man., Sept. 21, 1907.

Editor.—Allow me to join your charming correspondence circle. I have been reading your paper for over a year and I like it very much.

I am a young man, 21 years of age, 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weigh 185 pounds and am passably good looking.

I am greatly in need of a wife and I could make any woman happy.

She must be at least 5 feet, 6 inches tall, weigh 125 to 135 pounds, have dark hair and be well educated, curly headed and a good dancer.

Hoping I have not taken up too much space in your valuable paper and that some young lady will correspond with me. "Baldy."

Letters Exchanged.

Letters have been received from the following addresses which we have forwarded on to the persons whom they were intended for.

We give below a partial list, and the non de plume of the writer the letter was remailed to.

Mailed from	Addressed to
Curzon, Sask.. ...	"Handsome Maiden."
Curzon, Sask.....	"Nancy, Lanark, Ont
Osler, Sask.....	"Violet."
Sunny Plains, Sask.....	"Violet."
Regina..	"Gentleman Joe."
Longburn, Man..	"Daisy."
Duck Lake, Sask.	"Canadian Rose No. 2"
Regina..	"Handsome Maiden."
Regina..	"Daisy."
Kenaston, Sask..	"Flossie."
Viking, Alta..	"Flossie."
Dana, Sask.....	"A Looker On."
Alberta	"Hetty."
Alberta..	"Nouhika."
Wilcox, Sask..	"Silverheels."
Russell, Man..	"Hetty."
Stand Off, Alta.....	"Violet."
Stand Off, Alta..	"Black Eyes."
Waskada, Man...	"Hetty."
Medicine Hat..	"Yankee Girl."
Sussex, England	"The Masher."
Stony Beach, Sask.....	"Bunker Hill."
Central Butte, Sask.	"Blue Eyed Biddy"
Antler, Sask.....	"Flossie."
Cupar, Sask..	"Hetty."
Leduc, Alta.....	"Trixie."
Maple Creek, Sask....	Blue Eyed Biddy"
Estevan, Sask..	"Hetty."
Locherd, Alta..	"Busy Bee."
Weyburn, Sask	"Hetty."
Weyburn, Sask..	"Canadian Rose No. 2."
Didsbury, Alta..	"Hetty."
Mt. Pleasant, N. D...	"Edith Lyle."
Ponoka, Alta..	"A Looker On."
Vancouver, B. C.....	"Lady Betty."
River View, Sask.....	"Hetty."
Oak Bluff, Man.....	"Trixie."
Moose Jaw, Sask....	Canadian Rose 2."
Moose Jaw, Sask..	"Hetty."
Llewelyn, Sask..	"Flossie."
Canmore, Alta..	"Daisy."
Chering, Sask..	Canadian Rose 2."
Ontario..	"Canadian Jack."
Ovenstown, Sask.....	Canadian Rose."
Scoua, Alta.. ..	"Canadian Rose No. 2."
Lyleton, Man...	"Happy Hooligan."
Gladys, Alta..	"Hetty."
Claresholm, Alta..	"Busy Bee."

Mailed from	Addressed to
New Westminster, B. C.	"Daisy."
Gleichen, Alta.	"Daisy."
Wheatland, Sask.	"Hetty."
Radisson, Sask.	"Nouhika."
Manitoba	"Hustler."
Riddell, Sask.	"Flossie."
Weyburn, Sask.	"Hustler."
Bladworth, Sask.	"Handsome Maiden."
Moosomin, Sask.	"Happy Hooligan."
Belmont, Man.	"Nouhika."
Arlington Beach, Sask.	"Blonde No. 1"
Cooperstown, N. D.	"Nouhika."
Greenbush, Sask.	"Nouhika."
Belmont, Man.	"Daisy."
Winnipeg, Man.	"Nouhika."
Wapella, Sask.	"Nouhika."
Wapella, Sask.	"Hetty."
Saskatchewan	"Canadian Rose 2."
Calgary, Alta.	"Flossie."
Halstead, Man.	"Trixie."
Winnipeg	"Duffer No. 1."
Wetaskiwin	"Farmer."
Bannock, Sask.	"Light o' the Morning"
Portage la Prairie	"Nouhika."
Portage la Prairie	"Daisy."
Stettler, Alta.	"Nancy."
Daysland, Alta.	"Edith Lyle."
Manor, Sask.	"Estella."
Red Deer, Alta.	"English Widow"
Red Deer, Alta.	"Blue Eyed Biddy."
Sapperton, B. C.	"Pharos."
Vancouver, B. C.	"Yankee Girl"
Vancouver, B. C.	"Canadian Rose."
Edmonton	"Daphoni."
Ridgway, Man.	"Duffer No. 1."
Taylorboro, Sask.	"Trixie."
Langham, Sask.	"Blue Eyed Biddy."
Wetaskiwin, Alta.	"Broncho Bill."
Wishart, Sask.	"Brown Eyed Lassie."
Wishart, Sask.	"Black-eyed Beauty."
Prairie Rose, Sask.	"Spy Hill."
Brandon, Man.	"Blue Eyed Biddy."
Wauchope, Sask.	"Blue Eyed Biddy."
Walpole, Sask.	"Brunette."
Valparaiso, Sask.	"Farmer."
Calgary	"Lady Betty."
Calgary	"Trixie."
Wawanesa, Man.	"Lady Betty."
Regina	"Overland Shine."
Regina	"The Masher."
Regina	"Hardy Gent."
Arthurvale, Alta.	"Trixie."
Chering, Sask.	"Trixie."
Swan Lake, Man.	"Lady Betty."
Brandon, Man.	"Trixie."
Regina, Sask.	"Old Sleuth."
Saskatchewan	"Bob of Saskatoon."
Indian Head	"Daisy."
Indian Head	"Nancy."
Stettler, Alta.	"Canadian Rose 2."
Summerland, B. C.	"A Looker On."
Summerland, B. C.	"Black Eyes."

Wake up, Boys, and Write.

Alberta, Sept. 9, 1907.

Editor.—The letters in your correspondence column have afforded us many hours of amusement. For example, "Willie of the Lone Pine Ranch" and the "Devil."

(No. 1) "Lauretta," am 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weigh 124 lbs., dark eyes and hair, good cook. Used to driving horses. Considered good looking; very quiet disposition, but enjoy good times as well as anyone. I am very fond of dancing. Some correspondents object to dancing, but I think the harm lies in the company you are with.

(No. 2.) "Lusetta." Am 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weight 130 pounds, can cook anything until its tender, but wild rabbits. I have blue eyes, light curly hair.

We both sympathize with the lonely bachelors. Their lot must be a hard one.

Our correspondents must be between the ages of 19 and 25. We would be pleased to correspond with young people of either sex, as this is a very lonesome place. There are no young men of our acquaintance who are so perfect as some claim to be in their letters to the Western Home Monthly.

We are a great deal alike in everything but complexion. Lusetta can play the organ and piano and Lauretta is learning. We can both sing enough for our own amusement. We will not brag about our accomplishments. If anyone wishes to know any more about us they will have to write us. We will answer all letters.

Bachelors' can't some of you convince "Black Eyes" that she is mistaken in her opinion of you?

We would like to exchange post cards with some of the readers of this magazine.

We are not anxious to get married as some girls seem to be. We will be perfectly willing to be old maids until the end of our lives if the right ones do not come along. We will never marry for anything but pure, unadulterated love. We both think it is very foolish of a couple to become engaged without seeing one another. What do they know of each other's character by corresponding with them? "The Temperance Man" expressed our sentiments exactly. Some of the writers talk of choosing their life partners as if they were buying a team of horses. Come, boys! Wake up! Drop us a line and enjoy a friendly correspondence with us.

"Lauretta and Lusetta."

A Jolly Boy from Battleford.

Battleford, Sept. 17, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your paper and I must say it is a good paper and the correspondence columns are a very good way to get acquainted and I venture to say there are just as good girls write in that way as any other way.

Some writers say a girl is silly to think of marrying a man on the strength of his letters. It is not necessary to marry simply because you write; you may get acquainted in that way if you wish.

I am a young man of 21, from Ontario, starting farming in the Battleford district, and I would like to correspond with any young lady who wishes to write me. If any young lady wishes to write I will then tell all my life. I belong to the church and keep myself as respectable as I can and I am of a jolly nature. My address is with the editor. "A Young Jolly Boy."

Has Good Farm but Lacks Good Looks.

High River, Alta., Sept. 21, 1907.

Editor.—Being a subscriber to the W. H. M. and being interested in the correspondence column, I thought I would like to add a few lines if space could be permitted. I enjoy reading the letters from the bachelors and lassies and I certainly think some of the girls are hard to please. They seem to say the boys want too much; well, my experience of girls is they seem to think boys should take all the dirt they can think of, it doesn't much matter who is around or who isn't. Well, now, I want to say a man isn't quite a fool, and that is the reason so many girls get left.

I enjoyed reading the letter from "Blue Eyed Biddy;" she seems to be a sensible girl, but like the rest, she seems to think it is a terrible hardship to be asked to feed pigs and milk cows.

After reading her letter I went to a neighbor's house and picked up a paper with an article written in it how women were used in other countries and it seemed to me that the Canadian and American girl has a lot to be devoutly thankful for, for some of those women would be thankful if they were even let off with feeding a few pigs and milking a couple of cows. I agree that a woman should not work in the fields.

It seems most of the boys have to give a description of themselves, how good looking, etc., they are. Well, beauty is something I am not bothered with, rather the reverse, though I have a good farm of which I am justly proud, and which I consider is far more valuable than good looks.

Now, I think I will close, as I am not much of a correspondent or a lady's man. "Thistle."

Writes Very Nice Letter.

Alberta, Aug. 11, 1907.

Editor.—Though not a subscriber to your valuable paper, I have the privilege of reading its contents, and find the letters in your correspondence columns highly amusing. I quite agree with the one signing himself "The Devil," in the February number, that is, in regard to advertising for a helpmate, if either of the sex are really and truly ladies and gentlemen, (and no doubt, the most of them are), I do not see any need of advertising.

I do not wish to speak slightingly of either sex, but to the bachelors and maids of fair Canada I would like to say it is far better to live alone, than to choose for your life-long companion one whom you have never seen personally and of whom you know nothing whatever except what you have learned through correspondence, and will add, that if a girl cannot get a husband without having to advertise for one she had best remain single.

If I may express my opinion on matrimony I will say to the boys and girls (especially to those of "sweet sixteen"), do not be in such haste to get married. The greatest majority of unhappy marriages were made in haste.

I persume you will think I am some cranky "old maid," who has been "jilted," or that I am writing in a fit of jealousy, as "Rose Bud" expressed her opinion regarding "The Devil," but not at all. I am a young girl, 19 years of age, heart whole and fancy free, am a farmer's daughter, happy and contented in my own sweet home, as for my looks, qualifications, etc., I need not mention them, for I am not in the "matrimonial market."

I shall be more surprised than pleased to receive an answer to this letter, as no doubt there are very few who will agree with me on the subject of matrimony. Hoping you can find space for my first letter to your paper,

"An Interested Reader."

Would Like to Write to Flossie.

Langham, Sask., Sept 9, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your Home Monthly for a long time and like it very much.

I thought I would write a few lines to see if you could not put me in the way of some good young girls. I do not want a slave but a sweetheart, one to whom I can give my heart.

I am 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weight 160 pounds. My age is 22 years. I own a quarter section near Langham, Sask. I would like to write to "Flossie," from Alberta. "Lover."

"Man is Filled With Misery."—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will help all to do this.

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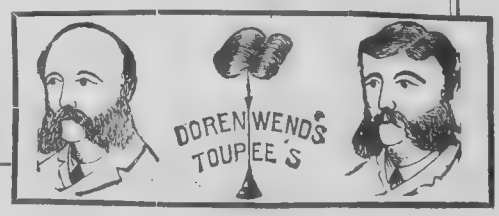

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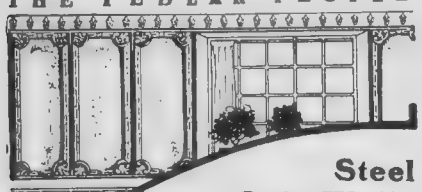

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We have already sold a large amount of this land to farmers who have for many years been living in the prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and who have had to battle with the hard winters. No doubt there are many more who are considering the advisability of retiring from actual farm operations in the Prairie Provinces by moving to a warmer climate. To those we would suggest the purchase of ten acres or more of our lands, which would make a beautiful fruit ranch.

We are making arrangements to take a number of clients over our lands about the middle of October, all those interested would do well to communicate with us.

For further information and descriptive literature write

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

Making His Mark.

By JOHN HABBERTON.

Black Hat was, in 1851, about as peaceful and well-regulated a village as could be found in the United States.

It was not on the road to any place, so it grew but little, the dirt paid steadily and well, so but few of the original settlers went away from the place.

The march of civilization, with its churches and circuses, had not yet reached Black Hat; marriages never convulsed the settlement with the pet excitement of villages generally, and the inhabitants were never arrayed at swords' point by either religion, politics or newspapers.

To be sure the boys gambled every evening and all day Sunday; but a famous player, who once passed that way on a prospecting trip, declared that even a preacher would get sick of such playing; for, as everybody knew everybody else's game and as all men who played other than squarely had long since been required to leave, there was an utter absence of pistols at the tables.

Occasional disagreements took place, to be sure—they have been taking place, even amongst the best people, since the days of Cain and Abel; but all difficulties at Black Hat which did not succumb to force of jaw were quietly locked in the bosoms of the disputants until the first Sunday.

Sunday, at Black Hat, orthodoxically commenced at sunset on Saturday, and was piously extended through to working time on Monday morning, and during this period of thirty-six hours there was submitted to arbitrament, by knife or pistol, all unfinished rows of the week.

On Sunday was also performed all of the hard drinking at Black Hat; but through the week the inhabitants worked as steadily and lived as peacefully as if surrounded by church steeples, court-houses and jails.

Whether owing to the inevitable visitations of the great disturber of affairs in the Garden of Eden, or only in the due course of that development which effects communities as well as species, we know not, but certain is it that suddenly the city fathers at Black Hat began to wear thoughtful faces and wrinkled brows, to indulge in unusual periods of silence, and to drink and smoke as if these consoling occupations were pursued more as matters of habit than of enjoyment.

The prime cause of the uneasiness of these good men was a red-faced, red-haired, red-whiskered fellow, who had been nicknamed "Captain," on account of the military cut of the whiskers mentioned above.

The captain was quite a good fellow; but he was suffering severely from "the last infirmity of noble minds"—ambition.

He had gone West to make a reputation, and so openly did he work for it that no one doubted his object; and so untiring and convincing was he, that, in two short weeks, he had persuaded the weaker of the brethren at Black Hat that things in general were considerably out of joint. And as a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump every man at Black Hat was soon discussing the captain's criticisms, and neglecting the more peaceable matter of cards and drink, which had previously occupied their leisure hours.

The captain was always fully charged with opinions on every subject, and his eloquent voice was heard at length on even the smallest matter that interested the camp. One day a disloyal miner remarked:

"Captain's jaw is a reg'lar air-trigger; reckon he'll run the camp when Whitey leaves."

Straightway a devout respecter of the "powers that be" carried the remark to Whitey, the chief of the camp.

Now, it happened that Whitey, an immense but very peaceable and sensible fellow, had just been discussing with some of his adherents the probable designs of the captain, and this new report seemed to arrive just in time, for Whitey instantly said:

"Thar he goes agin' d'ye see, pokin' his shovel in all aroun'. Now, ef the boys want me to leave, they kin say so, an' I'll go. 'Tain't the easiest claim in the world to work, runnin' this camp ain't, an' I'll never hanker to be chief nowhar else; but seein' I've stuck to the boys, an' seen 'em through from the fust, 'twouldn't be exactly gent'emanly, 'pears to me."

And for a moment Whitey hid his emotions in a tin cup, from which escaped the perfumes suggesting the rye-fields of Kentucky.

"Nobody wants you to go, Whitey," said Wolverine, one of the chief's most faithful supporters. "Didn't yer kick that New Hampshire feller out of camp when he kept a-sayin' the saloon wus the gate o' perdition?"

"Well, said the chief, with a flush of modest pride, "I don't deny it; but I won't remind the boys of it, ef they've forgot it."

"And did'nt yer go to work," said another, "when all the fellers was a-askin' what was to be done with them Chinesers—didn't yer just order the boys to clean 'em out to wunst?"

"That ain't the best thing yer dun, neither!" exclaimed a third. "I wonder does any of them galoots forgit how the saloon got a-fire when ev'rybody was asleep—how the chief turned out the camp, and after the bar-keeper got out the door, how the chief rushed in an' rolled out all three of the barrels, and then went dead-bent fur the river with his clothes all a-blazin'? Whar'd we hev been for a couple of weeks ef it hadn't bin fur them bar'ls?"

The remembrance of this gallant act so effected Wolverine that he exclaimed:

"Whitey, we'll stick to yer like tar-an'-feather, an' ef cap'n an' his friends git troublesome we'll just show 'em the trail, an' suggest they're big enough to git up a concern uv their own, instid of tryin' to steal somebody else's."

The chief felt he was still dear to the hearts of his subjects, and so many took pains that day to renew their allegiance that he grew magnanimous—in fact, when the chief that evening invited the boys to drink, he pushed his own particular bottle to the captain—an attention as delicate as that displayed by a clergyman when he invites into his pulpit the minister of a different creed.

Still the captain labored. So often did the latter stand treat that the barkeeper suddenly ran short of liquor, and was compelled, for a week to restrict general treats to three per diem until he could lay in a fresh stock.

The captain could hit corks and half-dollars in the air almost every time, but no opportunity occurred in which he could exercise his markmanship for the benefit of the camp.

He also told any number of good stories, at which the boys, Whitey included, laughed heartily; he sang jolly songs, with a fair tenor voice, and all the boys joined in the chorus; and he played a banjo in style, which always set the boys to capering as gracefully as a crowd of bachelor bears.

But still Whitey remained in camp and in office, and the captain, who was as humane as he was ambitious, had no idea of attemping to remove the old chief by force.

On Monday night the whole camp retired early, and slept soundly. Monday had at all times a very short evening at Black Hat, for the boys were generally weary after the duties and excitements of Sunday; but on this particular Monday a slide had threatened on the hillside, and the boys had been hard at work cutting and carrying huge logs to make a break or barricade.

So, soon after supper they took a drink or two, and sprinkled to their several huts, and Black Hat was at peace.

There were no dogs or cats to make night hideous—no uneasy roosters to be sounding alarm at unearthly hours—no horrible policemen thumping the sidewalks with clubs—no fashionable or dissipated people rattling about in carriages. Excepting an occasional cough, or sneeze, or over-loud snore, the most perfect peace reigned at Black Hat.

Suddenly a low but heavy rumble, and a trembling of the ground, roused every man in camp, and, rushing out of their huts, the miners saw a mass of stones and earth had been loosened far up the hillside, and were breaking over the barricade in one place, and coming down in a perfect torrent.

They were fortunately moving toward the river on a line obstructed by no houses, though the hut of old Miller, who was very sick, was close to the rocky torrent.

But while they stared a young pine-tree, perhaps a foot thick, which had been torn loose by the rocks and brought down by them, suddenly tumbled, root first, over a steep rock, a few feet in front of old Miller's door. The leverage exerted by the lower portion of the stem threw the whole tree in a vertical position for an instant; then it caught the wind, tottered, and finally fell directly on the front of old Miller's hut, crushing in the gable and a portion of the front door, and threatening the hut and its unfortunate occupant with immediate destruction.

A deep groan and many terrible oaths burst from the boys, and then with one impulse, they rushed to the tree and attempted to remove it; but it lay at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the horizontal, its roots heavy with dirt, on the ground in front of the door, and its top high in the air.

The boys could only lift the lower portion; but should they do so, then the hut would be entirely crushed by the full weight of the tree.

There was no window through which they could get Miller out, and there was no knowing how long the frail hut could resist the weight of the tree.

Suddenly a well-known voice was heard shouting:

"Keep your head level, Miller, old chap—we'll hev you out of that in no time. Hurry up, somebody, and borrow the bar-keeper's ropes. While I'm cuttin', throw a rope over the top, and when she commences to go, haul all together and suddenly, then 'twill clear the hut."

In an instant later the boys saw, by the bright moonlight, the captain, bareheaded, barefooted, with open shirt, standing on the tree directly over the crushed gable, and chopping with frantic rapidity.

"Hooray for cap'en!" shouted some "Hooray!" replied the crowd, and a feeble hooray was heard from between the logs of old Miller's hut.

Two or three of the men came hurrying back with the ropes, and one of them was dexterously thrown across a branch of the tree. Then the boys distributed themselves along both ends of the rope.

"Easy!" screamed the captain. "Plenty of time. I'll give the word. When I say, 'Now', pull quick and all together. I won't be long."

And big chips flew in undiminished quantity, while a commendatory murmur ran along both lines of men, and Whitey, the chief, knelt with his lips to one of the chinks of the hut, and assured old Miller he was perfectly safe.

"Now!" shrieked the captain, suddenly.

In his excitement, he stepped toward the top instead of the root of the tree; in an instant the top of the tree was snatched from the hut, but it tossed the unfortunate captain into the air as easily as a sling tosses a stone.

Every one rushed to the spot where he had fallen. They found him senseless, and carried him to the saloon, where the candles were already lighted. One of the miners, who had been a doctor, promptly examined his bruises, and exclaimed:

"He's got two or three broken ribs, that's all. It's a wonder he didn't break every bone in his body. He'll be around alright inside of a month."

"Gentlemen," said Whitey, "I resign. All in favor of the cap'en will please say 'I.'"

"I don't put the noes," continued Whitey, because I'm a peaceable man. and don't want to have to kick any man mean enough to vote no. Cap'en. you're boss of this camp, and I'm yourn obediently."

The captain opened his eyes slowly. and replied:

"I'm much obliged, boys, but I won't give Whitey the trouble. Doctor's mistaken—there's something broken inside, and I haven't got many more minutes to live."

"Do yer best, cap'en," said the barkeeper, encouragingly. "Promise me you'll stay alive, and I'll go straight down to 'Frisco, and get you all the champagne you can drink."

"You're very kind," replied the captain, faintly; "but I'm sent for, and I've got to go. I've left the East to make my mark, but I didn't expect to make it in real estate. Whitey, I was a fool for wanting to be chief of Black Hat, and you've forgiven me like a gentleman and a Christian. It's getting dark—I'm thirsty—I'm going—gone!"

The doctor felt the captain's wrist, and said:

"Fact, gentlemen, he's panned his last dirt."

"Do the honors, boys," said the barkeeper, placing glasses along the bar.

Each man filled his glass, and all looked at Whitey.

"Boys," said Whitey, solemnly, "ef the cap'en hed struck a nugget, good luck might have spiled him; ef he'd been chief of Black Hat or any other place, he might hev got shot. But he's made his mark, so nobody begrudges him, an' nobody can rub it out. So here's to the cap'en's mark, a dead sure thing.' Bottoms up."

The glasses were emptied in silence, and turned bottoms uppermost on the bar.

The boys were slowly dispersing, when one, who was strongly suspected of having been a church member, remarked:

"He was took of a sudden, so he shouldn't be stuck up."

Whitey turned to him, and replied, with some asperity:

"Young man, you'll be lucky ef you're ever stuck up as high as the cap'en."

And all the boys understood what Whitey meant.

Of Interest to Curlers.

Somerville & Co., Brandon, Man., request us to make known to the curlers of Western Canada that they keep in stock a supply of Dover's Patent Superior Curling Stones with cross handles.

Somerville & Co. make a specialty of sharpening curling stones at $4.00 a pair, employing an expert to do this work who is thoroughly familiar with every detail of his business.

A Correction.

The advertisement of the McTaggart-Wright Company, Limited, that appeared in our September number, contained a printer's error which was misleading. The Ad. stated the price of Manila binder twine as 6⅞ cents a pound; it should have read 11⅞ cents a pound. The explanation is due the buying public, as the McTaggart-Wright Company are noted for carrying out to the letter what they advertise.

Brandon Winter Fair.

The Brandon winter fair will be held the latter part of February and it is the intention of the management to give a special cash prize of $200 for a championship steer, of any age, four years and under. and of any breed. This will not prevent the same animal being shown in its own class and this should be a prize well worthy of an effort by the breeders. Breeders should make a note of Brandon Winter Fair and of the special prize offered so that they take ample time to prepare to secure this valuable prize.

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ON PORTAGE AVENUE, WITH DOUBLE CAR TRACK PAST PROPERTY. Never before in Winnipeg's history has it been possible to buy desirable land at anything like these prices and terms, together with the exceptional advantages that we are able to offer you to-day. At present this great city is going ahead by leaps and bounds, and well located residential property such as this has increased in value in comparison with the city's development.

THE PORTAGE AVENUE section is the first to feel the pulse of the city's expansion. It is the one direction above all others in which land is bound to increase most rapidly, and where value will multiply in a remarkably short time. Happily, also, it is unparalleled in its desirability for residence. PORTAGE AVENUE AND MARLBOROUGH PLACE are magnetic names to the prospective home builder, as well as the investor, only now, they've signified something beyond the average man's means. But the capital and facilities at our command make possible for us what has confessedly been unknown here in the past, a proposition which we believe to be

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Millionaires may not be interested in it, but you may, and will be, if you want to stop paying high rents, want a home of your own, or the best paying investment in Winnipeg to-day for moderate or small capital. Don't lay down this paper until you have grasped the whole grand story of this climax of real estate offering, until you realize just what is yours to reject or accept, perhaps the most important decision of your life. Don't take an hour's leisure until you have actually been out and seen for yourself this Peerless Property. MARLBOROUGH PLACE HAS IN IT 33 NEW HOMES ERECTED IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS. It is situated on Portage Avenue, directly opposite Idylwylde. Before you have finished paying for this property the greater part of it will be built up with splendid homes. There is a double car line on Portage Avenue past Marlborough Place. FIVE CENT CAR FARE takes you to or from this property to any part of the city. $200,000 00 worth of this property has been sold since February 1st, 1907. We have a limited number of lots still for sale, which we are authorized to close out at $175 and upwards.

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Should a purchaser die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to his heirs a deed of one lot, without further cost, provided he was under sixty years of age at time of purchase, that payments have never been more than thirty days in arrears, and that 12 months have elapsed since the date of purchase. However, should purchaser die within 6 months from date of purchase, and his payments have not been at any time more than thirty days in arrears, we will, at the option of the legal representatives, return all money paid.

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AGENTS

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FREE ADVICE AS TO PATENTABILITY OF INVENTIONS

Beneath the Sea.

By Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton.

"It's an awful sort of business," said the diver, "but it fascinates one for all that. It's owing partly, I suppose, that very few take to it who weren't born with a liking for the water. For my own part, I never go down without a shiver, and I'm never on dry land, even in the blessed sunshine, for many hours at a time, till I begin to pine for my next descent to the bottom.

There's an awesomeness about it that will take hold of the bravest of men when they have twenty fathoms of water between them and any living thing except the tribes of the sea. It's partly the darkness and partly the pressure of tons upon tons weighing one down, with nothing but that slender tube carrying the breath of life as they pump it from the apparatus above, and the knowledge that any tangling of the flexible air-pipe would cut that short and leave as dead a mass by the time they could draw one to the top as we ever sent up from the depths below.

"That's one of the worst features of all. Friends that want the dead bodies of them that have been drowned in sinking ships, know nothing of the horror that the touch of a corpse gives even through one's armor, and the sight is always hideous by the gruesome light."

"But there was none drowned in the *Fond Pride?*" half-asked, half-asserted Vivian Aubrey, trailing her fingers through the pale-green water.

"None. Two of the crew were lost and there was a passenger swept from the deck just as the boats were lowered; but there wasn't a soul on board when the sloop went down—so the captain says, and I've seen nothing to contradict him. This sort of wreck is the exception. The sloop is sunk in about fourteen fathoms of water, fair on her keel in a bed of firm white sand that reflects the light, so there's very little of the awfulness of deeper water. Our job is to get out the most valuable part of the cargo, since it isn't possible to raise her, and my mate and I are going down on a sort of holiday trip to-morrow, to do some further prospecting, until we get more help from the wreckers for hoisting it up."

"Oh, I'd give the world to go down," cried Vivian, wild with the idea in an instant, but the diver smiled as he shook his head.

"It would be a dubious piece of business for a gentleman as isn't used to the water, and not to be thought of for a lady," said he.

The boat full of pleasure-seekers drifted slowly away from that in which the diver stood, his helmet at his feet, and the great drops of briny sea-water rolling down his rubber suit. Vivian drew a ring from her finger, a slender affair with a tiny heart of carbuncle glowing in an invisible setting, and leaned over the side.

"What are you doing?" asked Warren.

"Giving my heart as a tribute to the sea. It has gone where the Doges sent their wedding rings, and I am determined to live heart-free unless old Neptune claims me in return for it," said Vivian, gayly.

She was determined not to encourage Warren, and escaped from his escort when they landed, to accost a man who sat on an upturned boat on the beach.

"Are you the other diver, comrade to the man out there? Then" as he nodded an assent, "I have a friend who will pay you liberally to let him go down in your place to-morrow. He will take the responsibility of any accident occurring. You have only to give him instructions and lend him your armor, to earn the best day's wages you ever received in your life. I have set my heart on his going, and I know you won't refuse me?"

It was a conceded fact that Vivian could bewitch any one on whom she chose to practice her arts, but the diver hesitated.

"My mate wouldn't like it," he demurred. "There's danger to a green hand where there wouldn't be to us."

"You can manage it in some way, I am sure. Here, you shall have as much more," and she emptied her purse in his hand and ran away before he could make up his mind to refuse the bribe.

A more charming example of inconsistency than Vivian Aubrey it would be hard to find. She was too elated over the prospect she had planned to carry out her intention of being hard-hearted to Warren, and he took advantage of the first opportunity which offered to press the point he had been striving to gain for a fortnight.

"When are you going to give me an answer, Vivian?"

"I have told you no half a dozen times at least."

"And I am determined not to take your 'no' until you give me a better reason for thinking you mean it than you have done yet."

"What reason do you want, Mr. Persistency?"

"I don't want, but shall have to accept it if you give yourself to another man. Nothing less shall shake my faith in you, Vivian—my Vivian. Tell me when you are going to answer me 'yes?'"

"When you bring me back my ring which I threw into the sea," laughed Vivian, darting away from him to encounter her sister's disapproving gaze.

"Vivian, love," began the latter, gravely, in the privacy of their own room that night.

"Minette, if you begin to lecture me I'll go back to the ball-room and dance three sets with Warren, I will, upon my word."

"How will you answer to Warren for it when Clive Amberson comes upon the scene, as he is apt to do any day?" questioned Minette, too much in earnest to be daunted by the threat.

"How can you answer to your own conscience while you owe fidelity to Clive?"

"By changing my mind about owing it, perhaps, muttered Vivian defiantly.

"No fear of that—Clive is the better match," retorted Minette, with a curl of the lip which the younger sister felt she could not resent.

"I know I'm a horrid, mercenary little wretch," she communed with herself when her wilful head touched the pillow. "I ought to tell Warren that I'm to be the future Mrs. Amberson, and I will after to-morrow."

She was stipulating with herself for that much delay because she wanted to see the half-chiding, half-admiring look she was sure to meet in Warren's eyes when she should tell him of the last mad-cap escapade she was planning.

It was a mere stripling who presented himself to the diver, Lambert, next day, and filled out the measure of the reward Vivian Aubrey had promised. I am inclined to think that it was only the shine of silver and gold which blinded his eyes to the fact that this young adventurer was no other than Vivian Aubrey herself, arrayed en garcon, but betrayed by the slender hands and girlish voice which she had not the power to change.

"We are late," said Lambert, as they pushed off from the beach. "My mate has just gone down."

"Gone!" with a little shock.

"It was the best way to fix it so he shouldn't suspicion. Jack English is a good fellow, but he mightn't like my giving way to you." Really, Lambert meant, that for keeping a watchful eye on the greenhorn he might expect half of the price, a condition which his thrifty soul could by no means entertain. "You'll be sure to remember about the signals I have showed you? All ready, then. Down you go!"

A little panic seized upon Vivian, as the leaden weights attached to her feet drew her down, but that soon passed and the exhilaration of a new and novel experience succeeded it. The deeper she went the stronger was the resistance offered by the water to her progress, but at last her feet touched the sands; she stood, in very truth upon the bottom of the sea, with the shadowy hull of the sunken vessel looming darkly before her, and something—what was it, a monster of the deep?—coming toward her. She could have laughed at her own shuddering horror as she recognized the queer, bald-looking armor which corresponded with her own; but the presence of the diver gave her new courage and activity. Seizing a trailing rope, she clambered over the side of the sloop, but looking back, saw that the other had not followed her. He seemed to be walking back and forth, closely searching the sands.

"Warren has hired him to search for my ring," thought she, with a thrill that was not displeasure. Notwithstanding Clive, she cared something for Warren, and the two were side by side in her thoughts as she walked the deck of the sloop and finally made her way down the companionway to the cabin door. It took some force to open it, and, when she succeeded, the little light which filtered in through the portholes scarcely served to relieve the darkness which wrapped her surroundings, and the vague awe she had shaken off returned with double force. Something floating in the water struck against her shoulder as she was hurrying away. She looked back to see a ghastly face with the agony of a hundred deaths, as it seemed, stamped upon the discolored features and lusterless, protruding eyes, yet not so altered but that she recognized in that one glance her betrothed husband, Clive Amberson, before she recoiled with a soundless shriek upon her lips, and knew nothing more until she found herself in the clear sunlight on the open boat above.

Meanwhile, while Vivian was exploring the sloop at the bottom, Jack English and his comrade Lambert had come suddenly face to face on the deck at the top.

"What in the name of thunder?"

"Why, Jack, I made sure you had gone below."

"You see, there was a galoot set his head so strong that I finally gave in to him."

"Just my fix, and them there two greenhorns 'll get us in a muss if they do themselves. I depended on you seeing if anything went wrong."

"And I on you."

The two worthies stared in each other's faces for a moment and then Lambert burst out:

"Blanked if I ain't a notion that my 'sub' was a girl, and it's my opinion we'd better haul her up, signal or no signal, but be easy at first."

So Vivian found unconsciousness in the upper air, but there was a murmur from the men clustered about the other rope. Something was wrong there.

"What is it? Oh, who—who——" as her wild eyes fell upon the two divers, and it did not need their words to tell her who the other had been.

Two dead bodies were drawn up from those depths at a later hour. For Warren—the air-pipe had become entangled, and asphyxia was the result. They thought he must have clutched the sands and shells they found in his clenched hands in his death agony, but Vivian knew it was in his search for the carbuncle heart.

In her first horror she felt responsible for both lives, for it was in his haste to join her that Clive had taken passage in the *Fond Pride*. He had evidently returned to the cabin when the captain supposed he had been washed from the deck.

She was conscience-stricken at first, but for the after-result—well who knows? Nature is nature, and Vivian was a born coquette.

Augustine Birrell, M.P., British Minister of Education: I hold with Thomas Carlyle that religion does not consist of the many things we are in doubt about, but of the few things we really believe.

ENORMOUS FORTUNES IN COAL

Stock Sold Three Years Ago at Only 10 Cents Now Worth 92 Cents.

Few small investors have a true conception of the vast amount of money that may be made from a small investment in stock in a coal property. To illustrate what we have in mind, we will reproduce here a portion of the official report issued by the International Coal and Coke Company, Limited, Coleman, Alberta. This company paid dividend No. 3, August 1st, 1907, amounting to $42,000.00.

The International Coke and Coal Company, Ltd., has a capital of $3,000,000, shares having a par value of $1.00 per share. The total amount of shares outstanding are 2,800,000, there being 200,000 shares in the treasury.

Dividends are being paid quarterly at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, the last one paid being August 1st, making a total of about $98,000,000 paid to shareholders this year.

The latest report from the secretary of the company to the shareholders shows a surplus on hand of $393,469.84.

Out of all the organizations which have operated coal mines in the Crow's Nest Pass district, none, perhaps, have achieved as speedy or more wonderful results than the International Coal and Coke Co., which only three years ago opened its mines at Coleman. In the brief period since that time the management has established a great plant, and have lately entered into a three years' contract with the Canadian Pacific Railway for the total output at an advnced price. The output has also been doubled, and the above has naturally had an effect upon the stock, and shares of the corporation have sold above par.

The engineer of the company gives an estimate of the coal developed and now on hand ready to be broken down from the rooms, as being 1,600,283 tons. It has also been proved beyond peradventure that the coal deposits exist for seven miles along the strike of vein.

The International Coal and Coke Company, Limited, shares are now selling on exchanges at 90 to 92 cents per share. Three years ago they could have been bought at 10 cents per share.

To-day the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company are offering stock at 15 cents a share which, if all predictions come true, will equal the International Coal and Coke Company as a money maker. Fancy buying a share of stock for 15 cents, the par value of which is one dollar.

Should the B. C. Amalagmated prove as remunerative to investors as the International Coal and Coke Co. did, every dollar invested in this property now will be worth six dollars to the investor in three years' time. Shrewd investors in financial centres have been making heavy purchases in British Columbia Amalagamated stock lately, and it is only a question of a very short while before the price of the stock will be advanced.

Those who are fortunate enough to secure even a few hundred shares at 15 cents a share, and then lay it aside and forget all about it for a short time, will suddenly realize in the near future what a sensible and profitable investment they have made.

Anthem Guide.

A copy of a small booklet has just come to our desk entitled Anthem Guide," issued by the Turner Curran Co., Ltd., music dealers, Portage Ave., Winnipeg. This booklet gives a list of well-known and effective anthems, such as are always acceptable to the average congregation, and is intended for the use of choirmasters, organists and all who are interested in the better class of church music. The booklet referred to is very complete, with explanatory and biographical notes, and will be mailed free upon request. When writing Turner & Curran Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, mention this magazine.

ENORMOUS WEALTH

Has been accumulated and the foundation of Great Fortunes laid by buying Shares in a

Good Coal Mine

In the First Stages of Development. We offer for a Short Time Only, Shares of the

BRITISH COLUMBIA AMALGAMATED COAL COMPANY

15c Per Share 15c

Par Value of Shares, $1.00 Non Assessable
No Personal Liability

A SPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE INVESTMENT.

Property—17,500 acres of Valuable Coal Lands in the famous Nicola Valley, B.C.

Five Seams of Coal, from 5 ft. to 11ft. thick, underlie this vast area. Estimated quantity of coal in these reserves is ONE BILLION FOUR HUNDRED MILLION TONS.

2,000 Acres lie beside the Nicola Branch of the C.P.R. This property is to be immediately developed.

Coal will be Shipped before Christmas, so the Company's Engineer states.

Stock will go up when production commences, and before that.

As production increases stock should go steadily higher, and eventually reach a high value.

This has been the experience of nearly all Western Coal Companies, whose stocks at first sold at only a few cents per share.

An Investment for very Great Profits.

The Coal is there. It is proved by diamond drilling. It is a question of time and money only to start it coming out.

At the Company's Annual Meeting, in February, 1907, the Treasurer reported Cash in Bank, $33,794.70. Plenty of money with which to commence operations.

The Directors are all capable, substantial business men, able to carry the Company to success. The President is

R. L. Durham (Vice-President Merchants' National Bank, of Portland, Oregon).

Profits—Coal can be mined at $1.00 per ton profit. A production of 3,000 tons per day would produce $1,000,000 profits per annum. Enough to pay 18c. per share on the present amount of stock that has been issued, viz., 5,400,000 shares. These shares cost only 15 cents now. The Company's aim is to produce 3,000 tons per day as early as possible. In time the production should still further increase. 1,000 shares, when stock goes up to par value, will be worth $1,000. They cost only $150 NOW. PROFIT IS $850, or 566⅔ PER CENT ON THE INVESTMENT IN THE RISE IN THE STOCK ALONE. TO THIS MUST BE ADDED THE DIVIDENDS.

We Recommend This Investment, we believe it will make Big Money for the Stockholders.

DO NOT DELAY, but send in your order AT ONCE, with remittance, and write us for full particulars.

We will sell stock on the instalment plan. Send 25 per cent of price with order. You can pay balance in one, two and three months, if you wish. In this way a larger block can be secured.

N.B.—In some of our former advertisements an error occured. The profits accruing through the rise of shares to par value was stated to be 1,133 per cent. It should have been only 566⅔ per cent. This, however, would satisfy any reasonable person. We do not know where we could look for a more profitable investment. Your money in the Savings Bank will only earn you 3½ per cent

Every man and woman earning wages can invest in at least One Hundred Shares of this GOOD STOCK. Four monthly payments of $3 75 secures them. Take more if you can.

Invest a Portion of Your Spare Cash and MAKE MONEY. Do it NOW.

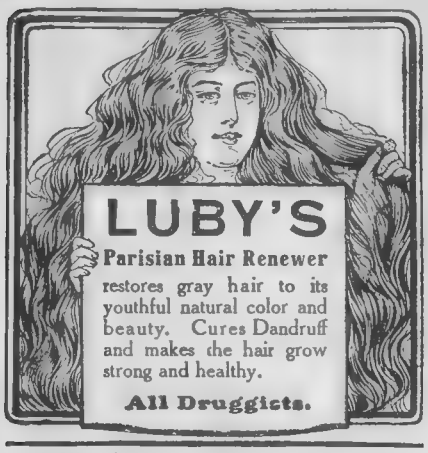
Write or wire orders at our expense, or better, call and see us.

FRYER & CO.

Write us for information and booklet called "COAL TALK."

INVESTMENT BROKERS

Phone 7010. Suite 315 R, Kennedy Building, Opposite Eaton's, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.



Test Gin Pills at Our Expense

A CURE—OR MONEY BACK

We don't ask you to buy GIN PILLS—but to try them. We simply want you to see for yourself what GIN PILLS will do for you. A cent for a post card is the only expense. Simply write us, mentioning this paper, and saying you want a free sample of GIN PILLS. If you are satisfied that GIN PILLS are doing you good, get a box at your dealer's, on our guarantee that they will continue to help you. Take GIN PILLS regularly and faithfully, and they will cure you of Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, and every trace of Kidney and Bladder Trouble. If you are not perfectly satisfied—you have only to return the empty box and your dealer will promptly refund the money.

We know that we have, in GIN PILLS, the greatest cure in the world for Kidney and Bladder Troubles, and Rheumatism. No other medicine in the world is so widely known and so highly praised.

Starrat, Ont., Feb. 16, 1906.

Inclosed please find $1.00 for two boxes of your "Gin Pills" as I am nearly out. The drug store at Burks Falls, where I got my supply, was burned down a couple of weeks ago, and I do not know where to get them except by writing to you. Hoping you will please send them by return mail as I am nearly out and can't do without them.

Yours truly,
JOHN BLACKMORE, Postmaster.

Don't put it off. Write us to-day and let us send you the free sample of GIN PILLS to try. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 50c box—6 for $2.50. 85

MILD WINTER

Protected by great hills and warmed by almost perpetual sunshine, Lewiston-Clarkston Basin has the ideal climate for profit and comfort. No Blizzards. No Cyclones. No Floods. No Malaria. No Consumption. No Asthma. No serious thunderstorms. At the head of river navigation from Pacific ocean, Lewiston-Clarkston (pop. 12,000) is the commercial and transportation center for an immensely productive fruit, grain, mining and timber territory. Write today for detailed and authentic information about irrigated fruit and vine lands within mile of city limits. Now paying $200 to $1000 per acre. Easy terms. Land pays for itself while orchard is growing. Why live among dreary surroundings, far from neighbors, when a few acres in delightful Lewiston-Clarkston make you independent for life, with advantages of fine schools, churches, libraries, daily papers, stores, neighborly city activity? Just write for Pamphlet 70 Address DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE, AT EITHER LEWISTON, IDAHO OR CLARKSTON, WASH.

LEWISTON-CLARKSTON
IDAHO WASHINGTON
"The Gateway of the Pacific Northwest"

Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses, $4 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., LONDON, ONT.

SPECIAL BARGAIN

To introduce our new goods we send this beautiful Stone Garnet and Topaz Ring in fine gold plate, also 50 Choice Silk Squares, 1 Gold Plate stone set Bracelet, 1 yd. Silk Ribbon, 1 Pretty Shell Necklace. 10 Vignette Pictures and our big bargain price list, all postpaid, only 10 cents. Address, SEVILLE LACE CO., WEST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE

We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid STEM WIND American movement Watch highly engraved and fully warranted timekeeper equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Congo Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a $50 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring; also a chain, Ladies or Gents style. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 89 Chicago.

Tariff Catechism.

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Q. What is a tariff?

A. A duty collected on imports.

Q. What is a protective tariff?

A. A duty imposed upon imports for the aid of home factories producing competing articles.

Q. What is a revenue tariff?

A. A revenue tariff is a tariff levied for the purpose of raising a revenue.

Q. What is the difference between the two kinds of tariff?

A. A revenue tariff is collected for the benefit of the whole public, and the government stops when it gets enough. A protective tariff is imposed for private benefit, may be so levied as to impose a heavy burden without raising much revenue and there is no limit to its exactions except the greed of the protected interests and the patience of the people.

Q. Who pays the tariff?

A. The consumer.

Q. How can this be established?

A. By reason, by observation and by experience. If a tariff were paid by the foreigner it would be no protection to the home industry. Only when the consumer must pay more than the foreign price for an imported article can the home producer charge more than the foreign price for the domestic article. A tariff paid by the foreigner would give no protection to an American manufacturer. Then, too, the government gives a rebate on raw material when the finished product is exported. Why does the government pay the rebate to the domestic manufacturer if the foreigner pays the tariff? But experience is the best test. Go abroad, buy in the open market, and when you return you will pay the duty and you can not find any foreigner to reimburse you.

Q. Is such a tariff constitutional?

A. It violates the spirit of the constitution for it collects from the many and gives to the few, but as the protective features are concealed in a revenue law it is difficult to get a decision on the principle involved.

Q. Can the wisdom of such a tax be defended?

A. No; a policy of favoritism is never wise in a republic. A government of the people, by the people and for the people should be administered according to the maxim: Equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

Q. Is the present protective tariff necessary?

A. No; it is about twice as high as it would be necessary to cover the entire labor cost of protected manufactures. The fact that we are exporting an increasing amount of manufactures is proof that our industries do not need the present protection. And it must be remembered that our manufactures have the benefit of the freight when the foreigner brings his goods here, while the foreign competitor has the benefit of the freight when we export. And it must also be remembered that the tariff on all kinds of material, on machinery and on food and clothing increases the cost of articles manufactured here. If we can now export in spite of these burdens we could export more if the tariff were reduced.

Q. Does a high tariff make good wages?

A. No. It is said that we pay higher wages than they do in England—a stock argument with protectionists—it is a complete answer to say that England with no protective tariff pays better wages than Germany under protection. Our best wages are paid in our unprotected industries and the fact that we export goods made with our high priced labor is positive proof that good wages do not depend on protection. The labor organizations have done far more to increase wages than all the tariff laws.

Q. What about the home market argument?

A. The friends of protection claim that the farmer can afford to pay more when he buys because the manufacturers furnish him a home market, but this is a fallacy. The staples of the farm are exported and the price received for the surplus exported fixes the price received for the part sold at home. As the farmer sells in the unprotected markets he is constantly drained of his earnings for the benefit of the manufacturer and the manufacturer now shows his ingratitude by selling abroad cheaper than at home.

Q. How has the tariff been maintained so long when it is wrong in principle, unwise in policy and unnecessary?

A. The protected interests have contributed liberally to support literary bureaus and to campaign funds and have coerced their employes by the threat of shutting down. Advocates of protection have been able to organize, distribute literature and get out the vote, while advocates of tariff reform, as they could promise no special pecuniary benefits, have had to make their campaigns without funds. The advocates of protection have done much to corrupt public opinion by boldly teaching that the voter should use the ballot to advance his pecuniary interests. The manufacturer has been invited to vote dividends into his pocket, the wool grower has been solicited to vote himself a higher price for wool and the laboring man has been warned that a vote against protection would lower his wages.

Q. Is it true, as often asserted by advocates of a high tariff, that a high tariff always brings good times and that tariff reform always brings a panic?

A. No. Prosperity followed the low tariff of 1846 and the panic of 1873 occurred under a high tariff. The panic of 1873 not only occurred under a high tariff, but twelve years after the republican party came into power and eleven years before Mr. Cleveland's first election. The panic of 1893 occurred while the McKinley law was in force—a year before the Wilson bill was passed, and really began while the republican party was in power.

Q. Is there any evidence of growth in tariff reform sentiment?

A. Yes. The farmers are no longer deceived by the home market argument, the employes no longer regard their wages as dependent upon the tariff and the manufacturers find the tariff more of an embarrassment than a benefit. Our exporters, too, are discovering that our tariff discriminations excite retaliation in other countries.

Q. When will the beneficiaries of protection consent to tariff reduction?

A. Never. A child gets so old that it is ashamed to nurse; a calf gets so big that it will wean itself, but no beneficiary of protection ever voluntarily lets go of the public teat.

Q. When will the tariff be reformed by its friends?

A. Just after the money lenders ask for a reduction in the legal rate of interest—that is, just before the millenium.

Q. To whom must we look for tariff reform?

A. To those who suffer—no abuse was ever preformed by those who profited by the abuse to be reformed.

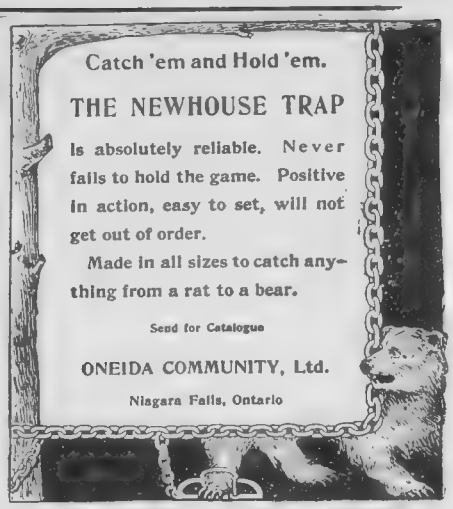
Q. When should reform begin?

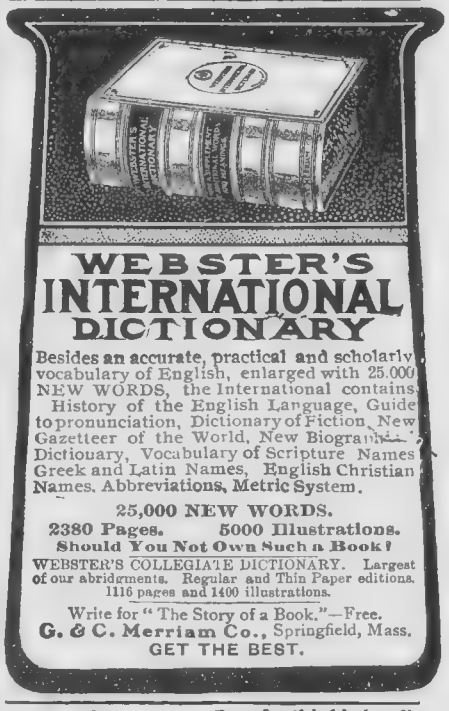
A. At once.

Q. And how?

A. By putting on the free list those articles which compete with articles controlled by the trusts; second, by the reduction of the tariff on the necessaries of life, and, third, by such other changes in the tariff schedules as will put "protection for protection's sake" "in the process of ultimate extinction" with a view to restoring the tariff to a revenue basis.

Note.—The above refers to the United States, but Canadians can find food for thought in it.





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Pays for this big bundle of goods; sure to please you. 2 Stamped Linen Doilies, 1 Solid Pl. Ring, 1 pkge. Embroidery Silk, 1 lot handsome Silk Pieces, 50 bright new Silks, 3 Studs and pair Cuff Buttons. All the above 61 Articles only 10 cents post paid. 3 lots 25c., 12 lots for 80c. Address: SEVILLE LACE CO., West Orange, New Jersey.

ALL MEN OF INTELLIGENCE

and energy desirous of regular employment in a practical dignified business of selling my high-class Swedish Premium bonds. They are high-class securities and will sell rapidly. This proposition is worth careful consideration and appeals to only high-class agents. Write for particulars to-day.

A. R. Dittmar, 57 Essex Street, Lawrence Mass.

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Complete illustrated lesson on Mt. Mellick embroidery and our big FREE offer of shadow waists, skirts, corset covers, hats, pillow tops, centers, etc. Address

Avallone and Rape
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UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR

GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; $1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Bargain in Guns.

Western Canada is in reality the sportsman's paradise. Any sportsman's outfit is incomplete without a good reliable gun. The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of the Hingston Smith Arms Co., Winnipeg, appearing in this issue. The sportsman will find the announcement of a shooting outfit known as No. 6 W. (express paid) for $8.00, and another outfit known as No. 8 W. (express paid) for $14.00, either of which is of exceptionally good value. When ordering either of these guns state that you saw the announcement in this magazine.

Farm Weeds in Canada.

Our attention has been drawn to an illustrated book on "Farm Weeds in Canada," issued by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, which reflects great credit on the Department and on the officers who compiled it. The Seed Commissioner, Geo. H. Clark, has always taken a deep interest in the advisability of making the farmer acquainted with noxious weeds so that he may know them and know how to get rid of them. A large measure of praise is due Seed Commissioner Clark for the excellent work referred to. The text of the bulletin is prepared by Dr. James Fletcher, Entomologist and Botanist to the Dominion Experimental Farms, and the illustrations were made in water-color from actual specimens, under his supervision, by Norman Criddle, of Aweme, Man., while employed by the Seed Branch. It is the intention of the Department to supply schools of agriculture, high schools, rural schools and to organizations such as agricultural societies, farmers' clubs, farmers' institutes, etc., with a copy of the book free of charge.

EAST AND WEST.

The Growth of National Spirit in This Country.

There are still some people who imagine that the extremities of Canada are self-centred and careless of what is being done in Ontario and Quebec. It has been said that the Nova Scotian doesn't know what is being done in Toronto, and more than that, doesn't care. That is not a fair statement. All manufacturers know that the growth of the national spirit has awakened a keen interest. An example is provided by The J. A. McDonald Piano & Music Company, of Halifax, the leading Nova Scotia music firm. Last year this firm made at the Dominion Exhibition at Halifax the finest display of Gourlay art pianos ever seen in the East. The business growing from that exhibit was so large that Mr. McDonald resolved to make even a better display for this year's fair. In order to provide himself with the goods he required, he traveled to Toronto in the early days of the recent Exhibition to see the Gourlay exhibit, and if possible, to make his selections in advance of his competitors. He was successful in being first on the ground and in purchasing most of the art Gourlays displayed. In consequence, he went away with a large satisfaction in his heart. It has been proved that the people of Nova Scotia want pianos not alone beautiful in tone quality but of artistic case design as well. In the Gourlay, the combination is found.

Pointers for Grain Shippers.

Farmers shipping their own grain should attend to the following rules:

1—If shipper has to furnish lumber for car doors he should have the agent at shipping point certify the bill as correct, it will save time in collecting the account.

2—When possible, weigh accurately all grain put in cars and keep record of same.

3—When car is loaded, level the grain as well as possible, and note on the face of the shipping bill how the grain is in comparison with the grain line and have agent verify it on the bill.

4—You should be careful not to load above the maximum weight allowed, the excess freight charged takes away the profit.

5—Load cars up to their capacity if possible, as the rate is charged on the capacity of the car.

6—Bill cars at the actual number of bushels, and weight you know or consider you have put into the car, it will be much easier to adjust any claim for loss of grain in transit when this is done.

From letters, and information received in other ways, I fear there are a good many of the new settlers in the West that do not know that frosted grain of all kinds will sell at very good prices, more especially if allowed to dry properly before being threshed. I was shown a sample of wheat which the owner thought would not pay to harvest, though he thought it would yield 30 bushels to the acre, still if this grain is allowed to harden before threshing it will sell at present prices about 90 cents in store at Fort William. I feel safe in saying that all grain that has body enough in it to thresh will sell at very good prices if allowed to dry before threshing. Drying at terminal elevators is very expensive.—D. D. Campbell, Farmers' Agent, Winnipeg.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Yankee Thanksgiving Customs Have Made a Hit There.

Since Admiral Dewey played the part of a modern Columbus and discovered an archipelago with a greater number of inhabitants than were to be found in all America when Columbus landed, there have been great changes in the Philippines, and a good many of the customs brought over by the Yankees have been adopted by the natives. Any form of festive enjoyment always appeals to those childlike people of the south seas, and to the numerous holidays introduced and celebrated by the Spaniards they have been glad to add Thanksgiving. Turkeys are as yet lacking, but they will come in time doubtless, and meanwhile there are plenty of other things suitable to feast upon.

Uncle Sam has now 10,000 soldiers in the Philippines, and every one of them will celebrate Thanksgiving day in some fashion. Though they are scattered over the island in no fewer than 400 different posts, every "mess" will have its special dinner to mark the joyous occasion. For this feast money will be provided out of the "company fund," which is handled by the captain of each company.—Philadelphia Times.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

FRUIT TRACTS FOR HOMES
CLOSE TO THRIVING CITY
Make Money with Ease and Comfort in Suburbs of delightful
LEWISTON—CLARKSTON
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Mild Winters. Long Summers. Clear Mountain Sunshine. LOW ALTITUDE—Head of river navigation in Columbia-Snake valley; 25,000 square miles of rich tributary territory. For over a generation its fancy fruits have been bringing highest prices and paying $200 to $1000 net per acre. Pure mountain water PIPED UNDER PRESSURE to every tract by $2,000,000 irrigation works, one of finest in world. No blizzards; no severe storms; no malaria; no asthma; no consumption. Finest educational facilities. All of our claims guaranteed. Investigate this long-established fruit colony before buying.

Just write for Pamphlet No. 69, or send 15c for panoramic photogravure, 8x36 in. postpaid in tube.
DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE, Lewiston, Idaho, or Clarkston, Wash.

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TAXIDERMY

The average Westerner is a true sportsman, he delights in having mounted after an outing a souvenir of his shoot or hunt.

We are experts at mounting birds and game, giving each specimen the correct pose as nature intended.

OUR PRICES FOR HIGH-CLASS WORK

Winchester Repeating Rifles for big game, from $17.50 to $33.75
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TAXIDERMY

Send us your Ducks and Chickens to be Mounted.

Teals & Butter Balls	$2.00	Deer Heads	$ 8.00
Canvas Backs	2 50	Elks	18 00
Mallards	$3 to 3.50	Moose	18.00
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Full lines of artificial eyes and Taxidermists' supplies carried. Write us for prices on anything.

Indian Curio Co.
563 Main St., Winnipeg

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

New Catalogue of MUSIC

We have just issued for Mail Order Customers a small Catalogue of Music of all kinds, with Special Prices marked. We want to send you one of these. Will you write for one? We carry a very large stock of Popular Music, and Music of all kinds for the Student.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

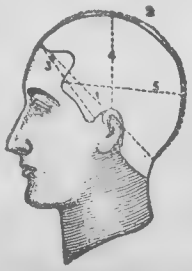
Lindsay's
284 PORTAGE AVE WINNIPEG

GENTLEMEN'S WIGS and TOUPEES.

A. Without Toupee.

The naturalness of our Toupees and Wigs for men is shown in illustration B. It is impossible to tell the false from the real hair. We match the hair perfectly in texture and color. Our variety in this line is especially large. So many men lose their hair prematurely nowadays that it has become a matter of considerable importance to provide a proper covering that will look natural and yet prevent the continual cold in the head and catarrh caused by thin hair. Our toupees are so perfect in fit as to defy detection, however closely scrutinized; and our full wigs are guaranteed not only to fit perfectly, but are an exact counterpart of nature.

For gentlemen's toupees, cut a paper pattern the exact size of the bald spot, fit it to the shape of the head by taking in the paper on the edges and fastening the folds with a pin; draw a heavy line showing where the parting is desired; it is also essential for us to know whether the hair is to be curly or straight.



Directions for Measurement of Wigs for Ladies or Gentlemen.

A perfect fit warranted in every case where the directions for the measurement of the head are closely followed, as per illustration.

No. 1. Round the head.
No. 2. From hair on forehead to nape of neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear across the forehead.
No. 4. From ear to ear across the crown.
No. 5. From temple to temple around the back of the head.

N.B.—It is fatal for a bald-headed man to go through one of our cold winters without a toupee or wig.

B. With Toupee.

We carry a full line of Switches, Transformations, Pompadors, etc.
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

The New York Hair Store
SEAMAN and PETERSEN
Y.M.C.A. BLOCK, WINNIPEG.
Also at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

SPECIAL CLUBBING RATES

WE append a very attractive list of combinations embracing the "Western Home Monthly" and the principal Canadian, American and British periodicals. Owing to the new Post Office regulations the Canadian Subscription Price has been increased on all American magazines mailed to Canada, and the rates which we are quoting are lower than those of any Subscription Agency.

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CLASS **B**

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The American Magazine

CLASS **C**

Sunday at Home
Girls Own Paper
Boys Own Paper

CLASS **D**

Toronto Daily Star
Everybody's Magazine
The Munsey
The Argosy
All Story
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All for $3.10	$5.50

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Home Herald (or Appleton's)	2.50
Both at $2.00	$3.00

The Western Home Monthly	$ .50
The Scrap Book - - -	3 00
Both for $3.05	$3.50

The Western Home Monthly	$ .50
Recreation - - - -	2 50
Both for $2.25	$3.00

The Western Home Monthly	3 .50
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The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

I purpose in this issue to talk to young men and young people about the value of books in the development of character and the adornment of a home—for one of the finest pieces of furniture in an equipped home is a valuable book.

THE COST OF A BOOK. Do you know how much it costs to write a book—not to publish it, but to write it? How much of toil and tears, mind and muscle, stress and strain, blood and brain—How much of real heart power and spiritual vitality is wrapped up in a powerful book? George Eliot said concerning the years of hard work expended on her volume entitled "Romola": "I began it a young woman; I finished it an old woman."

THE POWER OF A GOOD BOOK. Think of the power of a good book. Thomas Hood, the great wit and humorist, in his youthful days was saved from moral shipwreck by the inspiration of good books. He says, "My books kept me from the dog-pit, the saloon, the tavern and the prize-winning ring." Many a man has been saved for manhood and morality by a splendid book.

THE TREASURE VAULTS OF KNOWLEDGE. Young man, you may not be able to "go to college," but all the college can possibly bring to you is to be found, stored away, within the pages of solid, helpful books. Fifty years ago Thomas Carlyle remarked, "The true university of these days is a collection of good books." It may be difficult to study a great book without a trained teacher, but Abraham Lincoln did this and conquered. The man who can conquer a great book alone, without the help of teacher or professor, will probably be able to solve the practical problems of life. Try it.

GOOD BOOKS VS. GOOD SOCIETY. That man moves in the very best society who is always, in the hours of his solitude, surrounded by the writings of standard authors. Henry Ward Beecher felt something of the dignity of literature. When walking through one of England's greatest libraries, he said, "Few places affected me more than the libraries, and especially the Bodleian Library, reputed to have half a million printed books and manuscripts. I walked solemnly and reverently among the alcoves and through the halls as if in the pyramid of embalmed souls." This is the library where no candle is ever lighted, so valuable are the books and documents within its walls. Here Beecher found himself in silent association with the good and true of all the ages.

THE BOOK LOVER NEVER LONELY. The lover of good books is never alone and never lonely. He can always turn to his silent friends on the shelf or in the book case. The man who cannot do this is to be pitied. How restless must be the mortal who finds all his pleasures and resources outside of himself—who possesses no power of self entertainment. And yet great men sometimes fail at this very point.

CLAY AND WEBSTER. Listen to the words of Daniel Webster concerning Henry Clay. "Mr. Clay is a great man beyond all question, and a true patriot. He has done much for his country. He ought long ago to have been elected president. I think, however, he was never a man of books, or a hard student. I could never imagine him sitting comfortably in his library and reading quietly out of the great books of the past. He has been too fond of the world to enjoy anything like that. He has been too fond of excitement. He has lived upon it. He has been too fond of company, not enough alone—and he has had few resources within himself." This last sentence reveals the weakness of many an otherwise strong man—"few resources within himself."

READING BETWEEN THE LINES. Great students have been slow readers. Books which can be read rapidly, are as a rule, not worth reading. Solid books and slow readers are twin brothers. Slow reading is essential to the mastery of great books. Dr. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, one of the greatest men who ever stood in the pulpit once remarked, "I never knew but one or two fast readers, and readers of many books, whose knowledge was worth anything. I read hard or not at all, never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books, and Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, Sterne and Jonathan Edwards have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution." Timely words were these and well spoken. Harriet Martineau once said of herself, "I am a slow reader—sometimes a page an hour."

THE POWER OF ONE BOOK! The power of one book is wonderful! One book has often revolutionized a life and thus changed the current of history. This was true in the careers of St. Augustine, Luther and Wesley. I find these words in a sermon by Dr. De Witt Talmage, "It was a turning point with me when in a book store in Syracuse, New York, one day I picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and with what delight I went through reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and his "Stones of Venice."

READING WITH A NOTE BOOK. As a rule, do not read borrowed books. Own the books you read. Underline remarkable sentences and mark favorite passages, and above all else keep a note book by your side. Make a speedy record of thoughts, impressions and inspirations in your note book. I could write a whole volume on "The Place of the Note Book in History."

DARWIN AND HIS NOTE BOOK. Charles Darwin was one of the young men of history who kept a note book. He was gifted with wonderful eyes and could see. No wandering thought or passing fact was permitted to escape without being duly registered. Every point of value reached the note-book. Into that note-book he poured the results of all his observations. He took up the idea of the transmutation of species and began to inquire into the reason for it. For twenty-one years he gathered material, and when his literary edifice was completed in the year 1859, he published his great book, "The Origin of Species," which has been spoken of as "the most epoch-making book of the nineteenth century." Darwin's great book was the offspring of his note-book. Hundreds of great men have followed the note-book plan. It is the only sure method of mental book-keeping. Keep a note-book!

EMERSON'S THREE RULES. I presume that every man must have some special rule in the selection of books. Twenty-five thousand books are published annually and there are many million books on the library shelves of the world. We cannot read them all. We cannot, even, read all the books of one class, as for instance, all the books on history or all the books on biography. Here are three rules prescribed by Ralph Waldo Emerson: "First, Never read a book that is not a year old; second, Never read any but famed books; third, Never read anything but what you like." For general reading the last rule is a good one. Read the books which appeal to you. If the writings of Emerson interest you, read everything which Emerson has written. If you find gold in any one given direction, dig out the nuggets until you have exhausted the mine. The author who cannot interest you has nothing for you, whatever he may have for others. Excepting fiction, in literature follow the line of least resistance. Read what you like.

THE BEST BOOK THE CHEAPEST. We are living in an age when the best books are the cheapest. A Bible may be had for six pence and the writings of Shakespeare for a shilling. This was not always so. In the tenth century the Countess of Anjou gave two hundred sheep, one load of wheat, one load of rye, and one load of millet for a volume of sermons written by a German monk. In those days only the rich could own or possess books. To-day the poor man's books may be great both in quality and quantity. Twenty-five dollars will buy one hundred of the world's best books. The second hand book store is the product of our own age. Two hundred years ago such an institution could scarcely be found. Such a store belonged to the great centre of population and was not to be found elsewhere, but now every city of fifty thousand population has its "second hand" book store, and here are treasures hid away on dusty shelves to be had for the asking. Books in almost every form and shape are cheap. Knowledge is within the reach of all.

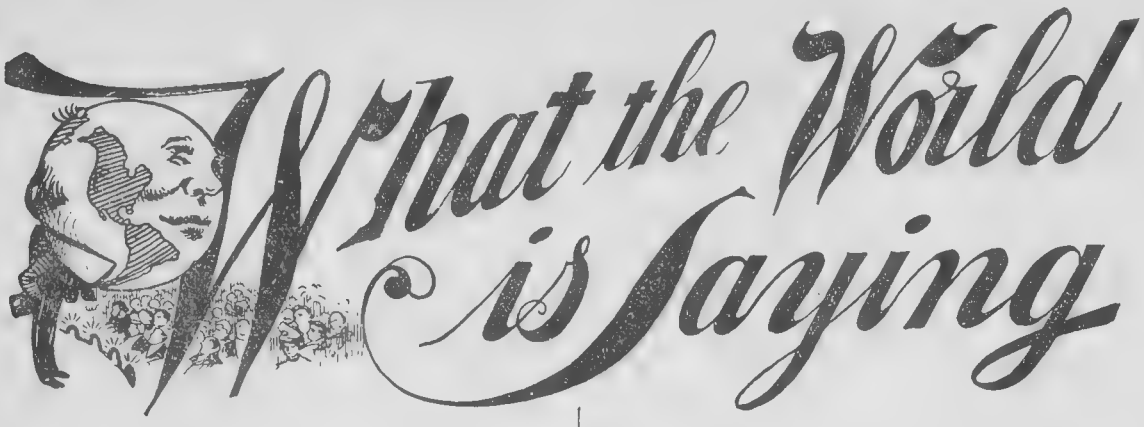
A BOOK AS THE SYMBOL OF LIFE. One great writer speaks of the book as a symbol of life. "Our life is a book. Our years are the chapters. Our months are the paragraphs. Our days are the sentences. Our doubts are the interrogation points. Our imitation of others are the quotation marks. Our attempts at display a dash! Death is the final period. Eternity is the peroration." Life is a book. What depths of meaning in the words, "And the books were opened."

A WORD OF CAUTION. All books are not alike worthy and should not receive equal attention. Remember the words of Lord Bacon, "Some books are to be read, some to be tasted, some to be swallowed, and some to be chewed and digested.

A CHAIN OF BOOKS. Here is a true story, very encouraging to all who believe in spreading good books: A Puritan minister named Sibbs wrote a booklet called The Bruised Reed. A copy of this was given by a humble layman to a little boy at whose father's house he had been entertained over night. That boy was Richard Baxter, and the book was the mans of his conversion. Baxter wrote his Call to the Unconverted, and among the multitude led to Christ by it was Philip Doddridge. Doddridge wrote The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, and "the time would fail to tell" its blessed influence. By it Wilberforce was converted, and of his life and labors volumes could be written. Wilberforce wrote his Practical View of Christianity, and this led not only Dr. Chalmers into the truth, but Legh Richmond to Christ. Richmond wrote The Dairyman's Daughter, which has been published in a hundred languages, and many million copies have been sold.

VIGILANCE. One of the great railroad managers said that the remarkable growth of what has become one of the largest and richest corporations was due to the watchful vigilance of the men who controlled it. "You can't keep such men down," he said, in effect. "They have enjoyed no peculiar advantages not open to equally able minds." Whether the latter part of his remark is true is immaterial. It is true that great success comes from eternal vigilance. Able and ambitious men push their business. They are awake most of the twenty-four hours every day in the year and neglect no opportunity to gain an advantage. Vigilance, honesty, perseverance, aggressiveness and progressiveness will win you success. Be vigilant.

ALABASTER BOXES OF HUMAN SYMPATHY. No not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words, while their ears can hear them; and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send to their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If your friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over your dead body, it would be better if they would bring them out in your weary and troubled hours and open them, that you may be refreshed and cheeerd by them while you need them. Better to have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.



The Automobile Fools.

A New York newspaper which has kept track of the automobile accidents, announces that during June, July and August there were 96 reported in the United States, in which 50 people were killed, while 202 were seriously injured. The automobile fools are apparently running the careless railway employees a close race.—Montreal Gazette.

Ocean Liners of the Future.

Yes, indeed; it's a great ship, is the Lusitania. Yet fifty years from now, when thousand-foot boats are skipping across the pond in three days, with never a jar or a jolt to let the passengers know that they are not in a land hotel, people will talk of the hardships undergone by their ancestors when they travelled in little old tubs like those creeping across the Atlantic in 1907.—New York Sun.

Pickpocket's Wisdom.

The fact that a professional pickpocket recently captured in Montreal has a large bank account merely shows that he appreciated the danger of carrying his money around in a trouser pocket. Visitors and others are recommended to take a hint from a man who knows all about the business. By never carrying more than twenty dollars in one's pockets in current coin it is easy to avoid ever losing more than twenty dollars to a pickpocket.—Montreal Herald.

The Inflow from Across the Line.

An American can scarcely know whether or not to be glad over last year's decline of the American emigration to Canada. During the twelve months ended July 1, the arrivals in the Dominion from this country numbered 56,518, or a decrease of 1,278 compared with the preceding twelve months. Those of us who have felt some apprehension over the American movement across the border will, of course, be gratified by the fact that the exodus has apparently culminated, but those who feel that a strong American strain in the population of the future Canada would tend to promote close relations and friendly sentiment between the two countries will see nothing to be particularly joyful over. There are clearly two ways of looking at the question.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

"The Englishman in Canada."

A question of considerable importance is discussed at length by Mr. C. F. Hamilton in the current number of the National Review. It is the relations between English emigrants and the Canadians whose community they have joined. It seems that a short time ago the Toronto Globe opened its columns to the discussion of complaints which had been made of the attitude of Canadians to newcomers from England, and that the resulting correspondence revealed what will be to most stay-at-home Englishmen, at all events, a rather surprising state of things. The Globe was "inundated" with letters, of which the general expression was that Englishmen felt that in Canada they were disliked. With Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen Canadians could get on almost at once; but the Englishman was different. Perhaps both Englishmen and Canadians could "help it" a little more than they think. Mr. Hamilton, in all seriousness, gives his Englishman one practical piece of advice, which amounts, doubtless, to more than it looks. He must by no means wear a cloth cap, nor knickerbockers, nor leggings; he must rather be circumspect and Canadian-like in trousers and a hat. He might do more than that. He might recollect that his habit of silence, if it is natural and national in its origin, is also partly acquired. The Englishman is very strictly reminded, from the day when he first leaves the nursery for the schoolroom, that he must on no account talk about himself and his own doings and belongings; he must not "put on side." He has an enormous, and in some ways oppressive, fear of "putting on side," and his refuge, wholly understood by his fellow-Englishmen, is in silence. He forgets that among persons of other nationalities he may be "putting on side" precisely when and because he says nothing. They do not understand the silence; they think it, or may think it, the swagger of contempt. He, then, is to all intents, doing precisely what is the object of his life not to do; he should realize that, and "take off the side." Those who have to bear with him might be able to help him in their turn.—Westminster Gazette (London).

The Haughty Ruling Race of China Unbends.

It is said that the Empress called together the most influential advisers of the Imperial family, and that the proposals are the result of a series of deliberations. The Empress and her Government have for some time feared that the Chinese were attempting to overthrow the ruling race of the Manchus, and such an overwhelming of a part by the rest of the nation would be peculiarly simple in China, where the Manchus are marked out by their personal appearance and habits. The Manchu women do not bind their feet, for example, and the Manchus refuse to submit to the vulgarity of bearing surnames. Recent devices to remove the difference between the two races failed, and it is said that it is now proposed to disband the Manchu Banner troops and place their officers in the Regular Army, to make the daughters of upper-class Chinese eligible for marriage into the Imperial family—thus promising a future Chino-Manchu Emperor—to forbid Chinese women to bind their feet, and to require Manchus to take surnames. We doubt whether even this interesting scheme, if it be authentic—and we must not forget the extreme difficulty of testing all reports about the Chinese Imperial family—would succeed where other devices have failed. The racial distinction in China goes very deep.—London Times.

Electric Sleep.

Should reports from Paris prove correct, the medical world has cause to congratulate itself on a discovery that will materially assist the profession in its mission of alleviating the sufferings of humanity. That the electric current is capable of taking human life is something that is demonstrated only too often. But now comes a French savant with a method that, according to advices, will produce anaesthesia by electricity. Not only that the electric anaesthetic can be employed with the utmost safety in operation, etc., but a thoroughly healthy sleep, it is claimed, can be induced by applying a current of thirty-five volts in its full strength intermittently through two electrodes applied to the skull. Professor Leduc's discovery is said to be a step in advance of the present methods of producing unconsciousness.—London Lancet.

An English View of the Philippines.

Many American newspapers are advocating the sale of the islands. If all the newspapers in America did so, we still should not believe that the United States Government would really sell them. We say this, not because we attribute to the American Government any foolish stubbornness in thinking that their pride is tied up with an empty honour, but because we are sure that when the Philippines were taken over the responsibilities of the policy were clearly appreciated, and are no less appreciated now. Before America committed heself to the acquisition of dependencies she had long sat with folded arms and watched the relations of the European nations with their colonies. Above all, she remembered why she herself had broken away from Britain, and she had in mind the reasons of the war with Spain from which she had only just emerged. Was not the origin of that war simply and solely the Spanish habit of governing distant possessions for the benefit of the mother-country? When the American Government took over the Philippines, then, it is as certain as anything can be that they did not regard the new possessions merely as a "business proposition." In Mr. Roosevelt's mouth the words "manifest destiny" had a very different meaning. He meant that the United States had a policy imposed upon her by circumstances, and that she could not shirk it whatever the difficulties. If any "anti-Imperialist" doubts whether the American policy of acquisition was so single-minded as we suppose, he needs only refer to the proclamation which General Otis was instructed to publish in the Philippines in 1901. In it the American Government guaranteed the establishment of an honest Civil Service, which would so far as possible employ Filipinos themselves for the purpose. In a word, the intention was obviously to do for the Philippines what Britain was doing for Egypt. Is that policy to be ended because progress is slow, and the early stages have been expensive?—London Spectator.

The Thriftiness of the French.

Industry and commerce in France enjoy solid prosperity and are of more interest than is commonly thought to the economist; but to the international financier they are important only as the substantial underpinning of the money situation. If there is little falling away from attainments already made in the past, there is not that ever-increasing whirlwind of new enterprise which creates a permanent demand of capital in Germany and the United States. Agricultural production is also directed rather to making France sufficient to herself than to national money-making by exportation. France has long been the third wheat growing country of the world, and her crops this year, as in the past, fairly supply home needs. The sufficiency of the French to themselves, when combined with their universal habit of thrift and saving in the shape of money, is the real secret of the preponderant financial power of France. It may indeed be said that the habitual plethora of gold, which characterizes France to the world's admiration, does not come mainly from an excess of exports over imports, but largely from repayments in interest of sums loaned out by French citizens, all France having practically gone into business of lending out any money she may have to fructify.—London Economist.

Would Sell the Philippines.

It is obvious that nine years of American rule have left the Filipinos pretty much what they were under the Spanish regime, namely a race of malcontents. Notwithstanding the improvement that has been made in their material condition and future prospects by the gifts of equal justice, political freedom and self-government, in all essential particulars the natives remain in a chronic state of dissatisfaction and ebullition. Special cable dispatches to the Herald from Manila have reported the significant activity of the independistas, the recurring display of the revolutionary flag at native gatherings—in short, all the conditions of unrest and disloyalty that existed before the Spanish-American war. With the sale of the islands the menace of a Japanese war would disappear. The presence of such a powerful American naval force in the Pacific would certainly enhance their market value should their sale be decided upon by showing that the United States is prepared to hold them until acceptable purchase price is forthcoming. This may not be a very glorious step to take, but it is more businesslike than our present policy of leaving the Philippines at the mercy of native insurrectionists and envious foreigners.—New York Herald.

What a Government Job Means.

Young man—be warned in time. Let no one—not even your own self—entice you to seek a public office or what is commonly called a Government job. In this age, when your life is young and your health good, and when an independent competence awaits any man who has a snap, some intelligence, and a willingness to work, you would be a fool to take a Government office. If there are fifty thousand office-holders in Canada, depend upon it that 40,000 of them are sorry for being on the list. The other 10,000 are men who get the few public offices that are worth while, or are men who were broken down in health, or had been relegated to the shelf. The average public office is not a private snap. Make no mistake about it. From the fury men show in rushing for a vacant office you might suspect that it is worth while, but note how soon it turns into Dead Sea fruit or apples of Sodom. Once you get it, you are measured with red tape. If you say your soul's your own some kind friend reminds you that a change of Government will see your finish. When you take sick, two score of your friends will be after your job with the "characteristic fury" you displayed when you were after it. If you recover they will all be sorry. If you die, 39 of them will, in the course of a month, regret your death, and curse your successor and the man who appointed him.—Kincardine Review.

A WHITE MAN'S CANADA.

The past month has seen the Dominion projected violently into the arena of world politics by the riotous manifestation at Vancouver of the determination to maintain unimpaired the supremacy of the white race upon the Pacific Coast — a determination which has the sympathy of the whole Canadian people, who, however, have no sympathy with any such rough and ready attempts at settling an important and difficult Imperial question. Subsequent to the rioting against the Japanese and Chinese at Vancouver, there was a demonstration against an arriving shipload of Hindoos. All Orientals look alike, when they come in large numbers, and there is quite as much objection on the Coast to those from Hindustan as to the subjects of the Mikado or the Chinese. And the force of that objection is bound to make itself felt. That Japan will see its way to acquiescing in Canadian, as it has in Australian, exclusion, is already plain. The barrier may take the form of a language or an educational test, as in Australia, but the purpose will be clear.

A GREAT AND GOOD KING.

When the German Emperor makes his promised return visit to King Edward, there can be no doubt about the cordiality of the reception he will be given by all classes of the British people. In spite of all that has happened and been said, the British people like and admire the Kaiser for his many solid as well as brilliant qualities. He is a quarter English, anyway, and blood counts for a great deal with John Bull. King Edward, by his reconciliation with his Imperial nephew, completed the circle of his endeavors during the past summer to bring about a general "entente cordiale" among the nations of Europe. Though his meeting with the Emperor of Austria was subsequent to his visit to Germany, it was a renewal of long-established friendship, not a reconciliation, as no differences existed between them, either personally or for national reasons. The great beauty of King Edward's success as a peacemaker lies in the fact that his work is accomplished in the most quiet and unostentatious manner. The American writer who said the other day, "Could there be a better head to a conglomerate Empire of four hundred million people." struck the keynote of popular thought throughout the world. As a leading and directing personality in international diplomacy at a profoundly critical period of history the King merits the encomiums showered upon him by the press of all countries. More than any of his predecessors he represents the solid, kindly common sense of the British nation. There is no appearance of strenuousness or affectation in anything he does, but he gains by every step, and a better man for the exalted position he occupies can hardly be imagined.

GRAIN GROWERS AND DEALERS.

That there should be cordially friendly relations, based as such relations must always be on mutual understanding and appreciation by each of the other's position, between the grain dealers and the grain growers, is unquestionably a consummation greatly to be desired in the best interests of Western Canada as a whole. It cannot be pretended that such relations exist as yet in a manner to be desired. But that they are nearer than they were a year ago is undeniable. The retiring President of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, Mr. W. J. Bettingen, in his address at the annual meeting of that body held since the last issue of the Western Home Monthly, spoke with a measure of over-confidence in regard to the net results of the searching scrutiny of the scope and functions of the exchange by the Royal Commission. Resolutions passed at various points by the grain growers indicate that the questions raised at the conference called by the Agricultural Committee of the Manitoba Legislature last June are not regarded by the grain growers as being finally disposed of. The appeal against the findings in the conspiracy charges has yet to be heard by the Court of King's Bench; and as to the action to be taken by theDominion Government with regard to terminal elevators and the desired amendments to the Grain Act, the report of the Royal Commission charged to enquire into these matters has first to be submitted at Ottawa. That eventually the outstanding differences will be settled and the producers and grain handlers brought into complete harmony based upon full protection of the just rights and interests of both is to be hoped for by everybody whose future is bound up with the best welfare and progress of this country.

"NO PULLMANS DAMAGED."

When Rev. Dr. John Watson—whom the world at large knew, and continues to know, better as "Ian McLaren"—was in Winnipeg half a year ago, a few weeks before his regretted death, his comment to a friend in regard to the railway disaster that had just occurred at Chapleau, was the sadly spoken remark, "In how many ways the poor are the ones who have to suffer!" He went on to say that he had just been in a railway wreck near Denver; in that, as in the one at Chapleau, the people in the heavily and strongly built sleepers escaped injury, and the deaths and maiming were in the weaker, lighter "day coaches" and colonist cars. "A great physician in London," he added, following out his train of thought, "once told me that one kind of phthisis is curable—rich man's phthisis. Poor man's phthisis does not get cured." Railway wrecks during the past month in Ontario, in Quebec, and at several points in the United States have impressed upon the public attention with striking force the painfully familiar fact referred to by Dr. Watson. The great majority of the travelling public do not travel in sleepers and parlor cars, but in the other cars. The weight and strength of the former are not alone factors of safety to their occupants; they are also factors of peril to the occupants of the lighter cars, through which, in a wreck, they so frequently crash. The ordinary cars ought to be built strongly enough to resist being thus crushed. It is high time that public pressure was brought to bear upon Parliament, in order to have the railways compelled to provide this needed protection to human life.

THE OCEAN FERRY.

Of all the notable doings on land and sea during September none has attracted more attention from the world at large than the maiden trip of the monster turbiner, the Lusitania, whose 68,000 horse power is greater than the combined horse power in use in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. When her machinery has been smoothed down by a few transatlantic canters, she will be the first of the long-predicted four-day boats—that is, make the journey from land to land in less than five days. She almost did it on her maiden voyage. As it was, she out-distanced all the previous liners, except that flyer of the Hamburg-American line, The Deutschland, and that the Deutschland's record will be beaten is a foregone conclusion. In fact, the two new Cunarders have got to take first place and hold the speed pennant for Great Britain, according to their contract specifications. The builders pledged themselves to the following performances by the new ships: "The vessels (Lusitania and Mauritania) shall attain a speed of 25¼ knots on trial"—the Lusitania made 25½—"and within a year of going upon their station they shall maintain in one complete voyage from New York and back a mean speed of 25¾ knots." That is to say, 616 miles a day. The best single day's record of the Deutschland is 601 miles.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE WIRELESS.

Not the least remarkable feature of the Lusitania's maiden voyage was that only for a period of about thirty-six hours was she out of touch with land. Her last wireless message sent to the Irish coast was dispatched on the Monday night, and early on the Wednesday morning she "picked up" the wireless station at Cape Race on the Newfoundland shore, and later in the same day came within the radius of the Nova Scotia wireless system. What a marvellous thing is this! The fast express steamer equipped with wireless telegraphy is for little more than a day beyond the zone of land communication, in crossing the Atlantic. Those passengers who cannot detach themselves from their families, their friends, or their business, may send and receive messages almost as readily as though they were ashore. Accidents entailing delay can be reported promptly and in a manner to relieve anxiety. The arrival of mails can be determined almost to the minute. The value of wireless telegraphy as a medium of communication between continents, and across continents has yet to be established; but its usefulness between steamships and shore is so strikingly emphasized by the record of the Luistania that even the most casual reader of the newspapers must be impressed with the significance of it.

THE POLAR AIRSHIP.

After postponing his start for the pole from July to August, and then to September, Mr. Wellman did after all make an attempt last month to set forth on his much-heralded voyage in the airship provided by the Chicago newspaper of whose staff he is a member. He sailed three or four miles northward and was then blown five or six miles southward by a snowstorm, and stranded periously on a Spitzbergen glacier. His airship cannot be got into shape to shipwreck herself again this year, though Mr. Wellman talks very confidently of trying again next year. His failure is a striking illustration of the extreme difficulty and danger of seeking the pole in an airship; it is also, considered in connection with Mr. Wellman's recent magazine article proving conclusively that he could not fail, illustrative of the vast gulf between theory and practice. When all is said and done, even if he had succeeded, science would have gained little or nothing by the venture. So far as aerial navigation is concerned, Mr. Wellman would perform a greater service if he had stayed at home in Chicago, and constructed an airship, and then demonstrated its air-worthiness by travelling in it from Chicago to Winnipeg.

DR. SPANKSTER'S SPECIFIC.

You must pervert the proverb to read, "Spare the child, spoil the rod," after reading the views on corporal punishment in the school held by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, and one of the foremost educationists of this continent. He was the chief speaker at the Educational Convention in Brandon last July. In his latest book, just published he says that "dermal pain is not the worst thing in the world," and speaks contemptuously of "the now too common habit of coquetting for the child's favor, and tickling its ego with praises and prizes, and pedagogic pettifogging for its good will, and sentimental ear of a judicious slap." He would appear to share the view of the schoolmaster in "Midshipman Easy," who says of the rod that "it may be reserved, like a sword in its scabbard, but should not get so rusty that it cannot be drawn out on occasion.

TREE PLANTING.

There are few things that more deserve to be encouraged in this country than the planting of trees. Much can be done in this way in the schools. The surroundings of the school house often bare, can be made shady and beautiful and of pleasant memory to the children in their after lives, besides being a spreading incentive to the good work of planting trees. The University of Toronto is this session opening a Department of Forestry. Why should not the Commission which has just been appointed to plan the reorganization of the University of Manitoba include such a department in its plan? To make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before has long been regarded as a way of expressing the perfection of practically useful endeavor. Would it not be more expressive to speak of making a tree grow on the prairie, where none grew before?"

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP AT REGINA.

The public ownership idea grows apace. It is only now and then that demonstrations are got up in its favor, but it needs no demonstration. It has passed the spectacular stage. It has become a steady, almost relentless principle ever at work, and seldom missing an opportunity to exert itself at the right moment. It scored a signal success at Regina the other day when the by-law to grant Messrs. Springer and Eaton, of Cleveland, Ohio, otherwise the International Lighting and Heating Co., a gas franchise was defeated by a vote of more than two to one, the voting being: for the by-law, 105; against the by-law, 225. For the by-law to pass a two-third majority was necessary. Despite the comparatively small poll, considerable interest was manifested in the voting. Regina people are anxious to have gas, but they are determined that it shall be as the electric light and water systems already are, under municipal management and owned by the city. The Springer-Eaton company put up a big fight, and the Regina people are jubilant over the result.

WINNIPEG—A CITY OF MAN

Wesley Church (Methodist)—Rev. J. W. Churchill, Pastor.

First Baptist Church—Rev. A.

Central Congregational—Rev. J. L. C

St. Stephen's Church (Presbyterian)—Rev. C. W. Gordon, Pastor

Grace Chuch (Methodist)—Rev. W

ANY BEAUTIFUL CHURCHES.

ch—Rev. A. A. Shaw, Pastor.

St. Andrew's (Presbyterian)—J. W. McMillan, Pastor.

-Rev. J. L. Gordon, Pastor.

list)—Rev. W. Sparling, Pastor.

Sacred Heart Church (Roman Catholic), French—Rev. Father Portelance, Pastor.

Modern Martyrs !

The age of martyrs is not passed. There are thousands of women all over the country enduring physical torture and mental anguish almost beyond description. They are not victims of persecution, like the martyrs of old; they are not called on to face the scaffold or the stake but their sufferings—borne in silence and hidden from the world at large—are scarcely less intense.

These ladies, as a rule, are women and girls of refined and sensitive temperament. Knowing that their sufferings are due to a disordered condition of the female functions, their native modesty deters them from seeking relief in the earliest stages; and when they do consult a physician they usually get some drug mixture to take internally, which is not more effective for troubles of this kind than it would be for a toothache, a bruise, or any other strictly local ailment.

The seat of the trouble being in some one of the female organs, the remedy, to be effective, must act on this portion of the anatomy.

This is the secret of the success which always follows the use of ORANGE LILY in derangements of this kind. It is a strictly local treatment. It is absorbed directly into the parts that are inflamed and congested, and its beneficent, soothing influence is noticeable from the start. The irritation of the delicate membrane is relieved, the congestion is overcome by the discharge of the watery matter which served to oppress the nerves and cause mental depression; the nerves are toned and invigorated, and the sunshine and joy of life again becomes part of her being. Read the following letter:—

Archer, Ont., Feb. 1, 1902.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I received your kind letter some time ago, but was feeling so well and not needing medicine that I neglected replying sooner I must say I have more confidence in ORANGE LILY than in any other thing I have ever used. Before I knew or found out anything about this medicine I doctored away hundreds of dollars, and when I thought I was dying with inflammation of the womb a box of ORANGE LILY was sent me through the mail from a friend. The first suppository I used I was greatly relieved, and in a few months completely cured. That was nine years ago this winter, so you can imagine with what esteem I hold the ORANGE LILY. I am thankful there is such a relief for poor suffering women, for I have been one of them and can sympathize with others.

Your sincere friend, MRS. NORMAN WEAVER.

Brinsley, Ont., Feb. 8, 1892.

Dear Friend,—I always feel glad to hear from you. I am real well and feel so much indebted to you and Dr. Coonley for my good health. I am so strong now that I will not need any more medicine unless I overwork myself, and that is very easy for a woman at my age to do. I am 53 past, and have seven in family to work for, and four men boarders besides. Now don't you think that is pretty good for your medicine? People wonder when I tell them about ORANGE LILY, but if I were to tell them you would cure them for nothing I believe they would try it. But most of them would rather undergo an operation than do so simple a thing as I have been doing. Please tell Dr. Coonley I am cured of womb trouble. I can testify to its wonderful curative properties, and for building up the nervous system and general health. I enclose $1 for a box, to have in the house in case of overdoing myself.

Yours very truly, MRS. GEORGE LEE.

ORANGE LILY as a remedy for these ills, as well as for leucorrhea, painful periods, irregularities, cancers in their earlier stages, tumors, displacements, lacerations and all ovarian troubles, has long since passed the experimental stage. So confident am I of this that I will send ten days' treatment, which is worth 35 cents, to any sufferer ABSOLUTELY FREE. The treatment is inexpensive, used at home, and no physician is necessary. Send at once for the

Free Trial Treatment

which will demonstrate that ORANGE LILY will cure you. Inclose stamp and address Mrs. Frances Q. Currah, Can. Rep. Coonley Med. Inst., Windsor, Ont. (Delays are dangerous.)

Orange Lily is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by the T. Eaton Co., Limited (Drug Department.)

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R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

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P.O. Address.....
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The W. C. T. U. The Dominion convention has come and gone and by the time this reaches my readers all the delegates will be back in their homes and many of them will have already reported to their local unions the points that are of special interest to their district.

It was not my good fortune to attend any of the regular sessions of the convention, but I understand an enormous amount of work was disposed of in a prompt and business-like manner. Mrs. Wright makes an excellent presiding officer and held the gatherings well together.

Anti-cigarette legislations was one one of the questions that engrossed a great deal of attention, and though there seems to be some divergence of opinion on the methods to be adopted the women were a unit on the need of something being done and done at once to restrain this growing evil.

It is fourteen years since there has been a meeting of the Dominion W. C. T. U. in Winnipeg, and as I attended the gathering in 1893, as a delegate, I was much interested in noting the number of women who were prominent then and who are still active in the work. From the east there were Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. MacLachlan, Mrs. Bascom; from the west, Mrs. Chisholm, Mrs. McClung, Mrs. John Stewart.

Among the women who had not been west on the previous occasion were Mrs. Waycott, editor of the "White Ribbon Bulletin," the official organ of the Dominion Union, Miss Richardson, of the Montreal Witness staff, and Mrs. Edward Jones, of Sherbrooke, Que., Superintendent of Work in prisons and jails.

This trio from Quebec were a host in themselves. Miss Richardson is a forceful speaker, as is also Mrs. Waycott; in fact, they are as fluent with tongue as with pen. Mrs. Jones is an English woman, resident only five years in Canada, but came here after a number of years' work as a teacher of domestic science in the Board Schools of Middlesex County, England. She is still deeply interested in the teaching of cooking, laundry work, sewing and home sanitation to the school children and is quite as deeply interested in the question of providing suitable occupation for the women confined in prisons and jails. She is also working towards the appointment of women inspectors for prisons and jails, a reform that cannot come too soon.

Mrs. Craig, president for the provincial unions of Alberta and Saskatchewan, gave an excellent account of the work in those provinces, where, as she briefly put it, eleven weakly unions had grown to forty strong ones in two years.

Winnipeg entertained the visiting convention royally, the ladies' aids of the different churches providing appetizing meals in the school-room of Knox Church. An auto ride was tendered by the city fathers and on the last day of the convention Lady McMillan received in their honor at the Government House. Delegates from east and west expressed to me personally their appreciation of the gracious hospitality that had been extended to them.

Visitors do not always fully appreciate just what such hospitality means to those who extend it. The cost of living has increased so enormously in Winnipeg in the last three years, particularly in the matter of rents, that the average household finds it necessary to rent any spare rooms they may have to lessen the burden and in this way it has become much more of an effort to entertain delegates. That the W. C. T. U. was so gracefully provided for in the matter of billets is a tribute to the respect and esteem in which white ribboners are held the world over.

Many a household that would gladly have received them was prevented from doing so by the simple lack of room.

Going to Boarding School. It chanced the other week as I was returning from Calgary that there were a group of some half dozen girls on their way to boarding schools in the East. Judging from their dress and their baggage they came from good homes, and they must have come from well-to-do homes, as none other could stand the cost of the long journey and the school expenses when they reach their destination. We were one whole long day and part of another on the train and during the entire time these young girls behaved like perfect hoydens. No one expects to see a group of girls sit like old women, but there is a happy medium between that, and holding a pillow fight across the aisle of the car, tearing up magazines and throwing them about, laughing and singing until the car rang, without the slightest regard to the comfort of any of the other passengers, and scraping up acquaintance with strange men on the train. All of these things were done by these girls, one egging the other on. I could not help thinking of their mothers, many of whom, I have no doubt, denying themselves in order that their daughters might enjoy this opportunity of education. I question greatly if the education received in boarding schools is of value to offset the harm done by three or four days spent in such a manner going to and returning from school. I am not much of an advocate for chaperons, but if groups of girls, such as these, cannot be sent to and from school in charge of some older person, who will have a restraining influence upon them, then, I say, by all means let them stay at home and take such education as they can get there. Such conduct as these girls were guilty of, though probably innocent enough in itself, was such as to invite unpleasant attentions from any bad men that might be about and in any case to rub off, for ever, the natural modesty that should be the chief charm of a young girl.

Odds and Ends. The French Chamber of Commerce of Milan says that an artificial cotton is now made from the cellulose of the fir tree freed from bark and knots. The fibres, after being pulverized by a special machine, are placed in a horizontal brass, lead-lined cylinder of some 3,500 cubic feet capacity and steamed for ten hours, after which 2,000 cubic feet of bisulphate of soda wash is added, and the whole is heated for 36 hours under a pressure of three atmospheres. Then the wood, or fibre, which has become very white, is washed and ground by a series of strong metallic meshes, after which it is again washed and given an electro-chemical bleaching by means of chloride of lime. Passage between two powerful rollers then dries the matter, producing a pure cellulose, which, when reheated in a tight metal boiler, containing a mixture of chloride of zinc and hydrochloric and nitric acids, to which is added a little castor oil casein, and gelatine to give resistance to the fibre, gives a constant paste. Threads are then produced by passing this paste through a kind of draw-plate. These threads after passing over a gummed cloth are immersed in a weak solution of

carbonate of soda and passed between two slowly turning drying cylinders. Finally, to give the necessary solidity, the thread is treated to an ammoniacal bath and rinsed in cold water, after which the product is pliable and works well.

In Bavaria experiments have recently been made to produce cotton from pine wood, and it is claimed that the trials have been very successful.

Forget.

Would you increase your happiness?
Would you your life prolong?
Would you be loved by everyone?
Then listen to my song.

Forget your neighbor's fault, my friend,
Forget what you've been told,
Let kindness and unselfishness
Win those whose hearts are cold.

Forget peculiarities;
Their good points keep in mind;
Forget old strifes and histories;
Sad memories leave behind.

Blot out what happened yesterday;
Begin a new, clean sheet;
And write thereon, for memory's sake,
Things lovable and sweet.

—Frank E. Edwards, in Washington News Letter.

The Last Road.

Across the silence of the hills
(O distant hills of dream)
The Piper's magic music shrills
And ripples like a stream.
Beyond the moor, beyond the fen,
Thin, tremulous, and silver-clear,
It pierces to the souls of men;
It calls—and they must hear.

The voice of all the crowded town
(O voice of tears and laughter!)
The Piper's charmed note shall drown,
They turn and follow after.
By its wild lure their feet are drawn
To walk a way they do not know.
Whatever heart be left to mourn,
It calls—and they must go.

They leave their hearts' desire behind
(O witching tune the piper plays!)
None know what they may hope to find,
What waits beyond the trackless ways,
No grief can hold, no love can keep,
No wild regret their eyes can dim;
Whatever heart be left to weep.
The Piper calls—they follow him.

—Ursula Twenty, in Pall Mall Gazette.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

W. Gordon-Stables, M. D.: Darning socks and stockings is far better for a girl than studying physiology.

Mme. Sarah Grand: Some girls are awfully particular about whom they marry until somebody asks them.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M. D.: Does anyone ever know a man so well as his doctor?

General Booth: There is no heart desolation equal to that which can come to one in a throng.

George Ade: A son always feels younger after visiting with the "old folks."

T. P. O'Connor, M. P.: Usually with savages, as with wild beasts, the only virtue is strength and the only vice weakness.

Mark Twain: Women usually have a hard time with preliminary practice because it is so hard for them to keep track of the previous question.

Lord Dundonald: Hunting things is a primitive instinct, which crops up without much breaking of the strain in our most modern lfie.

Elbert Hubbard: Opportunity, meaning success, is scattered everywhere for those who have the sagacity and energy to grasp it.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: The man who means to marry an ideal that no woman reaches is usually a cold-hearted prig.

W. J. Bryan, in The Commoner: Texas has just stacked up $35,000 she raked in as a fine from the harvester trust. The trust feels pretty well thrashed and is not chaffing about it.

The Toronto News: Reduced to household terms, the Bishop of London's advice to young clergymen for a successful life is: "More ginger and less starch."

Walter Wellman: Nearly everybody commences life with the idea that there is no such thing as luck pure and simple; but what does experience teach him?

Hon. T. Mayne Daly: There is no part of Canada in which the true Canadian spirit can be more fully awakened and abundantly thrive than in our great west.

Premier Roblin: No man can be properly listed as a good citizen in the Dominion of Canada who is not a working man. We have no aristocracy in this country.

Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington: What the bony skeleton is to the body, and what the steel ribs are to a ship, the law is to the State, holding all parts fitly joined together.

R. L. Borden, M. P.: Our splendid western lands should be held up as a prize to the best emigrating races of the world, and a policy of careful selection should be pursued in the future.

Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis: A lot of people doubt the efficacy of prayer because they only try it when they feel like asking for something they want. Those who ask for what they need seldom express any doubts.

Rev. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus: The criminal deserves no flattery; and current literature would be less pernicious if this fact of the essential sordidness of all crime were well drilled into the rising generation.

Thomas A. Edison: Some opportunity will come at some time to every man. Then it depends upon himself, and upon what he shall have made of himself, what he makes of it and what it will make of him.

Mrs. Katherine Lente Stevenson: The home is the centre and anchor of life for both children and parents. It gives happiness to the one and forms the character of the other. All after life is built upon the home life; from it the first and best and most lasting education is drawn.

Mrs. Cornwallis West: We had a good long winter—we are generally well off in that respect—we have had no spring, no summer to speak of, and possibly we shall have but little autumn. Probably we shall make up for all these deficiencies by an early winter.

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Western School of Telegraphy

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Write for Calendar,

E. DAVIES,
Principal.

At the "Fit-Ryt" Shoe Store this is a Month of

EXTRAORDINARY PRICING

IN MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

IT is seldom, indeed, that circumstances and conditions enable us to offer all, in a single month, such an unlimited number of special and extraordinary values as are presented at this store just now. If there exists in your mind any doubt whatever as to what concern gives the greatest values, then study the offerings here mentioned. Every price means a distinct saving to YOU. Every offering is of such unusual character as to make the finding of an equal value elsewhere out of the question. Investigation on your part will prove this to be an absolute certainty.

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SPECIAL IN MEN'S FINE SHOES

No. 1—Light and Heavy Sewn Soles and Goodyear welts, in Vici kid, Velour calf, King calf. Newest styles, all sizes Regular $3.50 and $4.00 ..... **$2.49**

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No. 2—Women's Fine American, Cuban Heel Shoes, Goodyear welts Regular $4.00, now **$2.95**

No. 2½—Fit-Ryt Shoes for Women, patent colts, soft kid uppers, Goodyear welts, Cuban heel Our regular $5.00 ..... **$3.35**

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No. 3—Men's $3.00 Shoes, suitable for city or country wear **$1.98**

No. 4—Men's $3 50 and $4 00 Business Shoes in box calf, Vici kid and Velour calf, and tan willow calf, Blucher and Balmoral styles To clear. **$2.98**

No. 5 Men's $6.00, $6 50, and $7.50 patent colt and Vici kid button and lace, latest lasts **$4.98**

SHOE BARGAINS FOR WOMEN

No. 6—Women's $3.50 and $3.00 High Boots in Vici kid, patent tips, military and smart city heels, Blucher and Balmoral styes..... **$1.98**

No. 7—Women's $4.50 High Boots patent colt, Blucher styles, Cuban heels, new lasts. Sizes 2½ to 7 .... **$2.98**

No. 8—Misses' $2 00 High Boots box calf and Vici kid, Blucher styles, patent tips. Sizes 11 to 2.... **$1.69**

No. 9—Misses' High Boots, Dongola kid, patent tips and self tips **$1.29**

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No. 10—Men's $3.50 and $4 00 Vici kid, patent colt and Velour calf Shoes, in Blucher and Balmoral styles, Goodyear welts. Just what you need for the fall. Selling at Factory Price **$2.49**

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Style, Ease and Extra Value in the following lines, known as

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No. 12—Women's Regular $1.50 strap slippers, all sizes **$1.10**

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No. 14—Women's $2 00 and $2.50 Shoes, in Dongola kid, with patent tips and sewn soles. Balmoral and Blucher styles. Extra good value **$1.49**

No. 15—Women's $5.00 Vici Kid Shoes, with Goodyear welt and hand turned soles. Every woman who dresses well sho ld see these They're a great bargain **$3.35**

No. 16—Men's $5.00 and $5.50 Shoes, in Russian calf, leather lined, with Goodyear welt. A stylish shoe and serviceable What you need for fall and winter **$3.98**

No. 17—Men's $2.00 and $2.50 Shoes for $1.49 Those who care to economize will appreciate this shoe. They're shown in Dongola and box calf. Remember the..... **$1.49**

No. 18—Boy's strong Lace Boots in dependa le leathers. Sizes 1 to 5 Regular $2.00, now..... **$1.50**

No. 18½—Boy's $2 50 and $2 75 Shoes, box calf and Vici kid. Sizes 1 to 5..... **$1.98**

No. 19—Boy's School Shoes. Sizes 1 to 5. A shoe that is stylish and serviceable. Worth Regularly $2 00 **$1.49**

No. 20—Youth's School Shoes. Splendid wearing qua ities. Sizes 11 to 13 Factory price..... **98c.**

No. 21—Misses' Lace and Button Shoes, in box calf or Dongola. Pretty feet without pretty shoes are an impossibility. These are the shoes for you. They are worth $2 00 and $2.50 We're selling them at..... **$1.49**

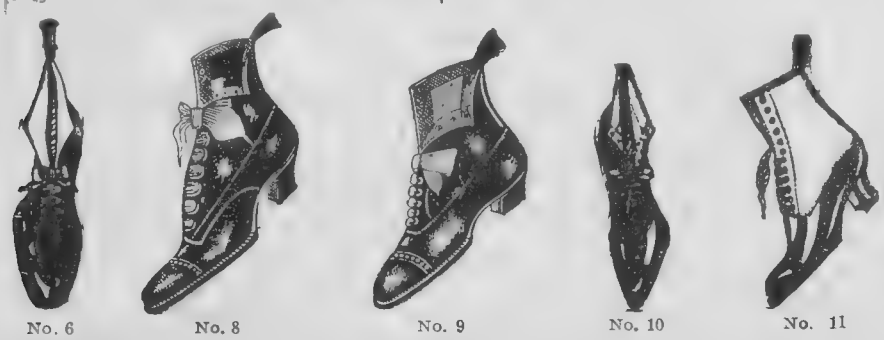
No. 22—Misses' Dongola Lace Shoes, with plain or patent tips Worth $1.50 and $1.75, for..... **$1.29**

No. 23—Children's Pebble Grain Lace Boots. Sizes 5 to 7. Regular $1.25 Our price..... **65c**

No. 24—Children's Kid Lace Boots and Strap Slippers. Sizes 7 to 10 Regularly $1.25 and $1.50..... **89c**

No. 25—Children's Kid Button Boots and Strap Slippers, Sizes 3 to 7 Regular $1 00, for **49c**

No. 26—Child's Grain Pebble Lace Boots. Sizes 8 to 10..... **75c**



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MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY. **W. CHAPMAN.**

Autumn Hats. Hats are really lovely! The influence of the picturesque, drooping styles of the Gainsborough and Reynolds periods is felt, as the hats are large and beautiful not only in line but in color and texture as well. The general contour is quite the reverse of last year, as they are worn well down on the head, and though in most cases barettes are used, they are not visible. The newer hats are, as a rule, rather flat, with the drooping brims noticeably wider in the back than in the front; in fact, the brims are so deep in the back that little, if any, of the hair shows.

A charming afternoon hat in the style of Louis XVI., made of claret colored satin and trimmed with ostrich feathers of the same color, but in a much lighter shade, form an agreeable combination.

A new toque of Watteau-blue velvet, trimmed with an uncurled ostrich aigrette, to be worn with semi-taliored costumes, is real dainty.

All of the new hats are worn farther back on the head than has been the case for the past few seasons; this allows the front of the hair to show, and is a style which is most becoming to most women.

The large bell shaped hats with the enormously wide brims, which curve down over the face, are worn quite flat on the head, and almost entirely conceal the face. These hats are made in two styles—with the downward-turning brim and the brim rolled up in the centre front and side front, and rolling down over the hair in the back.

Afternoon Dress. The woman who is planning a number of new gowns for her fall and winter wardrobe should have one costume in velvet. In finish and coloring the fabric was never lovlier and from the fashion point of view it is specially high style.

One of the most fashionable designs for a velvet costume is in the new redingote waist and seven gored skirt. This costume is made of forest green velvet, elaborately embroidered in silk braid in two shades of green, or black may be used if preferred.

The waist is of white filet net over chiffon and silk. Broadcloth is another material specially suited for calling and church gowns. In light shades it will also be much used for evening wear. The new fancy broadcloths in soft plaids, checks and stripes are being much used by many of the most fashionable dressmakers. Plain broadcloths, however, are still in demand for the demi-tailored costume. These plain broadcloths, elaborately braided, will be much in fashion.

Simplicity in Dress. Simplicity is the keynote of the wardrobe of the really well dressed woman. To be sure, in many cases it may be only apparent simplicity, but the effect given is always the same.

The mistake made by many women who aim to be well dressed without knowing how to do it lies in excess—trying to improve good and simple lines of true taste by over-elaboration, which quickly turns to vulgarity.

To feel that one must slavishly follow the dictates of fashion is positively absurd. To make a few practical illustrations of how good taste and economy may be happily combined, let us begin with color. If you can buy only a few new clothes each year, the choice of color is very important, nor should you be led to follow pronounced fashions or violent colors. Choose simple, soft colors and even keep to as few as you can, so that odd hats and skirts may be changed about and worn as the occasion demands.

See that the coat of one suit will look well when worn with the skirt of another, and that your hats are all trimmed so they may be worn with any one of your costumes. Do not attempt to use laces or expensive trimmings of this kind, because laces especially are good only when they are of the best quality. A woman with good taste would as soon think of wearing cheap lace as of giving a guest cheap butter; therefore, if you cannot have good laces, do not have any. Use, instead, some of the delicate hand-embroidery stitches, hemstitching or fagot stitching in bands, all of which are pretty and always in good taste. Never trim for the sake of trimming.

For Theatre or Evening Wear. Fichu-scarfs, which are a revival of a charming old fashion, are once again a fad of the hour, and are most becoming and graceful for theatre or evening wear.

They may be made of chiffon-satin or of mousseline-taffeta, and edged with two rows of box plaited quilling of the material, finished at the ends with deep silk fringe. A buckle holds the centre back in place, and is made of silk finely corded, giving a particularly decorative effect. Scarfs on this order may be made by any girl at very little cost. When silk is too expensive, chiffon or net could be used, edged with quilling or a narrow lace.

A Becoming Veil. A new and most becoming veil is introduced this season. It falls straight around the face and is draped to the hat in the back. It is of dotted tulle, trimmed with very narrow satin ribbon applied in a simple scroll design around the lower edge.

Veils of this description, though charming in white for afternoon wear with dressy costumes, would also be particularly becoming and appropriate for older women when made of black.

Any becoming mesh may be selected and the narrow ribbon applied, or if the veil is for general wear an even simpler design can be used. About two yards of veiling will be required.

A Supply of Aprons. A liberal supply of aprons is a wise economy; one or two of these should be made with sleeves and a high neck, so that if it is necessary to go into the kitchen with a good dress on it may be completely covered. A full ruffle six inches wide across the bottom of all aprons is a great protection to the lower end of the skirt. Nowadays many women who do their own work, or some part of it, wear cotton dresses exclusively about the house, adding extra undergarments for the necessary warmth. This method is a great saving of wool dresses; but it may add too much to a large family washing to be practicable in all cases. It is worth remembering, however, that no woman who spends much time in the kitchen can afford to wear her street costumes there without proper protection. The care of clothing is just as important to economy as care in buying it.

A number of the younger dramatic aspirants of Portage la Prairie are organizing into a dramatic society and will proceed with the preparation of a well known farce comedy.

The concert given by Miss Lever at Portage la Prairie on Friday, September 20th, was a great success. There was a large audience present who did not fail to show their appreciation of Miss Lever's ability.

"The Denver Express," was produced at the Pratt Opera House, Portage la Prairie, on Monday, Sept. 9. The lines were original, bright, clean and sparkling and the piece went with a dash and finish from first to last that provoked uproarious laughter and the most hearty applause. The plot is interwoven with a beautiful love story full of many serious and comical situations.

The dramatic recital given by J. Frank Fouche in the Presbyterian Church, Strathcona, was a decided success. Mr. Fouche is a reader of the highest order and his interpretation of the "Trial Scene" in the Merchant of Venice was beyond criticism. Every item on the programme was thoroughly enjoyed and Mr. Fouche is assured a hearty welcome in Strathcona should he visit us again.

The Winnipeg Theatre, on September 23rd, was given over to a sumptious revival of one of Frohman's Empire Theatre successes, "A Royal Family." This, one of the tenderest and prettiest romances ever staged, is from the pen of a most graceful and ingenious author, Capt. Robert M. Marshall, and was the first romantic comedy played by the Stock Company this season.

A most successful concert was given at Swan River on Monday, September 9th. The programme was as follows:

Instrumental.....Mr. Hugh Gregory
Solo.....Mr. Alf. Wyldman
Recitation..... .....Miss Hunt
Quartette.....Misses McKay, Springstein, Vansicle, and Mossip
Instrumental.. .. ..Miss Vrooman
Recitation.. .. ..Miss Smith
Instrumental .. ..Mr. Smiley
Solo.. .. ..Mrs. Ross
Instrumental Duett.....Misses Ibbetson and McFadden
Recitation.. .. ..Miss Vrooman
Solo.. .. ..Mr. Alf. Wyldman
Instrumental.....Mr. Hugh Gregory
Trio.....Messrs. Ibbetson, Hollitt, and Cooper
Chairman - - Rev. D. G. Ross
"God Save The King."

The Jere McAuliffe Company have been playing a most successful engagement in Brandon, their greatest success being the presentation of "The Mining King." From first to last the company upheld the reputation it has made for itself during its stay here, and earned unstinted applause from the large audience present. Jere McAuliffe again demonstrated his extreme versatility in the assumption of strange characters, while the ladies of the company were as charming and vivacious as ever. If one might be singled out for special eulogy, it would be Miss Augusta Perry, whose difficult role is filled with a force and abandon beyond praise. The company have now left for the west, where they have booked engagements for the whole of next month. A return visit to Brandon is promised during October.

The members of Indian Head Philharmonic Society have been winning laurels by their clever acting in "H. M. S. Pinafore" and each performance was well attended. The leaders in the opera were admirably chosen. Miss Fournier as "Josephine" was a decided favorite, her rich soprano and clear recitative together with her attractive characterization taking the house by storm. Miss Cottingham as "Little Butter Cup" and Miss Blanche Boyd as "Hebe" also won much praise. Mr. Paul Dennison as "The first lord of the admiralty" and Mr. T. Butterworth as Capt. Corcoran carried out their parts well in voice and acting. O. J. Godfrey made a capital Ralph Rackstraw and won much applause. Apparently R. M. Napier was less of an amateur than some of the others, his representation of the peculiar yet humorous disposition of Dick Deadeye being ably carried out. In Mrs. F. W. Chisholm the company has an accompanist of unusual merit. It is a satisfaction to learn that the society cleared some $60, although their expenses were of necessity heavy.

The Winnipeg Stock Company opened their second season at the Winnipeg Theatre on September 2nd and judging by their performances to date, bid fair to even eclipse their splendid record of last season. When the curtain rose on "The Altar of Friendship," a house packed to the doors gave a tremendous ovation to the old favorites, Miss Warren, Miss Moulton, Miss Rivers and the clever leading man, Mr. Alison. The new members quickly won themselves into favor and in "The Cowboy and The Lady," which was presented the following week, received very flattering attention. Their first farce, "Are You a Mason?" came as a welcome relief after the preceding rather heavy comedies and the versatility of the various members of the company is certainly amazing. Crowded houses should be the order all through October.

The concert given by the Davidson Agricultural Society in British Hall marked an epoch in musical circles in Davidson. Mrs. Percival Dean, W. Lynnwood Farnam and Mrs. E. Sephton were the stars of the occasion and to them more than to anyone else is due the great success of the concert. Mrs. Percival Deane possesses a rich contralto voice of wide range, over which she has perfect control. Her rendition of Edwards' "Sweet Thoughts of Home" was particularly charming, as were also "When the Tide Comes In" (Barnby) and "My Little Love" (Hawley). W. Lynnwood Farnam ably maintained the high reputation he has acquired as a pianist. Such difficult compositions as the last movement in Schumann's "Concerto in A Major" and "Rhapsody No. 15" (Liszt) were executed with a precision and symmetry which characterizes the work of an experienced artiste. Mrs. E. Sephton is a violinist of the first rank. She has a splendid mastery of technique, as was shown in the several difficult selections given by her, which were played with that deep sympathy of expression which always finds a responsive chord in the hearts of the audience. Mrs. H. F. Helmsing was the accompanist, and filled the office to the satisfaction of the audience, and showed that she is a thoroughly accomplished pianist.

The play presented by the amateurs of Neepawa was by far the most successful ever given by a non-professional company in that town and an audience which filled the Opera House to the doors evinced the greatest enthusiasm. The play told of the fascination of an elderly bachelor with the photograph of a handsome woman, to whose father he promptly proposed marriage, but, being somewhat timid and cautious, a young nephew was deputed to personally visit the girl to see that she was as good as she looked, and to assure her of the good character of the proposer. The deputy was more than pleased, and took the prize himself, but kept the marriage a secret from his uncle, who, he informed, the young lady was far from a desirable wife. In time the uncle returns from abroad and finds out the truth and the young wife also learns of the false certificate of character given her b her husband. Then there was trouble. W. B. St. John took the part of the deceitful young nephew, who was a lawyer sometimes and a liar all the time. Fred White was the victimized uncle who eventually got even. Miss Eva Hamilton impersonated the fair damsel who looked so beautiful but was reported to be not so nice as she looked. Jack Card played the sporty old father of this fascinating girl. Jas. Hay represented the pitiful plight of the man who had married for money and was sorry for it; while Mrs. Slater took the part of the perfectly awful tyrant-wife. Miss Gertie Law was good as the sprightly and michievous maid. The total receipts amounted to $180, of which the hospital will get about $100.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disoreder liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

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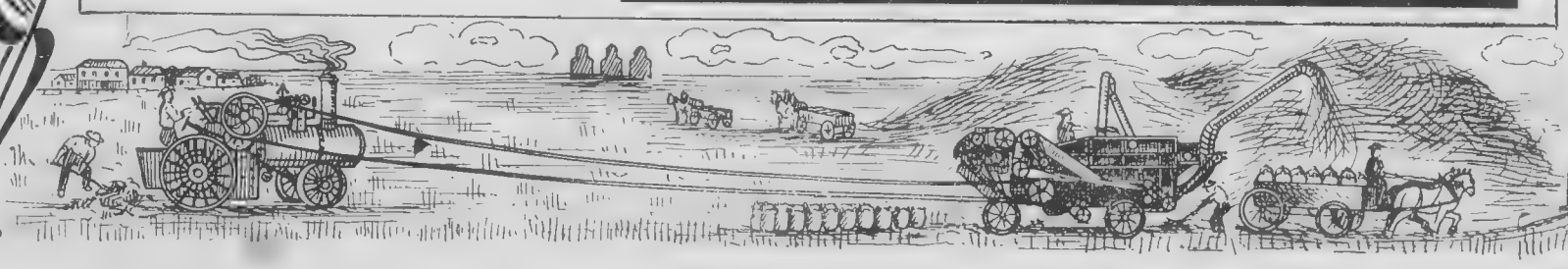

Crop Conditions in Western Canada.

The price of wheat is now at a point which should gladden the heart of every Western farmer having a fair quantity to market. Reports from some points would indicate that the crop showing of a month ago is not materializing as was expected, while against that again recent advices encourage the belief that in other parts of the country where the showing was unsatisfactory early in the season a good crop is being threshed.

In a country so vast as Western Canada it is only reasonable to expect that a uniform yield cannot be expected every year. Taking everything into consideration, Western Canada has every reason to be thankful for making such a good showing this year. This has been a freak season all over the American continent and in the older provinces of Canada, as well s in the corn belt, and wheat growing districts in the United States, crop expectations have not been fully realized.

Prices range from 25 to 35 per cent higher than at this time last year, and it is safe to predict that our farmers in Western Canada will have as much, if not more, money this year than they had last year after the crop is all marketed.

There is no need for pessimism, and taking everything into consideration, there is no reasonable grounds for any widespread complaint. True, there is an apparent shortage of money as compared with last year, but this condition existed prior to harvest time and must not be attributed to the fear of a shortage in the crop. Over-speculation in real estate, resulting from rapidly increasing prices, causing our wage earners to withdraw their monies out of the savings banks to invest in propetry, is mainly responsible for a great deal of the shortage of money felt during the past few months.

In the end, the temporary lull in business will have a wholesome effect as it will tend to stop over-speculation, resulting in business being conducted on safer and more conservative basis in future.

The following table shows the price of October wheat for four years, viz.—1904, 1905, 1906 and 1907. It is interesting to note how the price varies from year to year.

Aug.	1904	1905	1906	1907.
	$ cts.	cts.	cts.	cts.
23	1 04	79¼	73	95
24	99	78¾	72¾	95
25	1 01½	78¾	73	
26	1 00			96
27	1 00¾	78½	72¼	96
28	1 00¾	77¾	72¼	97
29	1 04	77	72	97
30	1 03½	77	71¼	97
31	1 03¼	77¼	71½	98
Sept.	1904	1905	1906	1907.
1	1 02¾	77½	71¼	
2	—			
3	1 02¼	77½	71¼	99
4	1 00½		70¼	99
5		76½	69½	98
6	99½	76½	69½	98½
7	1 00½	77⅛	69¾	99
8	1 02½	77¼	69½	
9				1 01½
10	1 00¾	77	69	
11	1 02½	77¾	69¼	
12	1 07½	77¾	70	
13	1 08	77½	70¼	
14	1 05½	77¾	71⅛	
15	1 04¾	78¼	72¼	
16				
17	1 03	78¼	70¾	
18	1 01¾	77¼	71¾	
19	1 01	77	72½	
20	1 01	77½	73½	
21	1 00	77¾	73½	
22	1 01¼	78½	73¾	

Comparative Chart of Manitoba Wheat Prices

Commencing August 20, ending September 23, 1907.

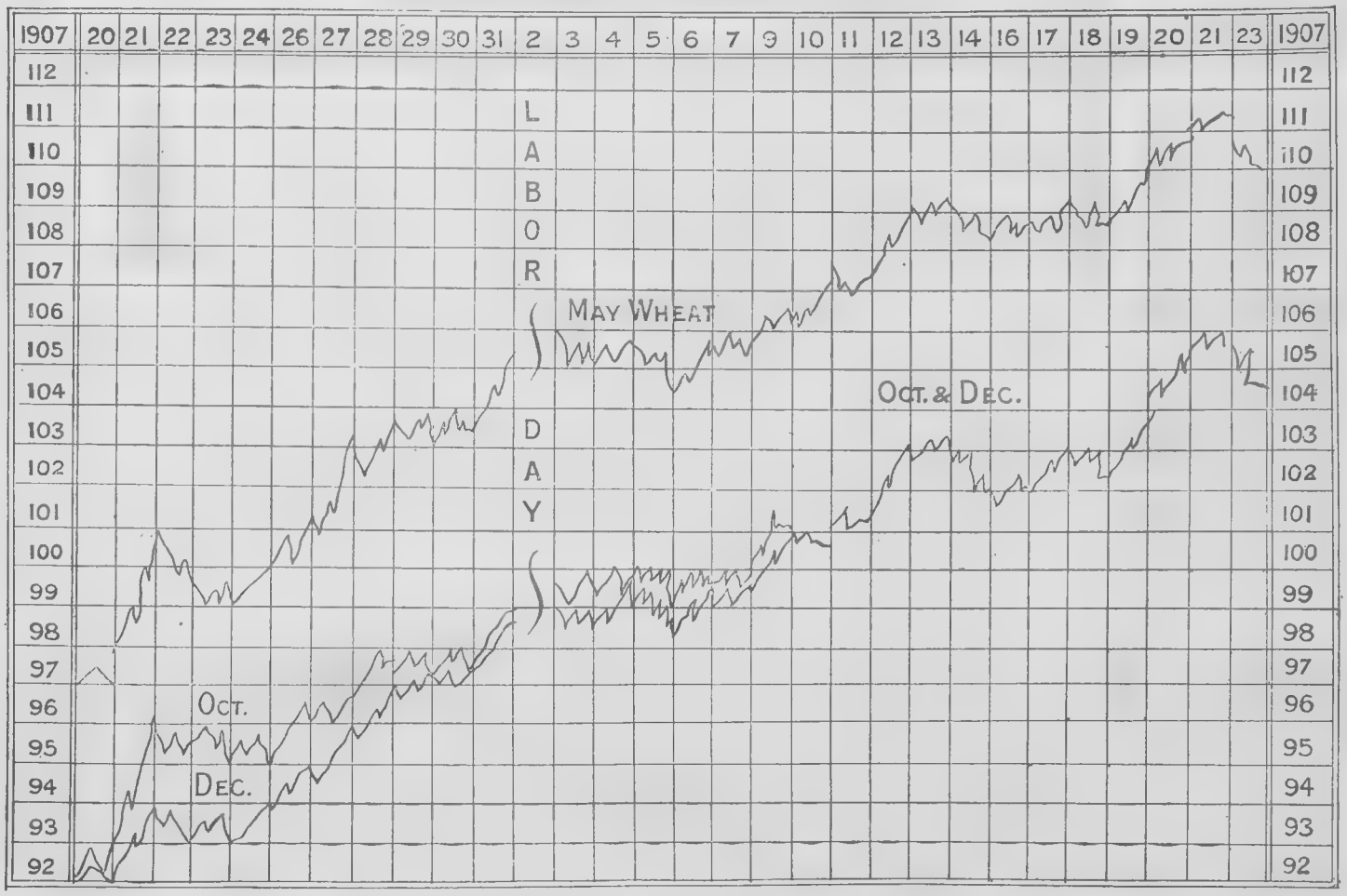

Chart showing fluctuations of Winnipeg wheat, supplied by

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ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead conditions under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

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New Fortune-Telling for Hallowe'en

By MARY DAWSON.

Many new games and divinations make it possible for this year's Hallowe'en hostess to vary the time-honored but too well-known program of burning nuts and bobbing for apples, without foregoing the element of mystery which constitutes the principal charm of the feast.

Original ways of fortune-telling and clairvoyance which might fail to carry conviction on October thirty-first or November first, introduced with due solemnity on the witching eve of All Hallows, become for the occasion as oracular of destiny as any spell woven of old on this propitious date.

Magic Mirrors—By means of a novel and most amusing bit of clairvoyance called the Magic Mirrors, the fate-seeker is not only enabled to discover the name and identity of the future life-mate, but is afforded a portrait of the interesting person. The game requires as many little mirrors as there are women present, the number of men and girls in the company being necessarily equal. Each girl in the room is given a mirror, a sheet of white paper, and the men are temporarily banished into the hall or adjoining apartment. A hand-bell is rung, and each girl is allowed five minutes in which to make a sketch of her own physiognomy, using the mirror, of course, for consultation. Another bell, and the drawing is discontinued. Each girl taking her likeness, which is, of course, without signature, hides it somewhere in the room. The men are then readmitted and told to search for portraits of their "futures." The fun which results when the nameless little sketches are discovered and discussed—the guessing, questioning, innuendo—may safely be left to the imagination of any company of healthy fun-loving young people.

The divination gains in impressiveness, if some little ceremony is attached to the distribution of the mirrors. Thus, each glass may be wrapped in tissue-paper and buried in a box of sand, to be unearthed by the men, blindfolded, and with appropriate rhyming incantations which the hostess can invent for the purpose. Or they may be suspended from a ribbon stretched across the room to be reached and untied blindfolded. Special virtue is understood to attach to these preliminaries, which must be carried out in detail.

Prophetic Initials—To replace the ancient ceremony of the apple parings, which when cast over the left shoulder will give the initial letter of a most interesting name, Hallowe'eners could introduce one equally amusing and of later invention—Prophetic Initials. An ordinary skillet or chafing-dish is filled with a liquid mixture, the ingredients of which are those of the ordinary molasses taffy familiar to every school child. For this occasion the brew is understood to have been compounded by a witch and is endowed with special powers. In addition to the brew, as many cups (of any size or pattern) as there are persons in the company should be at hand, and a large pitcher of ice-water. Each fate-seeker in turn takes a cup, partially fills it with the ice-water and receives from the hostess or other lady in charge of the charm, a teaspoonful of the clairvoyant brew. The letter formed by the candy hardening in the water is that of the all-important name. If no letter is formed the person holding the cup will never marry.

This feature, while further elaboration is not necessary to its success, is sometimes presented with the addition of a Hallowe'en witch. With pointed hat and beard of raveled rope the crone bends over a large preserving kettle from which she dips up the brew into the cups. A skillet and a tiny spirit lamp concealed within the kettle serve to hold the candy mixture and to keep it liquid during the very few minutes required. Stuffed black cotton cats, and unintelligible charms muttered over the kettle heighten the effect.

Spearing the Ring—To ascertain infallibly which members of the company will marry soon, which later, and which not at all, arrange the test of the ring. This (a plain gold wedding-ring) is suspended by a cord from a nail in the ceiling or from the chandelier. Have on hand a couple of steel knitting-needles. Each girl in turn is given a needle, the ring is set in motion and the Hallowe'ener asked to spear it. If it is caught in the first lunge the person in question will marry early; if on the second, he or she will enter matrimony late. If not caught in the third attempt single blessedness is almost certainly foreshadowed.

Hallowe'en Cups—Specially picturesque as a means of lifting the veil of the future are the fortune-telling tea-cups. Any shape, size, or grade of cups will serve, not necessarily uniform. They should be six in number. Arrange them along the edge of a table, or in other similar place. The man or girl to whom the future is to be revealed stands facing the cups, and with eyes closed selects one. By the contents of the one chosen his or her fate is revealed. As the cups are shifted after the eyes of the questioner are closed, it is impossible to obtain in a reading other than that the spirits of the eve decree. In each cup lies some trifle, the mysterious meaning of which is of great significance. A thimble and a button in one cup means bachelor or spinsterhood. The dime in another stands for wealth; the ring, for approaching marriage; two rings, for a widow or widower in one's destiny, according to circumstances; a pink paper heart, a love match, a mitten, unrequited love.

Hallowe'en Pie—Something new and effective for a Hallowe'en supper-table is a fortune-telling pie. For this the largest dish-pan that can be secured makes an excellent foundation. The pan is filled with sawdust, or seashore sand in which are buried a number of small objects which are of special significance on the evening of October thirty-first. The number should include a ring (approaching marriage), a button and a thimble (unwedded bliss, according to the sex of the finder); a coin (wealth, or marriage with a rich man or woman); a mitten (a rejected proposal or an offer of marriage from a person not agreeable to the recipient); a heart of pink cardboard cut almost in two (unrequited love). Make a crust of manila paper fluted at the edges over a cardboard foundation and cut into slices. The pie is brought in by the maid or by the person serving supper. Each guest in turn receives a large ladle with which to help himself to a portion. If the spoonful dipped up contains no emblem the person dipping it will never marry.

Fateful Names—Here the names of all the girls of the company are written on one set of slips; those of the men on another. Both sets are then enclosed in hollow walnut shells which are glued together after the names are inserted. Care is necessary in keeping both sets strictly apart, as any confusion of the two would spoil the game. Place the nuts with girls' names afloat in one tub of water, the men's in another and provide a long dipper. The men dip from one tub, the girls from another. When all have had their turn the nuts are broken open. If any two players have drawn each other's names, the inference of a match in the future is very pronounced. When different names are drawn unrequited affection is hinted at.

Magic Alphabet—When a couple of pounds of the alphabet biscuit so popular with children can be obtained, these may be placed in a bowl and utilized as a means of fortune-telling.

Each man or girl in turn receives a ladle with a long handle, or a wooden spoon. This he or she inserts into the bowl of letters, scooping up as many as possible, closing the eyes during the operation. The fate-seeker then runs around the room holding the spoon in the right hand and keeping it as steady as possible. The letters first to drop from the spoon in the hurried course will be that of the surname of the "future."

Christened Apples—An apple frolic, which never fails to amuse and interest, is called Christened Apples. Necessaries:—A bowl of rosy apples and a large wooden spoon. Each person in turn selects from the dish a rosy apple which he or she secreylt names, giving it the title of some person of the opposite sex concerning whom the spirits of the hour are specially invoked. The fruit is then poised on the wooden spoon, and carrying it the player runs around the room. If the fruit is safely carried over the course, his or her case is extremely hopeful; if the fruit falls success is extremely doubtful.

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam

Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

DIAMOND DYES Enable Mothers to Keep Their Children Well Dressed.

"I save money year after year by using your never-failing **Diamond Dyes.** Every month I re-color one or more little suits and dresses for my children. The cost is trifling, and the children always look well dressed. I am convinced that **Diamond Dyes** are first and best for home use."

Mrs. L. B. Franklin, Hamilton, Ont.

Wise mothers know well that **Diamond Dyes** make home dyeing scientific and successful, because **Diamond Dyes** provide special dyes for Wool, Silk, and combinations of Wool and Silk; and special dyes for Cotton, Linen, and those combinations in which Cotton or Linen generally predominate.

Wise mothers know well that **Diamond Dyes** are simple and easy to use, and that happy and perfect results follow each dyeing operation if **Diamond Dye** Wool dyes are used for coloring Wool, Silk, and combinations of Wool and Silk; and **Diamond Dye** Cotton dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.

Send us your full address and we will mail you free of cost New Teddy-Bear Booklet, New **Diamond Dye** Direction Book and 50 samples of dyed cloth.

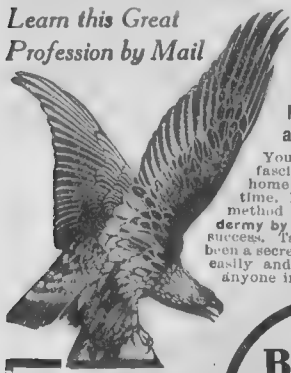
WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, P.Q.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 6, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Learn this Great Profession by Mail

Mount



Birds, Animals, Fish, Game Heads and all Trophies

You can now learn this fascinating art in your home during your spare time. By an entirely new method we teach you **taxidermy by mail** and guarantee success. Taxidermy has long been a secret, but *now* it can be easily and fully mastered by anyone in a very short time.

GREAT **BOOK** "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals" **FREE**

Sportsmen!

Hunters, Fishermen and Naturalists are quick to grasp this wonderful opportunity to learn taxidermy by mail. The cost of tuition is small. This entrancing and money-making art is *now* easy to learn by men, women and boys.

WRITE TODAY

This is the time when Taxidermists are in great demand. More work than they can do. Big money earned by all.

You're Sure of a Big Income

If you know taxidermy. Many *Success guaranteed or no tuition.* of our graduates have given up big salaried positions and opened up a taxidermy business of their own or use taxidermy as a *highly profitable* side line. **Decorate home and den** — preserve the trophies of the chase! Be sure to get our Great Book "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals" anyway. It is sent free. Also our beautiful FREE Taxidermy Magazine. Don't delay. Write at once and learn a profession that will make you independent for life. Remember our great books—absolutely FREE. Address

N.W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY Omaha, Neb.

TROUSERS

To Order By Mail **$3.50**

¶ We guarantee a perfect fit, good materials, proper workmanship.

¶ Patterns to please all tastes in Worsteds, Tweeds, Serges or Homespuns.

¶ With our self-measurement forms any one can take correct measures.

¶ You couldn't duplicate these Trousers elsewhere under $5.00.

Send for samples. Satisfaction or money back.
We deliver FREE anywhere in Canada.

MEN'S WEAR Limited
475 St. Catherine St. East
Refer to any Bank or Mercantile Agency. **MONTREAL**

A

Nordheimer Piano

will invariably be found in the home of the cultured.

Musicians consider the Nordheimer superior to many and the equal of any piano made.

The Nordheimer has been long enough before the Canadian people to convince the most skeptical that it is all that its makers claim for it.

A powerful sympathetic tone of great volume and resonance is credited to the Nordheimer.

Write for illustrated booklet with all information.

NORDHEIMER PIANO CO.,
THE PULFORD BLOCK
DONALD ST. WINNIPEG

Story Pictures For the Children

Send 50 CENTS for a set of seven Story Pictures, beautifully printed and mounted. The little ones will spend happy hours weaving their childish fancies into stories of their own.

For 10 cents we will send one sample picture.

JUDGE COMPANY,
225 Fourth Ave. New York City

GOES LIKE SIXTY
SELLS LIKE SIXTY
SELLS FOR SIXTY **$65**
GILSON GASOLENE **ENGINE**
For Pumping, Cream Separators, Churns, Wash Machines, etc. FREE TRIAL
Ask for catalog—all sizes
GILSON MFG. CO. LTD. 14 York St. Guelph, Ontario.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Rust-Proof Roofing Caps.

The necessity of providing clean and comfortable quarters for farm animals has been repeatedly urged of late in the Government bulletins. This is the highest authority we have on such matters and it is evident that the teachings have had a beneficial effect. There is a marked improvement in plans and materials in buildings for both farm poultry and stock.

Perhaps the best example of the new order of things is to be seen in the large present use of ready roofing and siding. There has been and is now an enormous demand for a light, easily handled and applied, vermin proof and absolutely waterproof ready roofing. Happily the demand has been met in Paroid with a roofing with all the requisites and which is at the same time inexpensive.

The great drawback to ready roofings has been that the nails and tin caps used for fastening have quickly rusted out, causing leaks. The caps have been attacked by rust not only from above but also from beneath, out of reach of protecting paint. The result is they are short-lived.

This rust trouble, we understand, has now been fully overcome by a patented appliance. It consists of a rolling cap which is thoroughly rust proofed on both sides, above and below, also gives no chance for rust or corrosion. The nails used are also rust proofed. Incidentally, the caps are made square, which gives more binding surface and holds the roofing firmer than the round caps.

These new caps are the patent of F. W. Bird & Son, East Walpole, Mass., and are furnished only with Paroid Roofing. They fully justify the claims of the makers that Paroid makes a permanent roof with a permanent cap. Prospective users of roofing are advised to keep in mind "the ready roofing with the square, rust-proof cap." We believe samples not only of the roof but of the caps and nails are sent on application. Address as above, or apply to Hamilton, Ontario, or to F. W. Bird & Son, 937 Logan Ave., Winnipeg. Mention this magazine when writing.

McClary's New Range.

A short time ago the McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont., inaugurated a competition open to the ladies of Canada as a means of securing a name for a new steel range which they intend to put on the market at an early date. The conditions of the contest and list of prizes were printed in this paper.

The McClary Company received a great many replies, over 18,000 names in all being submitted. These were considered by a committee of advertising experts and prizes have been awarded as follows: 1. Saskalta—By Mrs. R. G. Harrison, Pense, Sask. Saskalta is a combination of the words Saskatchewan and Alberta and is very appropriate as the range has been especially constructed for Western trade. 2. Cacune, Goddess of Rest and Ease—Mrs. Wm. Barnet, Living Springs, Ont. 3. Ladies' Aid—By Mrs. John H. Pierce, Truro, N. S. 4. Marathon—By Mrs. Henry Clee, Russell, Man. 5. Clarion—By Miss Elsie Honeyman, Ladner, B. C.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in making the selection owing to the great number of words being submitted which have been used before as names for ranges.

The ladies of Canada from coast to coast showed a great deal of interest in this contest and no doubt will appreciate an illustrated booklet which the McClary Company propose to mail each contestant at an early date.

Reliable in Emergencies.

Mr. L. Strother, 92 Crescent Road, Toronto, Ont., Canada, writes under date of March 26, 1907: "I have been using Absorbine for the past year or more and find it everything that can be desired for soft swellings such as wind puffs, capped hocks, thoroughpins and sprains." Many customers write of the satisfactory results Absorbine gives in removing blemishes, curing lameness, etc. You try a bottle. Price $2.00 at druggists or delivered. Manufactured by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. Canadian agents, Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal.

A Testimonial.

Mr. Tuttle:—I come to tell you that I caught LaGrippe and I was obliged to remain in bed. When Buesin came to my place he sold me a bottle of Family Elixir and I am well cured. You can publish my testimonial. Emanuel Lavigne, St. Ronald, Amherst Co., Labelle.

A Reliable Grain Firm.

It is only natural and a matter of good business for the farmer who grows the grain to seek about for a grain firm that will pay him all his grain is worth, and give him a square deal all round. Every farmer with grain to sell should secure market quotations from Winnipeg before finally disposing of his grain, otherwise he may sell too cheaply and thereby be a considerable loser as a result. The Dunsheath MacMillan Co., Ltd., Grain Commission Merchants, Merchants Bank Building, Winnipeg, are a reliable, trustworthy firm, who will do the right thing by any farmer who may consign his grain to them. They will get him the very highest market price, and transact his business with accuracy and despatch as they are specially noted for their prompt settlements. Farmer readers will find their business announcement on the right hand bottom corner of our grain page.

Write them for all information regarding prices, etc.

The Canadian Newspaper Directory for 1907.

We have just received from the publishers, A. McKim, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto, a copy of the Canadian Newspaper Directory.

This is the fourth edition of this valuable work, which is filling a very real need in Canada, and deserves a place on the desk of every business man. It is the only Newspaper Directory published in Canada that has gone beyond a first edition, and it has now become the standard work of reference for all information about newspapers.

It not only lists and describes fully every periodical in the country, giving full particulars but it supplies, as well, a comprehensive Gazetteer of the Dominion.

Comparing this edition with former ones, we note a large increase in the number of newspapers which have supplied detailed statements of criculation supported by affidavit and thereby received the **Star of Honor.** This is as it should be, and helps to put newspaper advertising on a more business-like basis. The rapid growth of the new western provinces is very apparent, for they are credited with fully twice as many papers as in 1905.

The McKim Advertising Agency, publisher of this work, has been formed into a limited company, capitalized at $200,000, to be known as A. McKim, Limited, with headquarters at Montreal, a branch office in Toronto, and representatives in New York and London, Eng. This change has been made to facilitate the handling of their steadily increasing business.

Ever since this business was founded by Anson McKim, more than twenty years ago, the McKim Agency has stood in high favor of both publisher and advertiser. Their methods are right up-to-date — enterprising, progressive, and systematic to a degree.

The firm has won an enviable reputation for fair dealing and prompt payments and is undoubtedly at the head of the profession in this country.

Important to Grain Growers.

The farmer and grain grower have right along been outspoken in favor of increased competition among grain buyers. According to business laws, the more competitors the more competition.

For the foregoing reason, if for no other reason, the grain growers of this country should welcome the advent of the Peter Jansen Co., grain commission merchants, who have just opened spacious offices in the Union Bank Building, Winnipeg. The Peter Jansen Co., a strictly grain commission firm, enter into the grain commission business well equipped to give the farmers an adequate service which will be agreeable to those farmers fortunate enough to consign their grain to them. Realizing that many farmers are not wholly familiar with the making out of shipping bills and other business forms necessary to facilitate the shipment of their own grain, the Peter Jansen Co. have prepared an elaborate booklet which contains all kinds of forms, shipping bills, etc., all made out in proper manner, which the farmer can imitate by substituting his own name for the names in the forms when making out his own shipping forms. This booklet is entitled "Every Farmer's Form Filler," and a copy will be mailed free of charge to every reader of the Western Home Monthly who will make request for same. Just write the Peter Jansen Co., Grain Commission Merchants, 803 Union Bank Building, and ask for "Booklet" Every Farmer's Form Filler, and when writing mention the Western Home Monthly.

Remarkable Fat Reducer

A New Remedy Which Quickly Reduces Surplus Flesh, Leaving the Person in Normal Weight and Good Health.

The Above Illustration Shows the Remarkable Effects of this Wonderful Obesity Reducer —What It Has Done for Others it Can Do For You.

TRIAL BOX FREE

No dieting, exercise or exertion is necessary. My natural, scientific Obesity Reducer does all the work. You will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home reducer.

Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to **F. J. Kellogg, 639 Kellogg Block, Battle Creek, Mich.,** and you will receive a trial package by return mail, all charges prepaid.

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An Important Saving

Can be effected if you order your clothes from London. It is everyday knowledge that the best Tailoring is obtained there.

JOHN J. M. BULT
140 FENCHURCH STREET,
CASH TAILOR, LONDON, ENG.

has a Special Department in his business for attending to the requirements of those abroad, where the same personal attention is given which has built up his reputation at home. He guarantees the best quality cloth — the best styles also.

Prices are as follows:—

Frock Coat and Vest, from		$16.00
Dress Suit (Silk-lined)	,,	$21.00
Lounge Suit	,,	$14.00
Norfolk and Knickers	,,	$16.00

A choice of Tweeds, Flannels, Cheviots and Serges may be had. Kindly state which required and the color when writing for PATTERNS. Self measurement forms on application. As a register is kept of all customers' measures, an accurate fit is guaranteed. RIDING BREECHES cut on the most approved lines from $10.50

MEDICAL

THE KEELEY CURE

For Liquor and Drug using. A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by competent physicians for the past 27 years.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE OF WINNIPEG

676 Jessie Avenue, Cor. Hugo Street, in old Fort Rouge.

Cured of Drunkenness

How a Montreal lady cured her husband of drunkenness with a secret home remedy.

"I want to tell you that tasteless Samaria Prescription has entirely cured my husband of drunkenness so quickly and simply that I am astonished. How glad I am that I confided in you and wrote for your free sample package. The sample tablets I got from you checked his drinking, and before I had used the full treatment he was permanently cured. I gave him the remedy in his tea, and as it had no taste or smell, he never knew he was taking it. I want others to know; so you can use this letter, but please not my name yet. I may say that my husband's health is better in every way than for years.

Free Package and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Address: THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 112 Jordon Chambers Jordon St., Toronto, Ont.

PEACH'S CURTAINS

Let us send you FREE our Mail Order Catalogues.
Curtains, Linens, Hosiery, Blouses, Gents' Tailoring Catalogue, Ladies' Fashion Booklet, Boot and Shoe List.
Buy British-made Goods. Sturdy, Reliable makes.
BENEFIT BY THE PREFERENTIAL TARIFF.

POPULAR CANADIAN PARCEL
5 pairs Lace Curtains **$6.30** postage free. (White or Ecru.)
Contains:—**2 pairs superb Diningroom Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 60 ins. wide.**
1 pair exquisite Drawingroom Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide.
2 pairs choice Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 43 ins. wide.
Merit, Taste and Value have increased the Sales every year. Free to your home, **$6.30**
Letter orders have careful attention. We are here in contact with the markets and supply at lowest rates, have been in business 50 years, and only transmit Reliable Goods. Direct from the Looms at makers prices.
We can help you. Write for our Catalogues, FREE. FREE
Price Lists may be obtained at the office of this Paper
SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms, Box 8, NOTTINGHAM, Eng. Est. 1857.

Mail Order Specialities

CATALOGUES FREE

Combination Bed and Box Couches from - - - - $14.00 to $22.00
Plain Couches, as Cataloged, or made to order, from - $4.50 to $14.25
Steel Ranges and Stoves, will burn coal, coke or wood, from $14 50 to $42.45
Heaters, all sizes, to burn coal, coke or wood, from - - $4.50 to $19.75
High Grade Sewing Machines, with our ten year guarantee, at $18.00, $26.50, and $27.00 only
Single and Double Buggy and Farm Harness, from - - $12.00 to $45.75

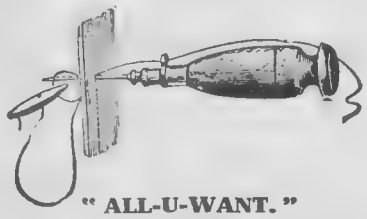
Western Agents for Rymer's Piano and Furniture Polish and Reviver, best on the market. Sold in 4oz. bottles, 25c., 10oz. bottles, 50c. post paid.

Send us your name and address on a post card saying "Please forward your Special Catalogue as advertised," and we will forward the same Free by return mail.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

The Winnipeg Couch Co., 108 Bon Accord Blk., Winnipeg, Man.
10.17T. M.O.

MEND YOUR OWN BOOTS, HARNESS, Etc.,



"ALL-U-WANT."
Inquire of hardware merchants in your own town. Selling price 50c. each. Waxed Thread 10c. spool. Extra Needles 5c. each.
"AWL-U-WANT" 79 Front St., E. Toronto, Wholesale Agents.

SILK
I have bought a beautiful lot of silk pieces from the largest tie maker here, and am offering a big package containing a lovely assortment, for only 25c. Every piece is perfectly new; of the finest tie silk; flowered, figured and striped; the very thing for fancy work. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 25c to-day. **Mrs. Johnston, 4 McGee Bldg., Toronto.**

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

4222-4059—A New Jumper and Skirt for a Miss.

Dame Fashion has not created a more charming mode for a young girl than that of the jumper and guimpe, as it is not only practical and youthful but immensely becoming. The model sketched is one of excellent style, the neck line being deep and tapering while the Mandarin sleeves are quaint and graceful. Tucks at the shoulder provide a pretty fulness for the front and conceal the joining of the sleeve. The guimpe may be of any sheer washing fabric and tucked or inset with lace, as desired.

The skirt is side plaited and ripples prettily at the hem. This, together with the jumper, may be of any worsted, cloth, silk or mohair. The medium size calls for 4⅜ yards of 44-inch material for the jumper and skirt and 2⅜ yards of 27-inch for the guimpe.

Two patterns: 4222—sizes, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 years. 4059—sizes, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 years.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6226—Ladies' Fitted Lining or Foundation.

In this practical age, one is almost moved to proclaim from the housetops the importance of learning to sew. To be able to design and make one's clothing at home is an accomplishment worthy of every woman's attention. Little it matters to her whose fingers are clever with the needle whether the tailor and the dressmaker charge exorbitant prices or insist upon making dresses after their own designs, for with the aid of a correctly cut pattern to follow she is independent of them. She works out her own designs and as a result her clothes are individual and not to be found in the shops or being worn by every third person on the block. It is for these home dressmakers that we are showing the foundation lining today. This is the very newest fitted lining and embodies all of the latest ideas as to cut and line. It is made with a dart or seam extending to shoulder in both front and back. This is much easier to fit than the dart style which always left a lot of fulness over the bust that one didn't know what to do with. With such a model one can obtain a perfect fit. The pattern provides for high, Dutch or round neck and the closing may be made in front or back. In the medium size the pattern calls for 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

6226—Sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all for 50 cents.

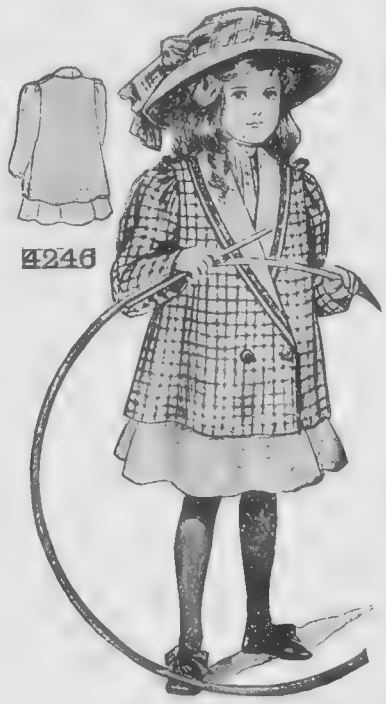
4246—A Box Coat for the Small Girl.

The loose coat is the most comfortable of all garments for a child to wear during out-door playtime, and the model here shown is especially desirable because it can be so quickly and easily made, having no seams except those of the shoulder, under-arm and sleeve. The rolling shawl collar is a pretty feature of the coat and will be much appreciated by the small wearer who has a taste for smart effects. Brown-and-biscuit checked wool was used for making the coat, with biscuit-colored cloth for facing the collar and brown silk braid and buttons for trimming. Red cloth with facings of black velvet and trimmings of black silk braid would also be a modish and striking development. For the medium size 1⅝ yards of 54-inch cloth will be required.

4246—8 sizes, 5 to 12 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other patter nin this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.



6468-6469—A Smart Street Suit.

There is something exceedingly graceful about the peplum which Dame Fashion did not appreciate when she cast it aside for the more severe belt and we are grateful to some kind Fate for bringing it again into artistic favor. The newest models show the peplum as a smart waist finishing of which an example is sketched here. Nothing could be more jaunty than this little street suit which, with its small invisible plaid effect by the plain color of the collar, cuffs and belt could not be surpassed in the centre of fashion. Scallops, like puffings and frillings, are one of the recent revivals of olden time adornment and they appear to good advantage here. The front buttons trimly up to where tiny revers reveal a small pucker. The pleats on each side provide a modish fulness as well as lengthening lines, while the peplum is shaped so as to fit smoothly over the hips. The skirt is circular with three circular flounces completing the length. Any of the novelty goods, serges or Panamas, will develop charmingly after this design. In the medium size 8½ yards of 44-inch material are needed.

Two Patterns: 6468—Sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6469—Sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but either will be sent on receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer.—One of the above patterns, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4252—A Graceful Frock for the Tiny Child.

Although Fashion seems to have decreed that the wee ones shall wear washable dresses at all seasons, manifestly in order that the freshness and daintiness of their garments may be always assured, many mothers sensibly dress their small children with due regard for the weather conditions. The pretty little frock sketched is suitable for development in either silk, wool or linen, though it was modelled, as shown, in a soft washable woolen fabric, with hand embroidery in white silk for the decoration, narrow frills of lace finishing the neck and sleeves. The embroidery might be omitted, however, and ribbon or silk braid substituted for it. The sleeves may be made short or full length, as the season may demand. For the two-year size 2¼ yards of 27-inch goods will be needed.

4252—Sizes, ½, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6944—A Serviceable "Cover-All" Work Apron.

There is one thing that is above all others indispensable to the busy housewife, and that is a supply of really practical aprons for use on housecleaning days. The apron illustrated is one of the most satisfactory designs for this purpose, being unique in its shaping, and as attractive to look at as it is practical to wear. The long sleeves are especially useful as protectors of the dress sleeves, which always seem to catch so much soilure when housework is in progress, greatly to the detriment of the gown. Gingham is by far the most serviceable material for making the apron, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, being required for the medium size.

6944—7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4211—Good Style for Wool Fabrics.

Now and then one sees a frock of real simplicity which at once appeals for its unquestioned style and smartness. Such a one is shown in the accompanying sketch, the tucks at the shoulder being well placed to lend breadth of shoulder and a pretty fulness for the front, and the simulated front closing with its rows of stitching being neat and effective. The skirt is a full pleated one, attached to the belt which joins it to the waist. The sleeves are in three-quarter length and have natty little cuffs for finishing. The blouse is easily full all around at the waistline, which assures it grace and becomingness. For a plaid gingham or serge or a plain color mohair the style is excellent. Three yards of 44-inch material are needed for the medium size.

4211—8 sizes, 5 to 12 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6922-6923—An Attractive Costume Built on Shirt Waist Lines.

The shirt waist dress has won its way so far into the affections of womankind that it appears for practical service during every season of the year. A dress built on these lines which is suited to development in any of the silks, mohairs or light-weight worsteds has its waist and skirt laid in plaits, those of the waist turning out and prettily finished with narrow pleated frills of a contrasting fabric. For mohair, which will be much worn during the coming weeks, the frills should be of taffetas, these being pretty upon the cuffs as well. The skirt is in seven gores, the front gore being left plain, and finished with an applied box plait if desired. For the medium size 5½ yards of 44-inch goods are needed.

Two patterns: 6922—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6923—7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6460—A Becoming Dressing Sack.

Simplicity is a great factor in the designing of beautiful apparel. Some of the most attractive gowns are almost unadorned. Here is sketched a little dressing sack of white Swiss lined with pale blue, while the only decoration consists in the French knots of blue adorning the front facing, cuffs and belt. Four small tucks provide an extra fulness over the bust, the fulness being then drawn down trimly into the belt. A simulated box pleat relieves the back from too much plainness. The design is excellent for home construction as so little labor is involved in the making. As to materials, lawn, dimity, a soft silk or challis may serve. In the medium size 3½ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6460—Sizes, 32 to 42 incehs bust measure. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue together with The Western Home Monthly for one year for 50 cents.

6924—A Smart Style for a Plain Shirt Waist.

An entirely plain shirt waist can embody quite as much style as the most elaborate one—the lines and finish deciding its quality. Here is shown a blouse of the simplest yet expressive of no mall degree of modishness and good taste. It is built on mannish lines, the front closing under the plait and having long or shorter sleeves. A trig pocket is usually pleasing upon a shirt waist of this type but it is especially so this year when Dame Fashion demands pockets wherever possible. Such a waist may be made in any seasonable material, being equally suitable to tub fabrics, cloth, worsteds and silks. For the medium size 3½ yards of material 27 inches wide are needed.

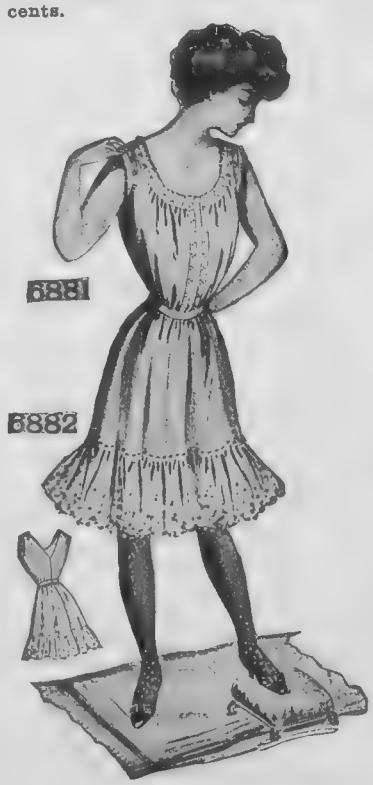
6924—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6881-6882—A Pretty One-Piece Corset Cover and Closed French Drawers.

Two patterns: 6881—5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6882—sizes, 20, 24, 28, 32 inches waist measure.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.



Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,
75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:

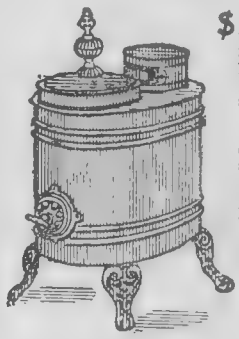
Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.
Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ont.
Rev. John Potts, D.D., Victoria Coll.
Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto.
Right Rev. A. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto.
Rev. Wm. McLaren, D.D., Principal Knox College, Toronto.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certainty.

Consultation or correspondence invited.

HEATERS

All Kinds and Sizes at less than Half the Prices Others Ask.

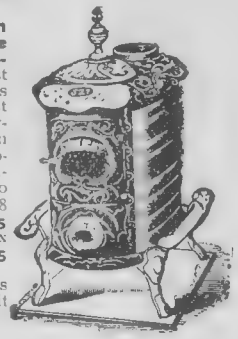


$1.75 buys the **Toba Sheet Steel Air-tight,** a heavy planished steel heater, with double seamed top and bottom; corrugated steel lining; burns wood cobs and rubbish of all kinds. Sizes 18 x 14 x 15 inches. Others ask $3.50 for a heater not as good.

We have other sizes at just as low prices.

Write for Catalog.

The Sunlight is an Extra Heavy Blue Polished Steel Air-tight with heavy cast top and bottom. This stove is made to last and give splendid service, it is handsome in appearance and elaborately nickeled trimmed. Made in two sizes only. No. 20, 18 x 14 x 20 inches, **$7.25** No. 27 size, 25 x 16 x 22 inches, price **$9.25**



Our Catalog gives details, write for it please.

$4.75 buys the **Ideal Oak Heater, No. 211, a substantial Oak Heater** of pleasing design; burns, wood, coal, coke or lignite. Has heavy cast fire pot and draw centre grate in the larger sizes. Excellent nickeled trimmings. A very good heater, one that cannot be bought elsewhere at double our price.

We have all sizes at proportionately low prices. Our Catalog tells the rest, send for it.

For **$5.00** we offer you the **Wingold Oak No. 11** as the Best and **Most Economical Heater made.** Pay double our price elsewhere, but you will not get a better stove. The Wingold is made up in the latest style, is the neatest in design, and for **Durability, Long Service, Economy of Fuel and Strength,** it has no equal. It has heavy corrugated fire pot with draw center grate; ground joints fitted air-tight; handsome **Nickeled Trimmings,** a splendid heater in every respect, and we guarantee it to reach you in perfect condition. We have all sizes up to 21 inches. Send for Catalog giving all desired information, its free.

$9.50 buys the best hot blast heater. Our **New King Hot Blast** is the most beautiful, most showy, most massive and richly nickeled trimmed and by far the most durable hot blast heater ever offered by any one. The body is made of heavy blue polished steel with heavy cast top and bottom; good sized feed door fitted with mica so the fire can be seen without opening the door. Heavy cast corrugated sectional fire pot, which is the latest and best construction known to stove builders' art. Has draw center grate with large ash pit and pan. Burns hard coal, soft coal, coke and Souris coal. Made in four sizes and sold direct by us at less than half what others charge for an inferior stove. You will save considerable if you will write for our Catalog before buying a heater of any kind at any price. A post card with your name and address will bring to you our Catalog, together with the cost of freight to your station, which is a small item compared with what you will save in buying from us. Write for it to-day please.

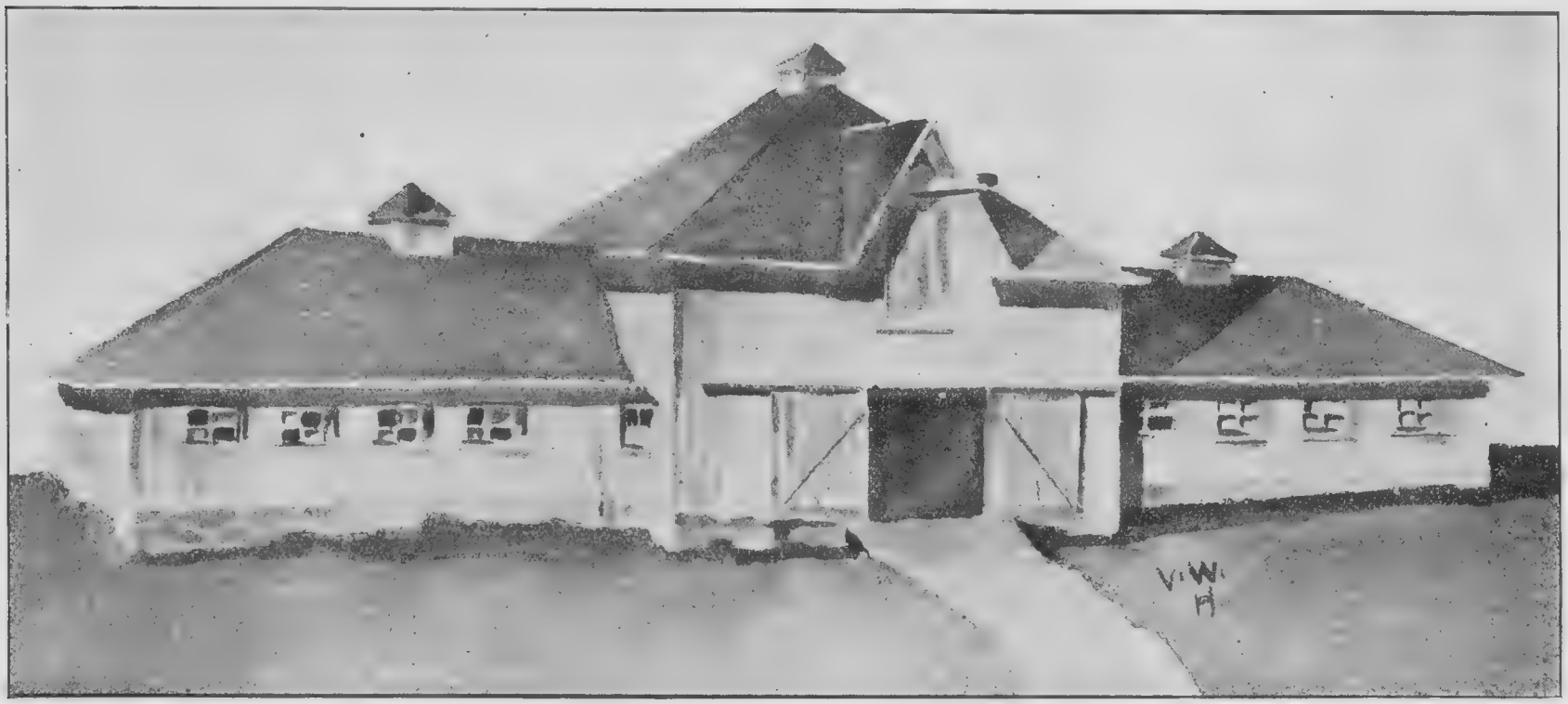
THE WINGOLD STOVE CO. LTD,
DEPT. H M
245 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

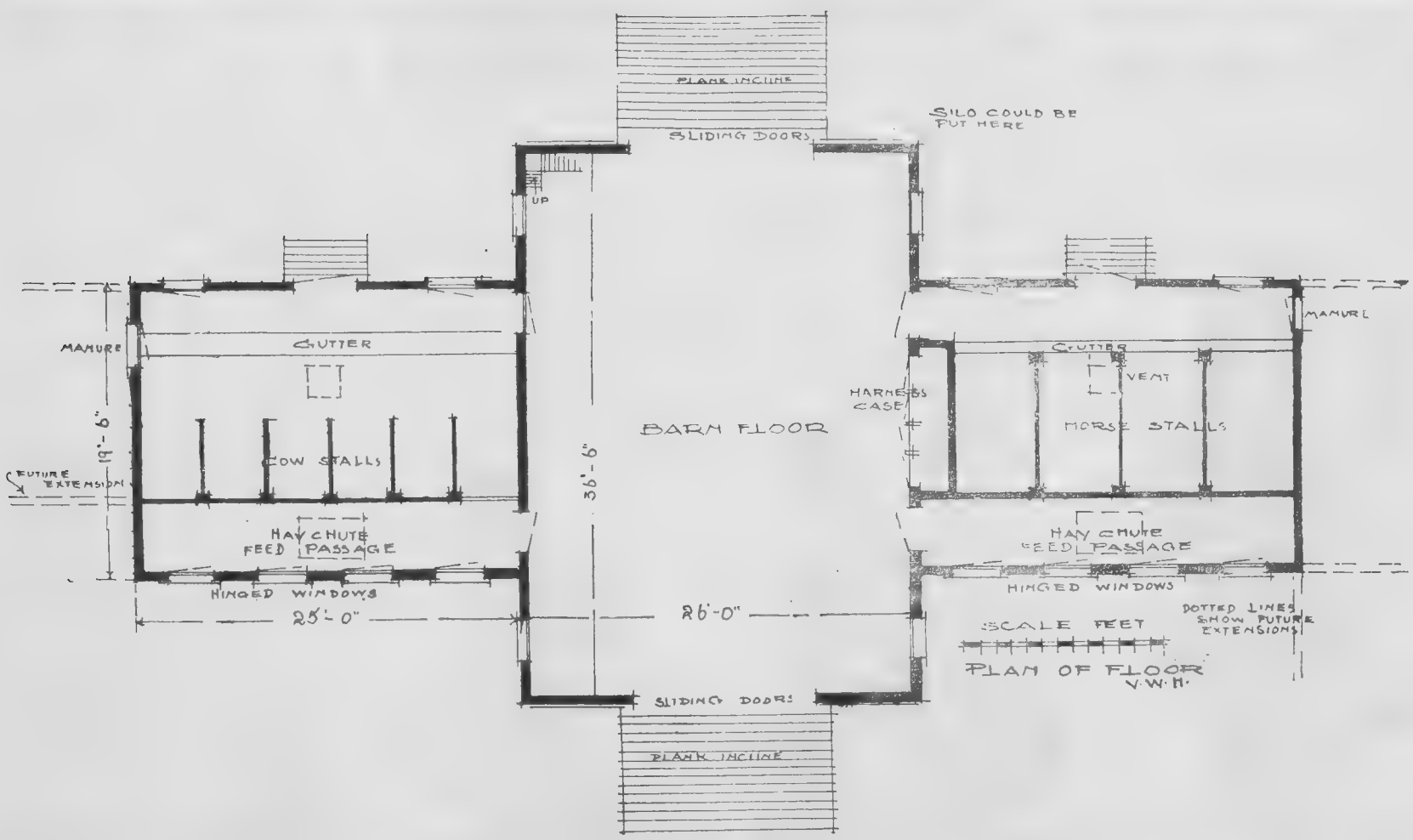
ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

This barn is more picturesque than that of last month. It has a symetrical plan, one that could be developed to almost any extent any yet keep its symetry and convenience. The central portion is a large space for storage of all purposes, over which, and extending over the stables, are the hay mows and grain bins. Each stable has a hay chute and ventilator going to the roof. The cow stable are sheathed with tongue and groved timber and are to be absolutely plain. The floors are of plank. The building could be built of brace frame or 2 x 6 studs. Over the main barm floor there are trussed beams. The foundations might be either concrete or field stone. The outside either boarded or battened, or siding. The plans show the sizes and disposition of spaces.

V. W. HORWOOD,
ARCHITECT.
TAYLOR BLOCK:
177 McDERMOT AVE., E.
WINNIPEG.





USE
CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD
FOR THAT THIN HORSE

Comfort In Working Boots

A man cannot work when his shoes pinch—when a seam rubs against his toes until it makes a corn—when a wrinkle chafes his foot constantly. With the end in view of getting away from these defects so common in many working boots we have produced the Amherst. This boot is Blucher made, of soft grain leather, on the roomy, comfortable last shown above, with even seams. Entirely made of solid leather, it guarantees durability, stability and long service—at $3.00 a more economical working boot cannot be made. We deliver them to you prepaid for **$3.00** Send to-day.

Geo. H. Anderson & Co.,

Port Arthur, - Ontario

$5.50

IN the less expensive Brooches Diamond Hall has never shown such excellent value as the one illustrated above at $5.50.

THE mount is made of heavy 14k. gold and the pearls are of the finest quality.

THE crescent is 1¾ inches long and finished in the bright gilt.

Send for our Catalogue.

RYRIE BROS.,
Limited
134-138 Yonge St.
TORONTO

Speaking about Coffee

Did you ever try

'Camp' COFFEE?

If not, you have no idea how good it is; how much superior to everything el e, how easy to make, and how economical in use. Just try a bottle next time you want coffee—follow the directions on the label, and you'll be asto ished. It is so good.

R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

Look! Boys!

Having received a consignment of Comic Postcards in order to dispose of the lot I will mail 5 assorted cards for only 10c. Write quick. This is a snap.—W. Bailey, 354 Harris St, Vancouver, B.C.

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—RIDDLE.

I'm a very smart little thing, but oh, how smart!
If you do not see my head, then will your heart
Find me the greatest treasure that the world can hold.
Far better than are house, or lands, or gold.
If now my head be changed, you may declare
I am a pleasant thing for you to wear.
If to me as at first you add one letter,
You then would say that nothing could be better
To pass a happy life in—naught more sweet
Could ever be pressed down by weary feet.

No. 2.—OLD-TIME HANDY LADDER.

	1		Rounds:
2	3	4	2 to 4, a point.
	5		6 to 8, an imaginary spirit
6	7	8	10 to 12, to perform.
	9		14 to 16, a noise.
10	11	12	18 to 20, an insect.
	13		23 to 25, a kind of tree.
14	15	16	Main Post (1 to 19), a gathering.
	17		
18	19	20	Right Prong (19 to 27), denomination.
21		22	
23	24	25	Left Prong (19 to 26), to want.
26		27	

No. 3.—HIDDEN BAYS.

In each of the following sentences may be found the name of a bay.

1. You must stop! Lent you know has begun.
2. If the thaw keeps off one week I'll be glad.
3. Do not push Arkwright.
4. If you have turbot any more, please tell me.
5. I saw an ant on Gilfillan's neck.
6. Acobemba took his leave.
7. I saw Dela go aboard the ship.
8. It is not red, Amelia.

No. 4.—PICTURE PUZZLE.

The above picture illustrates a well-known saying.

No. 5.—ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

In these quotations find five girls' names without transposing any letters.

"Of such as wandering near her secret bower.
Molest her ancient reign."—Gray.

"Where olive-leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru."—Bryant.

"Slowly she raised her form of grace:
Her eyes no ray conceptive flung."—Hogg.

"Stainless worth,
Such as the sternest age of virtue saw."—Bryant.

No. 6.—ILLUSTRATED RHYMING REBUS

No. 7.—REVERSALS.

1. Reverse current, and give a wold animal.
2. Reverse part of a bridge, and give part of a city.
3. Reverse a swallow, and give a stopple.
4. Reverse to praise, and give consisting of two.
5. Reverse an oblique view, and give a lively dance.

No. 8.—LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I mean to discourse upon; behead and transpose, and I am a degree of value; transpose again, and I am a weed; transpose again, and I am to rend.

No. 9.—RIDDLE.

Name the thing described in the following paragraph:

Conducive to travel; dreaded by all with whom it comes in contact; an article of personal adornment, when misplaced, causes terrible disasters; false; beaten; hardened and fire-tested; of various colors; preferred when green and flexible; constantly changed, and changing others; its use enjoined by Scripture.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the November number of The Western Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in September Number.

No. 1. Strange Transpositions.—1. Rose. 2. Jar. 3. Sulky. 4. Bat. 5. Leaves. 6. Reserved. 7. Fair. 8. Rifle. 9. Check. 10. Pen.

No. 2. Ladder.—

P			P
H	E	R	O
I			M
L	O	N	E
I			G
P	E	E	R

P			A
I	R	O	N
N			A
E	A	S	T
S			E

No. 3. Illustrated Rebus.—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'"

No. 4. Beheaded Rhymes.—Caprice, a price, price, rice, ice.

No. 5. Word Square.—

C	H	A	N	T
H	O	N	O	R
A	N	N	I	E
N	O	I	S	E
T	R	E	E	S

No. 6. Pictorial Transposition Puzzle.—Ten tea pots; potentates.

No. 7. Presidential Discoveries.—1. Ant. 2. Washing. 3. Martin, tailor (Taylor). 4. Ruth. 5. Birch (Buchard). 6. Abraham, Zachary. 7. John, James, Andrew, Thomas. 8. Tin. 9. Lard, ham. 10. Mil. 11. Ton. 12. Frank. 13. Andre. 14. Rank. 15. Pier. 16. Art. 17. Ford, dams. 18. Roe. 19. Ayes. 20. Franklin. 21. Ulysses. 22. Ash. 23. William Henry. 24. Grant. 25. Mi, la re. 26. I am. 27. Jam. 28. Hen. 29. Ada. 30. More. 31. Son.

No. 8. Blended Squares.—

SCAB	SCAT
LULL	ALBA
ARAE	REEL
VERSATILE	
SLO	
ARBITRATE	
ROON	IRIS
CLOG	AILS
HERS	LATE

No. 9. Accidental Hidings.—1. Hour. 2. Eon.

To Shoot Straight

Aim straight, hold steady and use ammunition made and guaranteed by

THE DOMINION CARTRIDGE CO., LTD. MONTREAL. 11-07

Don't Risk Ruining Your Butter

by using the cheap imported salt that is being sold throughout the West.

Windsor Salt

COSTS NO MORE THAN these impure salts. Windsor Salt has been the standby for years among Canadian prize butter makers. It is absolutely pure salt—and all salt. No other salt goes so far.

Insist on having Windsor Salt.

489W

A BAD STOMACH!

THAT IS THE SECRET OF DYSPEPSIA.

This disease assumes so many forms that there is scarcely a complaint it may not resemble in one way or another.

Among the most prominent symptoms are constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, distress after eating, etc.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

is a positive cure for dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. It stimulates secretion of the saliva and gastric juices to facilitate digestion, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system.

Mrs. M. A. McNeil, Brock Village, N.S., writes: "I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood.

"I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters.

"From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects and am strong and well again."

VETERINARY ADVICE FREE

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, a veterinary surgeon of long experience has written a book entitled "Veterinary Experience" on the diseases of horses, giving symptoms and treatment in plain terms. It is fully illustrated with diagrams showing the skeleton and circulatory and digestive systems with references that make them plain. Tells how to buy a horse and know whether it is sound or not. Every horse owner should have one. It is sent to any one.

TUTTLE'S ELIXIR

is the only guaranteed cure for **Colic, Curb, recent Shoe Boils and Callous.** It locates lameness, relieves and cures **Spavins, Ring Bone, Cockle Joints, Grease Heel, Scratches, Catarrh,** etc. Send today and get the book free and information about Dr. Tuttle's specifics.

TUTTLE'S ELIXIR CO.,
127 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.
Canadian Branch, 32 St. Gabriel St., Montreal, Quebec.

RHEUMATISM.

DR. CLARK'S Rheumatism Cure. A marvellous safe, sure cure for muscular, inflammatory and chronic Rheumatism and Gouty conditions. Cures when all other remedies fail. Sent direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of One Dollar.

J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

MAKES FAT VANISH

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No Charge to Try the NEW KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

Just send your address and a supply will be sent to you free—Do it to-day.

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be sent, free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the Kresslin Treatment, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect,

This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an absolutely harmless way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to the Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 272W, 41 West 25th St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of indorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let them hear from you promptly.

Maypole Soap Saves Trouble

Don't bother with mussy, uncertain powder dyes.

Keep your hands and utensils clean—get glowing shades that won't wash out or fade.

No matter whether it's cotton, wool, silk or mixtures, just the right tones can be easily and quickly obtained by using the Dye that cleanses as well as colours—Maypole Soap.

Colours, 10c. Black, 15c. All dealers': Free booklet on How to Dye and full-size cake (mention colour) sent for 10c. (black, 15c.). Write F. L. Benedict & Co., Montreal. 63

NOTHING SO FINE AS

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

They are an excellent confection.

COWAN'S CREAM BARS

MILK CHOCOLATE, ETC.

Sold everywhere in Canada.

The Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

WILD and IMPROVED LANDS

In the Famous

HANLEY PLAINS

Saskatchewan

For pamphlet giving complete information write **T. O. HAMRE**

P. O Box 45 **HANLEY, SASK.**

Bed Bug Chaser

Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Chicken Lice, Cockroaches and all Insects. No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try **This.**" We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill **1,000,000 bugs.** Leaves **no stain, dust, dirt** or disagreeable **smell.** Appreciated by every good housekeeper. One pkg. in plain wrapper by mail prepaid 25c. (Wholesale price to agents and drugtrade $1 per dozen.) DOMESTIC MFG CO., Dept. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

Work for Busy Fingers.

Vase Mat in Tatting.

For the center, make a ring of 1 double knot, (1 picot, 2 double knots) 7 times, 1 picot, 1 double knot, close and tie.

1. Make 6 double knots, join to picot of center ring, 6 double knots, close; with 2 shuttles make a chain of *2 double knots, 1 picot 5 times, 2 double knots; repeat from * until you have 8 alternating rings and chains, joining each ring to picot of center ring fasten off.

2. Make a ring as in 2nd row, joining to 2nd picot of a chain; chain like that in 2nd row; a ring like 1st, joining to 4th picot of same chain; repeat around

3. Like 2nd row. This completes the wheel, in center.

The border consists of rosettes and medallions, or oblong-shaped figures. The rosettes are made thus:

1. Make a ring of 1 double knot, (1 picot, 2 double knots) 11 times, 1 picot, 1 double knot; close and fasten off.

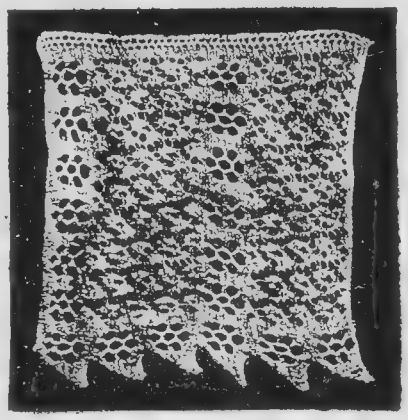
2. * Make 4 double knots, join to picot of center ring, 4 double knots, close; leave ¼ inch thread, make 4 double knots, 1 picot, (2 double knots, 1 picot) 6 times, 4 double knots, close; leave ¼ inch thread, and repeat from * 11 times.

This completes a rosette. Join 2nd to 1st by middle picot of 2 consecutive rings, and 3rd to 1st and 2nd by middle picots of 4 rings of 3rd wheel, joining to 2 rings of each preceding rosette, following the joined rings of 1st and 2nd rosettes. Join the 3rd rosette to center wheel by the middle picot of 2 rings opposite, leaving 3 free rings on each side of 3rd rosette; join the 2 rings to middle picots of 2 consecutive chains of center.

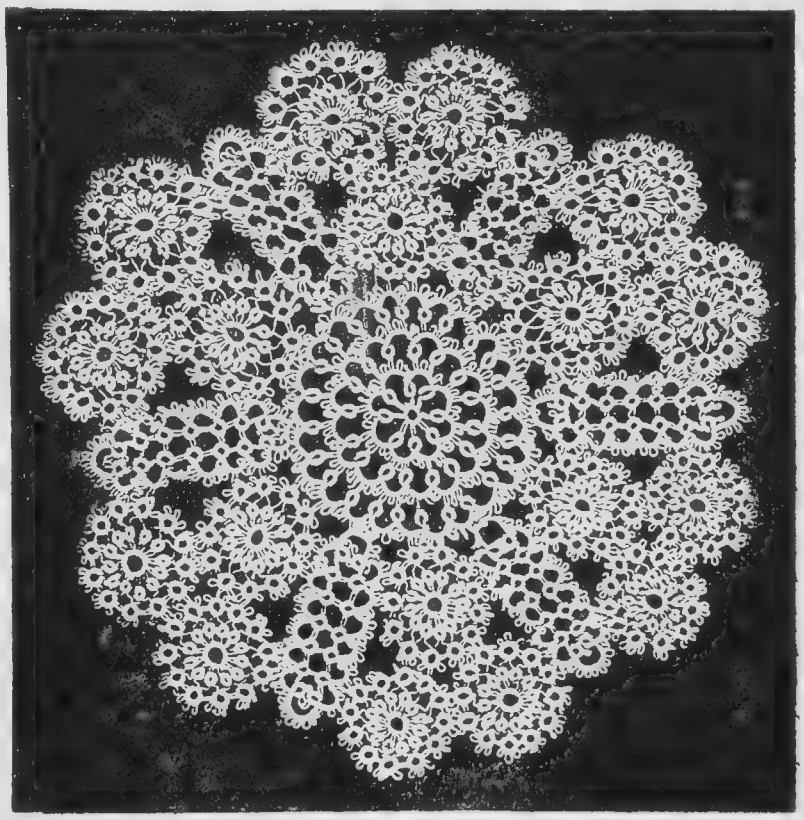
For the medallion joining the rosette-sections: Make (3 double knots, 1 picot) 3 times, 3 double knots, close; chain (2 double knots), 1 picot) twice, 2 double knots, join to middle picot of next chain of center wheel, 6 double knots, join to middle picot of next chain, (2 double knots, 1 picot) twice, 2 double knots; make a ring of 3 double knots, 1 picot, 3 double knots, join to middle picot of preceding ring, 3 double knots, 1 picot, 3 double knots, close; * chain (2 double knots, 1 picot) 5 times, 2 double knots; ring of 3 double knots, join to last picot of preceding ring, (3 double knots, 1 picot) twice, 3 double knots, close; repeat from * 5 times; make a chain of (2 double knots, 1 picot) 8 times, 2 double knots; make a ring, as before, joining by middle picot to ring opposite, and continue along to where you started, alternating rings and chains as on the other side joining to opposite picots. Fasten last chain at base of 1st ring and fasten off.

Join the medallions to rosette next center by middle picots of last 2 chains and middle picots of 2 rings of rosette next above center joining; miss 1 ring on rosette above, and join to next 2 rings by middle picots of 5th and 6th chains of medallions; join other side same way.

In No. 50 linen thread this makes a mat or doily 9 or 10 inches in diameter.



Boulevard Lace.



Vase Mat in Tatting.

Boulevard Lace.

Cast on 68 stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 64.

2. Over twice, purl 64, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

3. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 65.

4. Over twice, purl 2, (narrow, over twice, narrow, purl 5) 7 times over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

5. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 7, purl 1, (knit 8, purl 1) 6 times, knit 4.

6. Over twice, purl 1, (narrow, over twice, narrow twice, over twice, narrow, purl 1) 7 times, purl 2, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

7. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 5, purl 1, (knit 3, purl 1, knit 3.

8. Over twice, purl 4, (narrow, over twice, narrow, purl 5) 7 times, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

9. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 7, purl 1, (knit 8, purl 1) 6 times, knit 6.

10. Over, twice, purl 3. like 6th row from * to end.

11. Like 7th row, only knit 5 at end instead of 3.

12. Over twice, purl 6; like 8th row from * to end.

13. Like 9th row, knitting 8 at end.

14. Over twice, purl 70, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2,

15. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 gether, knit 71.

16. Bind off 7, purl 63, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

17. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, (over, slip, narrow and bind, over, knit 3) 8 times, over, slip, narrow and bind, knit 10.

18. Like 2nd row.

19. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, (over, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow) 8 times, over, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 11.

20. Over twice, purl 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, purl 60, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

21. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, (over, knit 3, over, slip, narrow and bind 9 times, knit 5, purl 1, knit 4.

22. Over twice, purl 1, * (narrow, over twice, narrow) twice, purl 58, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

23. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, (over, narrow, knit 1,

narrow, over, knit 1) 9 times, (knit 3, purl 1) twice, knit 3.

24. Over twice, purl 4; like 20th row from * to end.

25. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, (over, slip, narrow and bind, over, knit 3) 9 times, knit 5, purl 1, knit 6.

26. Over twice, purl 3; like 22nd row from * to end.

27. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, (over, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow) 9 times, (knit 3, purl 1) twice, knit 5.

28. Over twice, purl 6, norrow, over twice, narrow, purl 60, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

29. Like 21st row, knitting 8 at end of row.

30. Over twice, purl 71, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

31. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, (over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 1) 9 times, knit 15.

32. Bind of 7, purl 2 together, purl 62, over twice, purl 2 together, purl 2.

Repeat from 17th row 3 times, then begin again at 1st row.

If desired, the lace may be easily made narrower. The insertion is knitted by omitting the points and working both edges alike.

Mat with Border of Roses and Leaves.

Begin in the center with a chain of 12 stitches, join.

1. Chain 8, (a treble in ring, chain 5) 5 times, join to 3rd stitch of 8 chain.

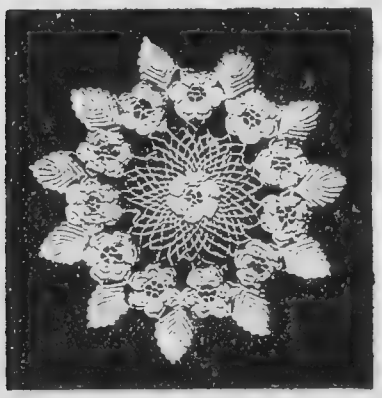
2. Under each 5 chain make a shell of 1 double, 1 treble, 5 double trebles, 1 treble and 1 double, 6 shells in all.

3. (Chain 6, a single between 2 doubles of next 3 shells) 6 times, keeping the chain at back of work.

4. Under each 6 chain work 1 double, 1 treble, 7 double trebles, 1 treble and 1 double.

5. Like 3rd row, with 7-chain loops instead of 6-chain.

6. Under each 7 chain work 1 double,



Mat with Border of Roses and Leaves.

1 treble, 9 double trebles, 1 treble, 1 double.

7. Like 3rd row, with loops of 9 chain.

8. Under each 9 chain work 12 doubles.

9. Chain 5, miss 1 double, fasten in next; repeat all around.

10. Slip-stitch to center of 1st chain, * chain 5, fasten in center of next 5 chain; repeat around.

11. Like 10th row.

12. Work to middle of 1st chain, * chain 7, fasten in center of next chain, repeat from * around.

13. Work to middle of 1st chain, * chain 7, fasten in next chain, repeat around.

14. Work to middle of chain, * chain 9, fasten in next chain; repeat from * around.

15. Chain 9, (after working to middle of 1st chain), fasten in next chain, repeat.

This completes the center of the mat. If wanted larger, continue with the chain loops, widening as indicated, until you have a circle of loops around the center rose, as large as desired. If preferred, the rose may be left out of the center, and a flat mat made.

The outer row of roses is made like that in the center, each separately, as far as the 7th row, joining 4th petal to the preceding rose and 5th and 6th petals to 2 loops of the center. Join in this way: Work to center of petal (that is, make 1 double, 1 treble and 5 double trebles), catch in center of corresponding petal of previous rose, and complete the petal; work the same way, catch in center of 9 chain loop of center, fill petal; fasten in next loop in like manner, when making 6th petal; then miss a loop of center before joining next rose. It will be seen that 3 loops are allowed to a rose.

The leaves are made as follows: Chain 14, turn. Miss 2, a double in each of 11 stitches, 3 doubles in last stitch, 10 down other side of chain turn; chain 1, a double in each of 10 doubles, missing 1st double, 3 doubles in 2nd of 3 doubles at top, 11 doubles down other side, chain 1, turn, miss 1st double, 11 doubles in 11 doubles, 3 in center of 3, widening doubles, 10 doubles in 10 doubles down other side. Continue thus, alternating 10 and 11 doubles, until there are 7 ridges. Always work in back loop of stitch.

Make 11 leaves, as described, fastening 1 between each 2 roses with needle and thread. Green may be used for the leaves, red for roses and brown for center loops, if desired.

Diamond Center Lace.

Make a chain of 43 stiches, turn.

1. Miss 3, 2 trebles in next 2 stitches, (chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble in next, to form a space) 12 times, 2 trebles in next, 2 stitches, chain 3, a treble in same stitch with the last treble, turn.

2. Chain 5, 3 trebles under 3 chain, chain 2, miss 3 trebles, 2 trebles under 2 chain and 1 in treble following, 11 spaces, 2 trebles in last treble and top of 3 chain, turn.

3. Chain 3, 2 trebles in 2 trebles, 10 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, chain 3, a treble in same space, turn.

4. Chain 5, 3 trebles under 3 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space), twice chain 2, 2 trebles in next space and 1 in treble, 9 spaces, 2 trebles at end of row, turn.

5. Chain 3, 2 trebles in 2 trebles, 8 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) 4 times, chain 3, a treble in same space, turn.

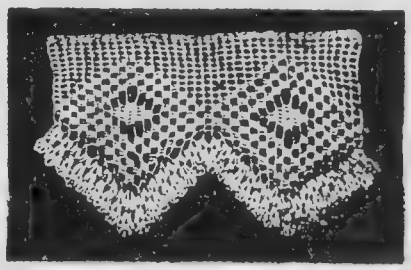
6. Chain 5, 3 trebles under 3 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space), 4 times, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space and 1 in treble following, 7 spaces, 2 trebles at end of row, turn.

7. Chain 3, 2 trebles, 6 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, chain 3, a treble in next space, chain 3, 3 trebles in next space, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, chain 3, a treble in same place, turn.

8. Chain 5, 3 trebles under 3 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space twice, * chain 5, a treble in last of 3 chain, 1 in treble and 1 in 1st of 3 chain following, chain 5, * (3 trebles in next space, chain 2) twice, 2 trebles in next space and treble in treble, 5 spaces, 2 trebles at end, turn.

9. Chain 3, 2 trebles, 4 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, chain 5, 5 trebles over 3 trebles and in chain each side, chain 5, (3 trebles in next space, chain 2) twice, 3 trebles in next space, chain 3, a treble in same space, turn.

10. Like 8th row to *; chain 7, 7 trebles over 5 trebles and in chain each



Diamond Center Lace.

side, chain 7, finish like 8th row from 2nd * to the end, making 3 spaces, instead of 5.

11. Chain 3, 2 trebles, 4 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, chain 2, 3 trebles in next space, chain 2, a treble in 3rd treble following and 2 under chain, chain 5, miss 1st of 7 trebles, 5 trebles in next 5, chain 5, 2 trebles under chain and 1 in treble following, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, a double treble in last of 3 trebles in preceding row, turn.

12. Chain 5, (3 trebles in space, chain 2) twice, a treble in 3rd treble following and 2 under chain, chain 5, a treble in 2nd, 3rd and 4th of 5 trebles, chain 5, 2 trebles under chain and 1 in treble following, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space and 1 in treble, 5 spaces, 2 trebles at end, turn.

13. Chain 3, 2 trebles, 6 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, chain 2, 3 trebles in next space, chain 2, a treble in 3rd treble and 2 under chain, chain 3, a treble in 2nd treble, chain 3, and continue as in 11th row.

14. Chain 5, (3 trebles in next space, chain 2) twice, a treble in 3rd treble and 2 under chain, chain 2, 2 trebles under next chain and 1 in treble, chain 2, 3 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next and a treble in treble, 7 spaces, 2 trebles, turn.

15. Like 5th row, ending with a double treble in last treble of preceding row.

16. Like 4th row, beginning with chain 5 and 3 trebles in 1st space.

17. Like 3rd row, ending with a double treble in last treble of 16th row.

18. Like 2nd row, beginning with 5 chain and 3 trebles in 1st space.

19. Chain 3, 2 trebles in 2 trebles, 12 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, chain 3, a treble in same place, turn.

Repeat from 2nd row, the point again increasing.

When you have made a length sufficient for your purpose, finish the edge as follows:

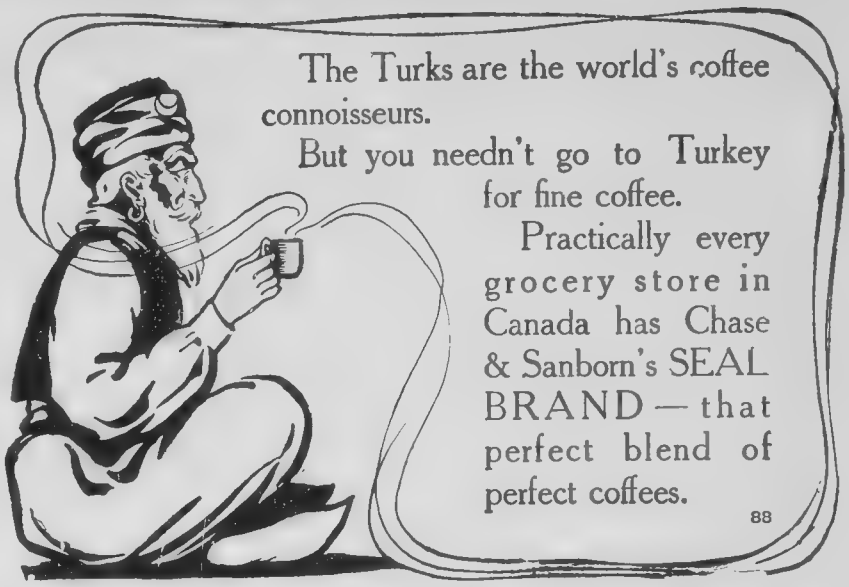
1. Instead of turning at end of 19th row, * chain 7, fasten under loop at edge of point, and repeat from *, fastening 2 chains of 7 under the loop at point.

3. Shell in each shell of last row.

2. Under each loop of 7 chain make a shell of 2 trebles, 2 chain and 2 trebles.

2. Under each loop of 7 chain make a shell of 2 trebles, 2 chain and 2 trebles.

4. Make 4 trebles, each separated by 2 chain, in shell, chain 2, 1 double between shells, chain 2; repeat.



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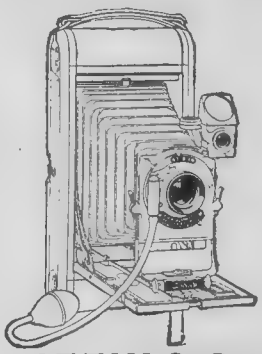

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The Home Doctor.

Preventive Medicine.

I am certain it is safe to prophesy that the time will come when hospitals for infectious diseases will be empty and not wanted. I also look forward to the time when it will be as anomalous for persons to die of scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, and diphtheria as it will be for a man to die of a wolf bite in England. Very little, however, can be done by legislature, but everything by the progress of medical science, and in a much larger degree by the intelligence of the people. We must recognize that the saying that every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies is erroneous, and see that dirt is undesirable. Preventive medicine is founded upon hard fact, prudence, and common sense. The mystery of the ancient doctor, his use of long names, and his extraordinary prescriptions are passing away. Multitudes of shelves full of bottles which surround doctors are also passing away, and being replaced by simple living, suitable diet, plenty of sun, and plenty of fresh air. The fight of the present day is against millions of microbes, and the weapons are sanitary regulations, municipal government, the sanitary inspector, and the medical officer of health.—Sir Frederick Treves in American Magazine.

Ventilation of School-Rooms.

One of the most important considerations in the construction of school-houses is provision for proper ventilation and the necessary supply of fresh air. Children who come into school from their summer vacations, during which they have practically lived out of doors, are continually reproved for inattention, dulness, neglect of their studies, and are sometimes charged with downright stupidity. Their teachers and guardians seem unable to realize that they are almost asphyxiated by the dead and stagnant air into which they are, so to speak, plunged, and thereby deprived of their natural element.

The genius who will devise a perfectly ventilated school-room without drafts or air currents will earn the thanks and appreciation of a large and important constituency. It is a fact beyond question that much of the break-down of pupils is attributable to a lack of oxygen, which is a part of the life-giving element of the atmosphere. Cut off the supply of oxygen, and brains become fagged, the nervous sensibilities are diseased or destroyed altogether, and such a thing as mental activity is impossible.

Constructed on intelligent lines, school-houses may be erected so as to comprehend the best sanitary and hygienic devices of the age. That they are not built so is largely the fault of the taxpayers, who, first of all, do not take the trouble to watch the primaries and see that duly qualified men are selected to represent their wishes in one of the most important portions of their duty to themselves, their Creator and the responsibilities that Nature and the State have put upon them. Having carefully chosen the school board, their next obligation is to furnish the funds requisite for the building and equipment of a place in which their children are to spend a large portion of their time for years to come. During this period their characters are formed and their health may be affected either for better or worse.

If they live in healthful and happy homes, they will receive additional benefit from a bright, cheerful and well-ordered school-room. If their home life is spent in the midst of discomfort and squalor their school and its environment furnish the nearest approach to paradise that they have ever experienced. The value of these surroundings to this class of scholars can scarcely be estimated. Their school life is often of untold importance in winning them from vicious ways and keeping them free from the entanglements that beset their feet at every turn. There is nothing too good for the children and the school-room. Flowers, pictures, art treasures of all sorts, the museum, the library, music and entertaining features of all sorts are demanded for the rising generation if they would grow up with credit to themselves, an honor to their parents, a blessing to their country and acceptable creatures to the God who made them.

An excellent poultice for sprains is made of cotton seed boiled until soft and applied hot.

Felons may be prevented if turpentine is frequently applied as soon as the first indications of the trouble are felt.

The soreness of boils may be relieved and often the swelling arrested by the timely and frequent application of turpentine.

After touching poison ivy wash the parts exposed in alcohol and avoid anything greasy.

If one's hands are inclined to perspire, it is well to lay wet gloves in a sheet of tissue paper and then put them under a heavy book or weight for several hours. When they are taken out they will be soft and pliable again.

For Sore Throats.—A simple way to relieve sore throat is to take a lump of resin about as large as a walnut, put it into an old teapot, pour on boiling water, and then put the lid on, and place the spout in your mouth; the steam will prove very beneficial in allaying inflammation.

The ugliest nails can be improved by taking the trouble daily to push back the hard skin that grows at the base of the nails. This should be done after the hands have been washed in warm soap and water and are still moist. A soft towel is the best thing to use for the purpose, or an ivory or bone implement, such as is sold in manicure sets.

Curling lotion may be made by mixing three-quarters of an ounce gum arabic mucilage, three-quarters of an ounce of glycerine, three-quarters of an ounce carbonate of potash, one pint of rose water and three ounces of Portugal extract. The carbonate must be dissolved in the rose water, the glycerine and the extracts mixed and shaken, the mucilage added. Shake all the ingredients and let it stand for a week.

For Tender Feet.—When the feet are tender and painful after long walking or standing great relief can be obtained by bathing them in salt and water—a handful of salt to a gallon of water. Have the water as hot as can be comfortably borne; immerse the feet and throw the water over the knees with the hands. When the water grows cool rub the feet and limbs with a dry towel.

For burns, a solution of boric or boracic acid is excellent. Drop two ounces of the acid crystals in a quart glass jar and fill with water. This makes a saturate solution. Take a piece of gauze or cheese cloth, saturate with the solution and lay on the burn. Apply very moist, covering with absorbent cotton and then with oiled silk. This will keep moist for hours, as the oiled silk prevents evaporation.

A simple Remedy for Neuralgia.—Women who suffer from neuralgia will be interested in the simple remedy suggested and might try it. If the neuralgia is on the left side, dip the right hand in water as hot as can be borne, and if it is on the right side, dip the left hand. As the fibers of the fifth and median nerves cross, the theory is that any impulse applied to the right hand will affect the left side of the face, and vice versa.

For convalescents who are allowed to eat fruit there is nothing more dainty or refreshing than the following recipe for tutti frutti: Take one box of blackberries, one-half pound of cherries, peel and cut up four bananas and powder with sugar to taste and mix thoroughly. Do this early in the morning and set on ice to get good and cold, then serve. At the present season, when a variety of fruit can be had, this can be changed to suit the invalid's taste. For instance: Mix peaches, bananas and strawberries, huckleberries and currants; raspberries and currants; pineapple, oranges, strawberries, cherries or raspberries.

Home-Made Cold Cream.—Many people prefer to make their own cold cream at home, which admits of the use of a favorite perfume in the mixing. Following is a good plain cold cream, to which may be added any one of a number of perfumed waters in place of the rose water called for by the recipe: Half a drachm of tincture of benzoin may also be added if liked. This will keep the cold cream from becoming rancid, besides adding to its whitening properties: Two ounces of rosewater, two ounces almond oil, one-half ounce spermacetti, one-half ounce white wax. Melt the wax and oils in a double boiler, slowly. Pour into an earthen basin, stir with a clean wooden stick until creamy, adding the perfumed water drop by drop, as you stir.

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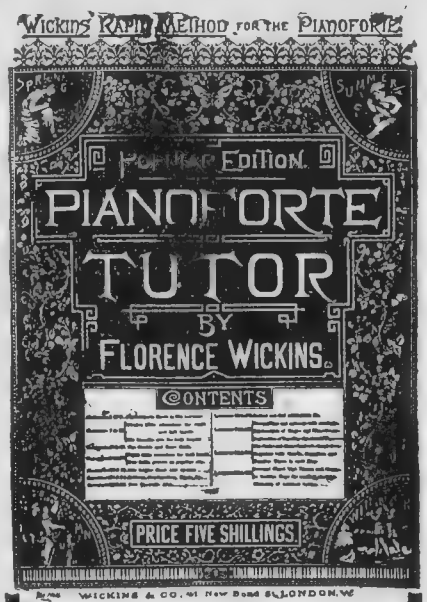

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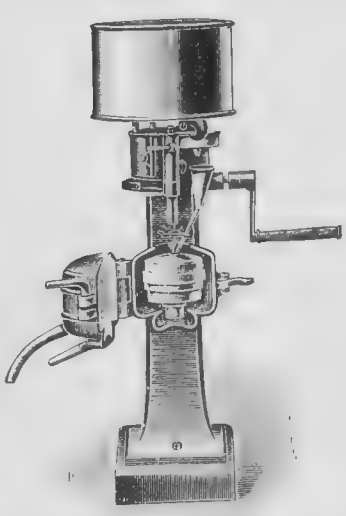

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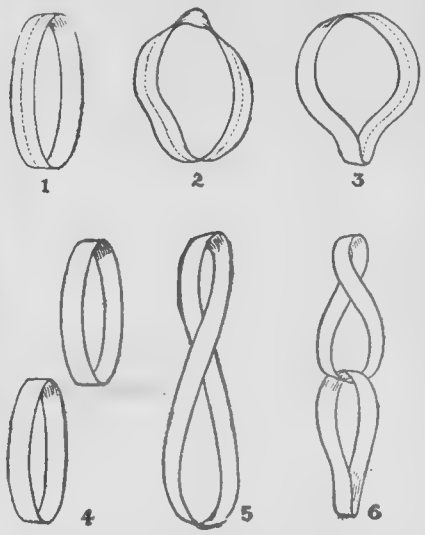
Boys and Girls.

Some Queer Tricks.

Try this trick with paper bands. Take three strips of paper six inches long and about an inch wide, and mark dotted lines lengthwise down the middle of each. Paste the two ends of the first one straight and squarely, as shown in Fig. 1. Before pasting the second, give the strip a twist, as shown



in Fig. 2. The third strip you twist twice before pasting.

Now cut each band along the dotted line, and you will have as a result two separate rings from No. 1, as in Fig. 4; from No. 2, one ring half as wide as the original, but twice the diameter, as in Fig. 5; and from No. 3 two rings linked together as in Fig. 6.

The Hallowe'en Frolic.

For Hallowe'en parties illuminated Jack-o-lanterns are frequently used, and if care can be taken in making them individuality may be given to each pumpkin face so that the first few minutes indoors may be made merry with introductions to her Highness the Queen of Hearts, old King Cole, the Pied Piper, and many others from Mother Goose's realm. These pumpkin heads may be adorned with tissue and crepe paper caps, with frills and ties in all sorts of shapes and styles for the nationality of the wearer.

Among the many time-honored games for Hallowe'en a few are as follows: The young men name and roast chestnuts for the girls, around whom fancy hovers. If the chestnut explodes and jumps the hot coals, that girl better be left to single blessedness. It is the girl whose chestnut roasts quietly and steadily who will make married life harmonious.

Bobbing for apples is a very ancient game, but never loses its charm in a Hallowe'en frolic. With an apple corer cut out the core and place in the middle of each of four apples, a ring, a ten cent piece, a thimble and a button; in each of the eight others put a chestnut, and replace as much of the core in either end as will fit in neatly. The merry bobbers will be enthusiastic in their struggles to capture one of the treasures.

Imagination has full play when the girls search for the profession of the man they will marry by gazing at the white of an egg dropped in a glass of water. The egg will take very queer forms, and it is not difficult to picture a church, an easel, a steamboat, a house or a bicycle.

A merry game is fishing for your fortune or fate. Behind a screen in one corner of the room sits the fortune-teller with a basket full of odds and ends which can be humorously interpreted into fates. On the other side of the screen stand the players, each armed with a fishing pole, in this case canes with a long string and a hook attached will do. As the player throws over his line he inquires, "What kind of a girl will I marry?" "Will my better half be handsome or homely?" And other like questions. The voice and the wish expressed gives a clue to the lady behind the screen as to whether the line belongs to a girl or a man, and she makes some witty or absurd reply while she attaches something suitable to the line, gives it a twitch to serve for the bite, and the fisher draws in his fate. The young man in answer to his "What kind of a girl will I marry?" draws up a wax doll, showing unmistakably that he will become the victim of a girl of pretty face, but whose mental qualifications will be on a par with David Copperfield's Dora. The man who draws up a house-wife is doomed to be an old bachelor; a thimble means "old maidhood"; a full pocket-book and a bunch of rue, wedded to riches, but miserable.

A Pumpkin-Seed Party.

A progressive pumpkin-seed party is an excellent entertainment for those who have no desire to pry into the future or be stirred by the horrible on Hallowe'en.

The house should be appropriately decorated with autumn leaves, chrysanthemums and Jack-o-lanterns, which will furnish the seeds for the evening's entertainment. Tables are arranged and tally cards are provided as for a card-party.

At table No. 1 the half of a pumpkin is filled with beans mixed with pumpkin-seeds. A small spoon is used to remove contents from the pumpkin to a plate in front of each player. The players must not be allowed to hunt for the pumpkin-seed until these are upon their own plates. The couple finding the most pumpkin-seeds progress.

At table No. 2 the half of a pumpkin is filled with apples and pumpkin-seeds. The pumpkin-seeds are to be driven into the apples. The couple who first succeed in placing fifty seeds in their apples progress.

At table No. 3 the couple progress who make the greatest number of figures representing animals from pumpkin-seeds and pins of various sizes. It is better to state what animal is to be made—as a pig.

At table No. 4 each person takes ten from a bowl of seeds, and engages in the old game of "Up Jenkins." The couple winning the most seeds progress.

At table No. 5 a conversation is carried on, and, as at table No. 4, each person has ten seeds. Every time one is trapped into saying "yes" or "no," a forfeit of a seed is paid. Those holding the most seeds at the end of a given time progress.

At table No. 6 the seeds are carried on a knitting-needle from a pin in the center of the table to a plate in front of each player. The couple having the most seds on their plates progress.

Appropriate refreshments are served, consisting of baked beans in individual dishes, brown bread sandwiches, pickles, pumpkin pie, doughnuts and sweet cider.

The Floating Needle.

An interesting experiment may be performed with quite a small magnet and a common sewing needle. Insert a light thread in a needle, tie and cut off one end, leaving a single thread six or eight inches long. Lay a horse-shoe magnet on a table, with the poles in front. Magnetize the needle by rubbing it several times, always in one direction, by one pole of the magnet, after each stroke returning the magnet in an arc through the air.

Take the end of the thread between the thumb and finger, and suspend the needle over its attractive pole, allowing the point to come within one-fourth of an inch of the magnet; then, with a circular sweep of the hand to keep the point in position, draw the eye of the needle down toward the other pole. This, if carefully done, will bring the needle to a horizontal position, where it will remain, floating or in suspension, as long as the thread is held steadily.

The magnetic forces operating to produce this effect appear to be: First, the attraction of the left pole for the point of the needle; second, the repulsion of the right pole for the same point, and, third, the attraction of the right pole for the eye of the needle, which is resisted by the thread supporting the needle; the latter also is held from approaching the left pole by the same means.

The experiment may be made more effective by covering the magnet with a sheet of paper, thus concealing it.

The Adverb Game.

This is a simple little game, in which a player wins by noticing the manner in which the other players answer his questions.

The players take seats in a row, and one is sent out of the room, lots having been drawn to see who this one will be. When he is gone the other players agree on an adverb, and when he is called back he must ask each player a question—no matter what—and the answers are to be given in a manner expressive of the adverb.

Let us say the adverb selected is "crossly"; then every question that the recalled player asks is answered in a cross or snappish manner. If "mildly" be the adverb, the answers are given accordingly. "Laughingly," "carelessly," quickly," are other adverbs that might be used.

The player scores a point when he guesses the adverb, and then some one goes out in his place. If he fails to score, he has to go out again, when another adverb is selected, and he comes back and tries a second time.

He continues going out and coming back until he guesses the word.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will immediately give relief, is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

Avoid Secret Stomach Remedies

Because Most of Them Contain Dangerous Ingredients, which Produce the Drug Habit.

Thousands of people, having dyspepsia or stomach troubles in some form, continually "dope" themselves with all sorts of secret tonics, drugs, pills, cathartics, etc., which not only inflame and irritate the stomach and intestines, but in many cases cause the opium, morphine and cocaine habits.

You have a right and should demand to know what any medicine contains before you take it, unless it is put up or recommended by some reputable physician. Fakes and quacks will put most anything into their secret preparations, to make you like their useless stuff so as to want more of it, until it makes you the victim of some drug habit, which will ruin your health in a short time.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not a secret remedy, they do not contain injurious drugs, and they are recommended by thousands of physicians in the United States and Canada to their patients for dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, and all other stomach troubles resulting from improper digestion of food.

Those wonderful tablets actually digest food because they contain the very elements that are required of a healthy stomach to properly digest food, thus acting as a substitute and giving the overworked digestive organs a rest and a chance to regain their former health, strength and vigor.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain fruit and vegetable essences, the pure concentrated tincture of hydrastis, and golden seal, which tone up and strengthen the mucous coats of the stomach and increase the flow of gastric and other digestive juices; lactose (extracted from milk); nux, to strengthen the nerves controlling the action of the stomach; bismuth to absorb gases and prevent fermentation, and pure aseptic pepsin (gov. test) of the highest digestive power. All these are scientifically incorporated in these tablets or lozenges and constitute a complete, natural, speedy cure for any stomach trouble.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold in large fifty-cent boxes, by all druggists.

Write us for a free sample package. This sample alone will give you sufficient relief to convince you. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 126 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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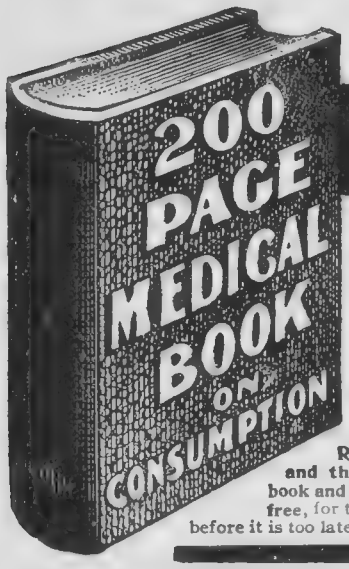
Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 243 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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MOLES, Warts, Small Birth Marks, etc., skilfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis.

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Static Electricity and High Frequency currents for all forms of nervous diseases.

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Toronto, Ont.

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Woman and the Home.

All Right.

Don't you sometimes have a feeling
That the world is all awry?
Don't you sometimes have a longing
Just to lay you down and die?
Don't you long sometimes for resting
With a woe that will not bate,
Till your heart leaps to the mem'ry
Of the baby at the gate?

Sometimes clouds enwrap the city
Till the way seems dark and cold;
Sometimes autumn's chill enfolds you
Till you're feeling worn and old:
Sometimes rest seems long in coming,
And your grieving naught can sate,
Till you think of that wee, laughing,
Romping baby at the gate.

Till you think of that wee, laughing,
Little baby at the gate;
Swinging, waiting for your coming,
And your heart can hardly wait
Till your feet are turning homeward,
Where the baby waits for you;
And the clouds dissolve in music,
And the sun is shining through.

While a gingham-aproned baby
Waits your coming eager-eyed,
With its mother standing smiling
Watching for you at its side.
And you know 'twill run to greet you,
And will gurgle with delight.
Then your troubles up and leave you,
And you know the world's all right.

Danger in Fancy Work.

"Fancy work is all right," says a prominent doctor," but only when done in moderation. Women seem to think, for some strange reason, that when they have a needle in hand they are exempt from criticism for idling away their time.

"'See what I've done,' says one woman, proudly holding up her work. I feel like saying, 'but see what you've really done!'

"For three solid hours you have sat still in a more or less intent, cramped attitude. During this time your eyes have been fixed upon your stitches. You have a number of times through this length of time felt a desire to stretch yourself, but you have refrained from indulging the desire in your enthusiasm to get through a certain stint in your work. Several times you have stopped a second after threading a new needle to rub your eyes, yawn a little draw yourself up in your chair.

"Had you followed your physical impulse after sewing for an hour you would have left the embroidery bag for a walk or an active game of sport. It was all wrong of you not to take heed of that prompting of physical fatigue, that little longing to drop work for flight into stimulating physical activity. It doesn't matter how much you delight in the pretty work, it is the extreme of folly for you to sacrifice your health for the sake of this temporary pleasure.

"My eyes were opened this summer during my stay at a summer hotel. The continuous sitting capacity of some of the women guests amazed me in itself, but I was doubly amazed at the capacity of these same women for continuous needlework as they sat away their days.

"One of these women broke down completely in the middle of the season. She chanced to come to me for advice. She said she did not know what was the matter with her, but she was sure the place did not agree with her, that she was naturally nervous. I made her pretty angry by telling her she had a disease new to me, which I called 'embroideryitis.' I told her to pack her embroidery bag and not to take it out of her trunk in the four weeks remaining of her holiday. She got over being angry when she saw that I was in earnest.

"'But it makes me so nervous to sit with my hands idle,' she said.

"'You'll find something to do if you positively can't embroider,' I said, 'and you can't for I positively forbid it.' I gave her no medicine, though she needed some, simply to show her the importance I laid upon her obeying my injunctions about the fancy work.

"She took my word seriously, and in a week came to me to show the result. She was blooming. All that young woman needed was right exercise.

"A friend of mine who is the physician of a large hotel laughed at me when I told him my discovery of a new ailment.

"'Why,' he said, 'I've taken the trouble into serious account for years. There are women in this hotel every year who come to me for troubles that I should have difficulty accounting for did I not see them busily slaving for hours and hours over their everlasting fancy work.'"

Baby's Normal Growth and Development.

As nothing else tells so accurately how well baby is growing as his weight, we shall start with him from birth and watch the little stranger develop during the first year of life. At birth the average baby weighs seven to seven and one half pounds, height twenty and a half inches, chest, thirteen and a half inches, head, fourteen inches. Girl babies on an average weigh about a pound less than boys, otherwise they are about the same. During the first week of life a loss of from four to eight ounces will be noticed, after this a healthy child should gain from four to eight ounces a week during the first six months. From six to twelve months the gain is less, usually from two to four ounces a week.

Frequently a bottle fed baby does not gain as rapidly during the first three months, after that, under favorable conditions, the gain is quite as regular, and often after the latter half of the first year it is continuous, as the weaning of a nursing infant usually causes it to lose weight for a time.

In some cases a baby may gain rapidly in weight and yet not gain in strength, or otherwise develop normally. This is sometimes seen when a child is fed a prepared infants' food, but as a rule a child with a weekly gain of four or five ounces to his credit during the first six months may be considered a healthy child. Mothers would do well to make a practice of weighing baby once a week during the first six months, after that, once in two weeks will do. A record should be kept for reference. Of course, baby is weighed without clothing. A good time to do this is just before his bath in the morning, or just before his sponge off at night. If a "baby-scales" are not at hand, lay him on a small sheet on the bed, bring the four corners of the sheet together and tie firmly to form a kind of a basket, hook the scales into the knot and raise the baby a few inches from the bed long enough to read the scales, or a basket may be used, subtracting the weight of the basket from the amount of the combined weight of baby and basket.

At three months the average child weighs from twelve to thirteen pounds, at six months fifteen to sixteen pounds, at nine months seventeen to eighteen pounds and at one year about twenty pounds, or treble his weight at birth, with height twenty-nine inches, chest, head erect during the fourth month, often during the third month, when the eighteen inches, head eighteen inches.

A healthy baby can usually hold his head erect during the fourth month, often during the third month, when the body is supported. He should be able to sit alone and support his body unassisted at seven months. At about ten months he will attempt to bear his weight upon his feet and twelve months should find him able to stand without assistance, at fourteen or fifteen months he is usually running around, but under no circumstances should a child be urged to walk. He is usually too anxious to do so and will as soon as his little bones and muscles are strong enough. Nor is it advisable to use any contrivance for teaching baby to walk.

Habits.

The power of habit is one of the strongest forces or influences of our lives. Heredity, prenatal influences and natural environment each contribute to make us what we are, but the habits we are allowed to form in our early years, especially habits of thought and expression, are much greater factors in the outcome of our lives.

The formation of habits of neatness, order, obedience and industry have long been conceded to be important, but of even greater importance is the cultivation of habits of cheerfulness, forbearance, patience and forgiveness as contributing to soul growth, spiritual development, and so fitting us for greater usefulness and enjoyment—both in this life and the life to come.

If parents have neglected to establish such habits in their children, those children, when of older growth, should strive to form them themselves, for no one is properly equipped for life without them. The formation of good and pleasant habits and the checking of or eradicating of evil and unpleasant ones should be one of our chief businesses in life.

To Roast Chestnuts.—Boil in plenty of water one-half hour; drain out and place in a pan with holes in it—a corn-popper will answer; shake over hot coals until roasted.

Rhubarb Lumps of Delight.—Choose young and tender but plump stalks of rhubarb, wash, peel and cut in one and one-half inch pieces. Weigh and allow as many pounds of sugar as you have fruit. Put the sugar over the fire with one-half cupful of water allowed to each pound of sugar; bring to a boil, skim and add the thin grated yellow rind of a lemon and juice (a tablespoonful to each pound of sugar). Add the pieces of rhubarb to the boiling syrup, simmer gently, until transparent but not broken, drain, dust each lump with sugar and dry on paraffine paper in the oven or sun. Use the remaining syrup for stewing the rhubarb for immediate use.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Made of Cranberries.

Although most housewives are faithful, to the verge of monotony, to cranberry jelly and cranberry sauce, they do not seem to appreciate the possibilities of the tart red berries as foundations for desserts and even beverages—cranberry gruel and cranberry posset were known and valued by our ancestresses, and a jug of the latter would be a welcome and appropriate innovation at a Thanksgiving dinner that would undoubtedly make a "hit" with the young as well as the older members gathered round the family board.

To make cranberry posset, mix half a pint each of berries and water, and mash the fruit well. Now boil the peel of half a lemon and one ounce of oatmeal in two quarts of water for twelve to fifteen minutes; then add the mashed fruit and wat r, with just enough sugar to sweet n it lightly without destroying the flavor of the fruit; boil it all for twenty minutes, then strain it and let it get cold. It is excellent as it is, but some people like the addition of a little brandy or sherry.

Cranberry tart is made thus: Line a pie dish with plain short crust, then fill it with uncooked cranberries, add a gill of golden syrup (or molasses) and four tablespoonfuls of sugar; cover with an upper crust, and bake for thirty minutes in a sharp oven.

To prepare tart a la Manon: Line a tart mould or a pastry ring with good short paste, and fill it with stewed and sweetened cranberries, cover with an upper crust, brush this over with water, dust it with sugar and bake for thirty minutes in a sharp oven. Serve hot or cold, with thick or whipped cream.

Cranberry Roll: Stew some cranberries till soft enough to sieve, sweeten to taste and let them cool. Have ready some good suet crust, not too thick; spread the sieved fruit over this, roll it up into a bolster shape, tie it up into a cloth and boil in plenty of water for quite two hours, then turn it out, and serve the roll either plain, dusted with powdered sugar or with any sweet or wine sauce.

Thanksgiving Recipes.

Pumpkin Pudding.—Into a pint of stewed pumpkin beat the whipped yolks of five eggs, a quart of milk, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and half a teaspoonful each of powdered mace, nutmeg and cinnamon. Last of all, stir in lightly the stiffened whites of the five eggs, turn the mixture into a buttered pudding dish and bake until set. Eat hot with a hard sauce.

Stuffed Potatoes.—Bake some medium size potatoes, and, when tender, cut a slice from one end, remove all the soft pulp with a small spoon and mash smooth; add to each pint of pulp a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to season, half a gill of milk and a quarter teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley; beat all smooth with a silver fork, and, at the very last, add the white of one egg, beaten to a snow; stuff the skin, replace the lid and fasten with a wooden toothpick; place in a hot oven for fifteen minutes, then serve.

Thanksgiving Pudding.—Two pints of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder, mixed with three pints of sweet milk. Cream one-quarter of a cupful of butter with a teacupful of sugar; add half a teaspoonful each of salt, ground cloves, grated nutmeg and lemon extract and six well beaten eggs; stir all into the milk and crumbs; add one pint of stoned raisins, one pint of currants, one cupful of suet, one cupful of citron, cut fine, and a half glassful of grape juice; mix well and steam four hours. Serve with any favorite pudding sauce.

Peach Meringue Pie.—Take some fine canned peaches, mash; sweeten with powdered white sugar. Line the pie plates with a very rich paste, fill with the peaches and bake until just done. Take from the oven and spread over the peaches a thick meringue, made by whipping to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs for each pie, sweetening with one tablespoonful of powdered white sugar for each egg. Flavor with vanilla, beat until it will stand alone, and cover the top of the pie three-quarters of an inch thick with it. Put back in the oven until the meringue is lightly browned. Serve cold.

White Cup Cake.—One large coffee cupful of sour cream or rich buttermilk, one cupful of good butter; two cupfuls of white sugar and four cupfuls of sifted flour. Stir the butter and sugar together till quite light, then by degrees add the buttermilk, alternately, with half the flour. Stir in the beaten whites of five eggs, alternately, with the remainder of the flour. Add one grated nutmeg and a large teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Lastly, stir in one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a very little lukewarm water. Beat the mixture very hard, put into two well-buttered cake tins and bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Puff Pudding.—One cupful of sour cream, a little salt, half a teaspoonful of soda. Stir in flour till as stiff as you can stir it, then spread it in a two-quart pudding pan, set in the oven and let it brown very light. To three nice tart apples, stewed until soft, add one large tablespoonful of butter, half a cupful of white sugar and the beaten yolk of one egg. Beat these together and spread over the top of the dough and return the pudding to the oven. When this is nicely browned, take from the oven and spread with the beaten white of the egg sweetened with two tablespoonfuls of powdered white sugar, and flavored with grated nutmeg. Return to the oven and let the top brown again. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Ragout of Duck.—In three tablespoons of olive oil, one-half teaspoon of salt, and a dusting of paprika, marinate narrow strips of meat (about a pint) and set aside for three hours. Rub the inside of a saucepan with a clove of garlic. Put in two tablespoons of butter and brown slightly, add a quarter of a cup of flour, blend with the butter, pour in a cup and a half of rich brown stock or gravy, and cook to a smooth thickness. Add two tablespoons of chili sauce, the juice of a lemon, salt and pepper, and the prepared meat. Heat for five minutes, dash in a small glass of port, if that is liked, and serve.

Creamed Salmon.—Melt two tablespoons of butter in the blazer over hot water; add two tablespoons of sifted flour, seasoning with salt, pepper and cayenne and one pint of hot milk. When smooth and thickened stir in one cup of canned salmon, one cup of finely chopped peanuts, and the whites of six hard-boiled eggs chopped fine. Serve hot in ramekins or on buttered toast.

TURKEY IN VARIOUS STYLES.

Deviled Turkey.—Score criss-cross fashion the cooked thighs and drumsticks, and rub over them a large spoonful of mustard, mixed with vinegar; season well with salt and pepper; broil over hot coals, and serve on a hot dish with a lump of butter on each piece.

Turkey in Savory Jelly.—Dissolve one-fourth package of gelatine in two cupfuls of stock that has had boiled in it an onion, celery and bay leaf, and one-half pint of water. Season with salt and pepper; place some of the jelly in a mold, add slices of the light and dark meat of boiled turkey, then jelly, then meat until mold is full. Garnish with celery and serve.

Roast Turkey.—After careful dressing, wipe the turkey dry, inside and out; rub the inside with a little salt and fill with the following: Roast and peel about thirty chestnuts. Pound ten of these with the liver, add a little minced parsley, a taste of onion, salt, pepper and the yolks of two eggs. Put this in the breast cavity, and sew up. Fry five or six links of small sausage in butter until half done, chop into inch lengths, add a cup of bread or cracker crumbs, a large spoonful of butter, pepper, salt, the remaining whole chestnuts and fill the body. Sew up with twine. Tie the legs and wings down securely and fasten to the body with skewers. Rub all over with soft butter, salt and pepper; dredge with flour, cover with slices of bacon and place in baking pan. Allow twenty minutes to the pound and baste often.

Other Turkey Filling.—Into one quart of cracker or bread crumbs, rub a large spoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of minced mixed herbs, a pinch of ground mace, a heaping teaspoonful of salt and half as much pepper. Chop fine twelve drained oysters; add these, with a beaten egg, to the crumbs, and fill the turkey with this.

Turkey Sauce.—Stew the heart, liver, gizzard, neck and tip of wings together, in one pint of water. Chop fine, removing the hard portions. Return to the water in which they were stewed. Chop six oysters and add to the stew. When the turkey is removed, stir into the liquid two tablespoonfuls of flour. When well browned, add the chopped contents of the stew, together with the liquid. Add one pint of rich, sweet milk, salt and pepper to taste, one teaspoon-salt and pepper to taste, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and serve.

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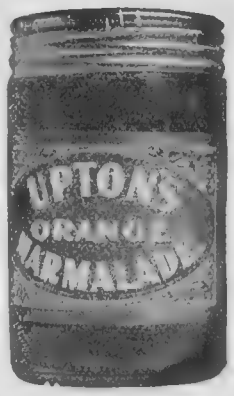

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Ask your grocer for Blackwood's special Pickling Vinegars, manufactured in Malt, White Wine and Cider.

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THE LABOR OF THE FARMER

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In Crown Brand (CORN) Table Syrup

is made from the finest selected white Corn—clean, clear, rich, healthful, delicious, and nourishing. A food for young and old.

Ask your dealer for it and see that the "Crown" is on every tin.

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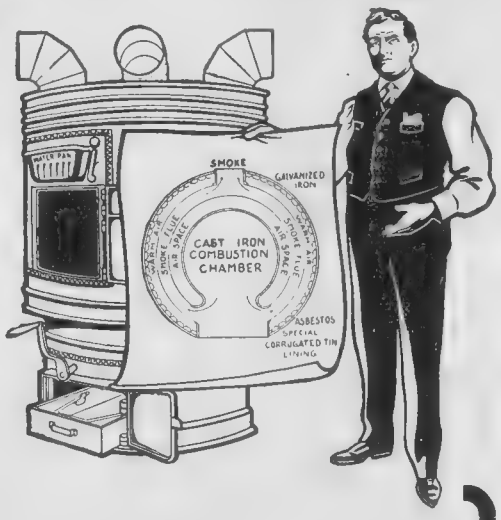

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

About the Farm.

Saving Mother.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamp-light's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three small boys in the chimney-nook,
Conned the lines of a picture-book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently.
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint;
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:
"There's taxes to raise and int'rest to pay,
And if there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm boun' to say,
T' have somethin' put by; for folks must die.
An' there's funeral bills an' gravestones to buy,
Enough to swamp a man, pretty nigh.
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe,
To be provided for when we go.

"So'f I was you
I'll tell you what I'd do:
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
Extry fire don't do any good—
I'd be savin 'of soap an' savin' of ile,
An' run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee and tea,
For sugar is high,
An' all to buy,
An' cider is good enough for me.
I'd be kinder careful about my clo'es,
An' look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nature knows,
An' extry trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
An' eggs is as good, nigh about's the money.
An' as to the carpet you wanted new,
I guess we can make the old one do.
An' as for the washer an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents is pesky mean—
You'd better get rid of 'em slick an' clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Do they calculate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row;
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then, with a warmth he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:
"You talk of savin' wood and ile,
An' tea an' sugar, all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

A Common Screw Driver.

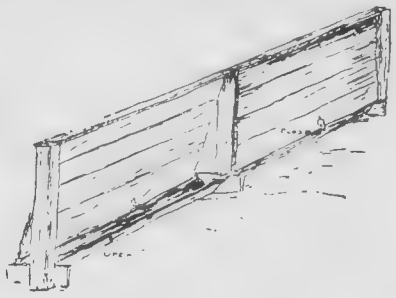
It often happens that a common screw driver hardly fills the bill, and we resort to a hammer to drive a screw. This, of course, destroys the purpose of the spiral thread. A convenient screw driver, to which more force can be applied, may be made from a dulled or broken bit which should be cut off just above the twist. This end may be heated and hammered into the form of a screw driver. To temper the

Made from a broken bit.

bit-driver, plunge it into oil or water and watch for the purple color. It should not be either too soft or too hard, but the farmer will know best how to temper.

Convenient Trough Guard.

Everyone knows how difficult it is to keep the hogs out of the trough when "slopping," and how much "slop" is wasted by their wild scramble. To keep the hogs out while the feed is being poured in, the door should be

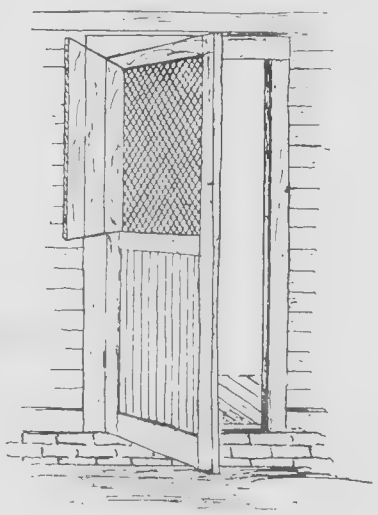


Two positions of guard.

hung on hinges from the framework above. It may be swung back and forth at will and then fastened at either position by the use of a sliding bar, which is fitted into an attached slot.

Some Handy Things.

In winter it is sometimes difficult to sufficiently ventilate the henhouse without opening the door so that the fowls get out. To overcome this difficulty a



A ventilating door.

part of the door is hinged and may be fastened open or shut as desired. Across this window is stretched a coarse netted screen which admits of thorough ventilation.

A Homesteader at Vermillion on his way to the Post Office.

Dairy Notes.

The scrub farmer will keep scrub stock.

Starving the young animals in the dairy saves feed, but that is all.

The savage dog has no license on the farm and especially around the dairy.

A few good rules consistently followed will accomplish greater results than much wisdom and little practice.

It is a mighty poor cow that will not respond to good care and good food. She should be sold to the butcher forthwith.

Milk with dry hands. The man who milks with wet hands is usually very careless as well in the other details of the dairy business.

A man who abuses his stock has about as much chance of reaching the Better Land as the golden rule has of being worked to death.

Its a pretty good plan to have arrangements made so that the stock can get in out of the storm, should one come up while the family is away.

Promptly remove from the herd any animal suspected of being in bad health and reject her milk. Never add an animal to the herd until certain it is free from disease, especially tuberculosis.

The article of commerce which does not have to seek a market always sells for a fancy price. The dairyman who is making butter should produce such fine quality in his product that the market will seek his business.

The "average" dairyman is a very poor dairyman in the true sense of the word, yet a comparison of the methods in use to-day with those of even ten years ago is quite complimentary to this same "average" dairyman. There's abundant room for improvement yet, however.

Feeding for Eggs.

Feed liberally if you want eggs. While some chicks die from over-feeding, I believe that many hens fail to lay eggs during the winter because insufficient food is provided. A great deal of food is necessary to keep a hen alive and warm and also provide egg material during our cold winter.

Feed all grain in litter, and there will be no danger of the hen becoming too fat. Of course there will be sluggards in every flock that will eat and roost and lay no eggs. One must pick out these drones and kill them in justice to the rest of the flock.

Observation and experience have taught me that the warm mash is a great factor in the winter egg problem. Oats or barley boiled make a good mash if mixed with bran or shorts. If the flock is not large a kettle may be kept on the back of the kitchen stove and all vegetable and fruit parings, meat trimmings, pieces of pumpkin, table scraps, etc., thrown in. This must be cooked until done and salted slightly, then mixed until crumbly with bran or shorts to make an ideal mash.

We have our dinner at six o'clock in the winter time. The kettle is filled as we prepare the meal and after our meal is eaten the contents of the kettle is cooked, either that evening or the next morning, and mixed and fed about nine o'clock a.m. Of course the flock has been at work long before this on grain that was scattered in the litter the previous evening.

Grit and warm water are provided always during the cold weather. Charcoal, too, we find to be good and often char the corn for the flock either on the cob or shelled.

Oats we find to be an excellent food for the last meal on a cold night, shelled, warmed and plenty of it, fed so that no fowl goes on the roost hungry.

Often, especially if very cold, we feed this last feed of the day in troughs so as to be sure of full crops. I have a theory that one may feed chicks or grown fowls all they can eat without their working for it at night.

One poultry woman succeeds by one method of feeding, another woman by another method, but one thing is certain, all work hard. No successful poultry woman, or man either, has an easy life; but while the work is hard it is pleasant for those who like it and success is asured.

Poultry.

The pullet that lays early usually may be depended on to lay all winter, if properly cared for.

If your hen house roof leaks or the wind gets through the wall cover the building, sides and roof, with one of the roofing fabrics advertised for the purpose. This material is not expensive and is easily put on.

If your poultry building stands on low ground a board floor is better than a dirt floor, for the air can circulate under it and keep it dry.

Don't crowd a large flock of fowls into a small house if you expect them to be healthy and productive. Twenty hens in a house twelve feet square will usually be more profitable than forty kept in the same house.

It is safe to remember that fowls must have fresh air to breathe or their combs will turn pale and their strength and productiveness will be diminished. If the roosts are at the back of the pen and the windows in front, plenty of air can be admitted, and the fowls will not be in the draft. If the rain or snow blows in place a piece of burlap over the opening.

It does not pay to send your fowls to the Thanksgiving market thin in flesh. Give them plenty of corn once a day and a mash made of equal parts of ground oats, cornmeal and wheat bran and half a part of beef scraps, mixed with milk twice a day. This will make them fat in ten days or two weeks if they are healthy and free from lice.

When you build nests make them large enough to be comfortable, but not deep enough so that the hens will break the eggs therein by jumping down upon them when about to lay. It is also advisable to place the nests where the hens can reach them without overexerting themselves. If they are high on the wall, provide a slanting board with cleats across it to serve as a runway.

A Time For Doing Things.

Why is it that some farmers always have their work well in hand while others are always behind with what they have to do? It depends largely upon conditions under which the farmer labors, but the fact remains that that same farmer is generally responsible for those conditions.

The reader might offer the suggestion that working under those conditions which are unfavorable is quite another thing from telling how conditions should be changed. That is a poor excuse to offer, however. Right in that man's neighborhood will be found the man who is ahead and the man who is behind.

The writer was born and grew to early manhood on a farm and is giving his own observations. He remembers well one season spent as a hired man on a big dairy farm whose owner is one of those farmers who always has his work well in hand. He did not believe in making farm life a life of drudgery either. During the summer and fall months the work was all done by daylight, but we worked while we were at it. At five o'clock in the morning every one began to get busy. Each man had his particular chores to do every day, and my work was with the cows. At seven o'clock we were ready for the field and at 11.45 the dinner call was sounded. Promptly at 1.15 p.m. we were off for the fields again and supper was always ready at six p.m. The chores were done in the early evening. During the hot summer evenings we usually rounded out the day with a plunge into the nearby lake.

The suggestion might be offered that the hired man was fortunate in securing such a place to work, and indeed he was, but I assure you that it was not wholly the interests of the hired man that the farmer had in mind. He knows that it pays to run a farm in that way. Every horse on the farm and every person on that farm felt just like doing his best while at work, and more work was done than could have been done any other way.

It is unnecessary to add that the dairy returned handsome profits to that farmer. The cows received good care, and they were milked at the same time every day.

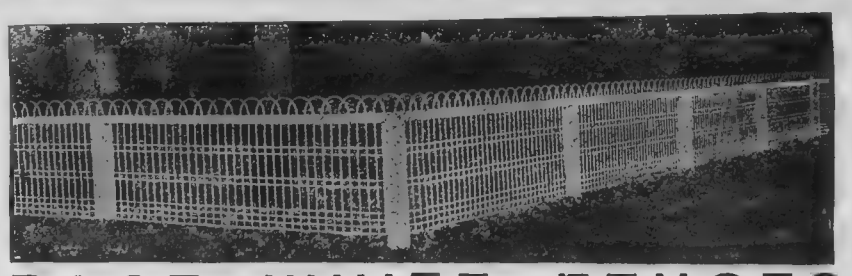
This man also had the hired help question solved. His hired men did not complain about milking cows, as it was made part of the day's work instead of the night's work. In order to be perfectly fair in my argument, perhaps I should state that this farmer had four good-looking daughters who assisted in milking the cows. A whole chapter might be offered right here about the farm girl, but the writer will leave that for another time, suffice it to say that he captured one of the four.

I have called attention to this experience for the purpose of proving by actual observation that keeping up the work in proper shape on the farm does not necessarily mean long hours and a life of drudgery. Quite the reverse is true. It's chiefly in the man who runs the farm and he can choose for himself.

Pointers.

A very good idea is to have a plain map of the orchard (be it one of long standing or a new one) before the names of varieties and locations are wholly forgotten. This is also useful in case of an exchange of the property, and for the benefit of the coming generation who may wish enlightenment respecting names, age of trees, etc. Such an act would be "doing as one would be done by."

Folks have trouble keeping apples in a cellar that is too warm. This fruit needs a cold, dry temperature. A neighbor has fine success preserving apples in a cellar which is walled with large stones. He claims that the rocks hold the cold and that it is easier to keep the right temperature than if the walls were of some other material. Of course, the doors and windows have to be looked after at this season, and opened and closed according to the weather. Even good-keeping apples won't keep long if the ones beginning to rot are not kept sorted away from the others.



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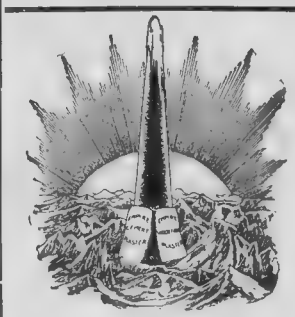

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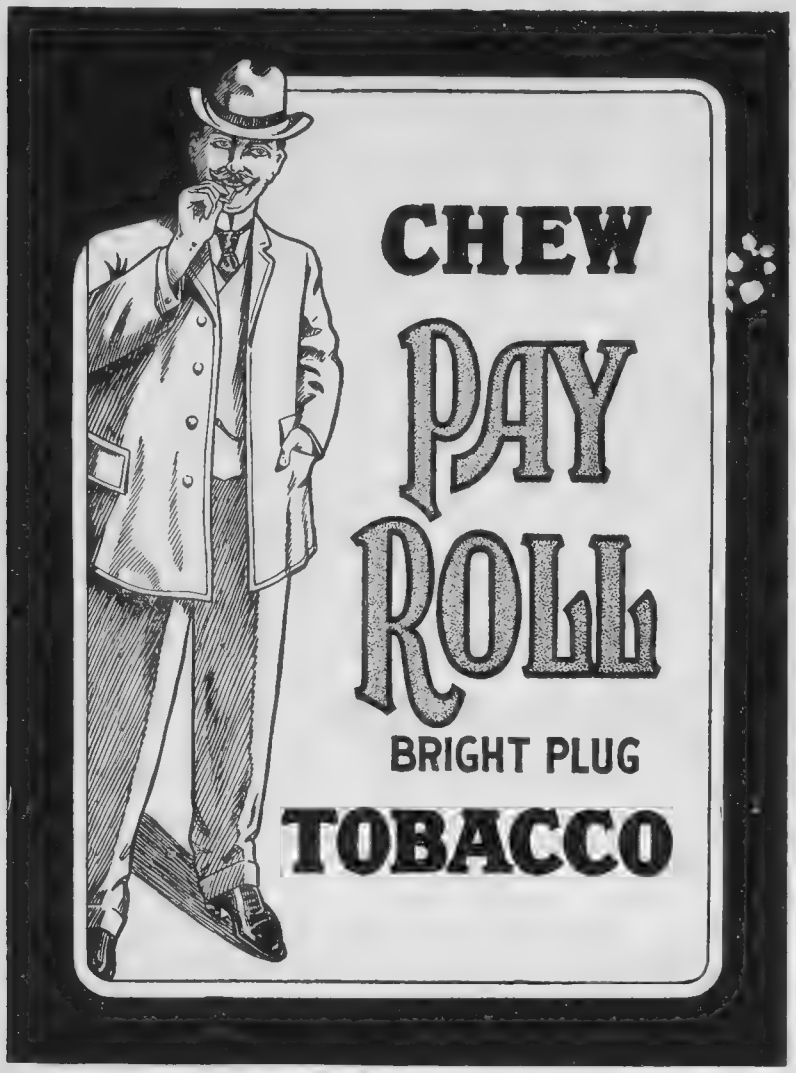

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In Lighter Vein.

The Old Time Games.

I want to go back to the old home nest,
And swing on the sycamore tree;
I want to go home again and rest
And let my heart go free;
And play the games with the old time zest
With the boy that I used to be.
"Chica-ma-chica-ma-cra-nee-crow,
Went to the well to wash her toe.
When she got back her chickens were gone!
What time, old witch?"

I want to play hide and seek again,
And climb in the old hay loft.
Oh, the world is empty and all in vain
Its riches, and oft and oft
I turn aside from the path of pain
To list to a whisper soft:
"One zall, two zall, zickerzall, zan,
Bobtail vinegar, tickerall, tan,
Harum, scarum, Irish narum,
Swingerlum, Swangerlum,
Washumbuck."

—Celia Myrover Robinson.

His Radical Cure.

"To show de power ob de 'magination an' de consanguinity ob human nature," remarked square-headed old Brother Shockey, "jes' lemme tell yo': De udder mawnin', when I come uhbogin' 'long down to town I met up wid Brudder Wampuss, I b'lieves 'twuz, an' he wags his head, sawtah mogger, an' says, 'Well-uh, shucks, Brudder Shockey, yo'-all has de 'pearance ob bein' pow'ful puny to-day!' An' I got to wonderin' if 'twuz so. Purt' soon I meets Brudder Shinpaw, an' he remahks dat I'm uh-lookin' mighty bad, somehow or nudder; an' I sh'ly begins to feel dat-uh-way.

"Next, 'twuz Brudder Bimmelick, an' he says, 'Hum-haw! Sick, isn't yo', sah? Ah, but people is uh-dyin' off mighty profound, dese days!' Den 'twuz Brudder Brownback, an' he 'lowed he'd never had de pleasure ob seein' me wid such a sinister cullah to muh complexion befo'; an' turrectly a-nudder brudder specified dat I ortah take suthin' fo' it, an 'de next one remahked dat dar was a pow'ful sight ob ominous 'zeases uh-gwine 'round jes' now, ee-especially amongst de Americo-Afruns. Well-uh, by dat time dey sho'ly had me gwine sideways wid deir lamentations. I felt a malicious goneness in muh interiah, a sagacious roarin' in muh head, an' de all-overs in mun back, an' purt soon I was in a high fever an' had de palliation ob de heart an' enough udder symptoms to plumb fit up a blue-backed ommenick, an' by de time muh lovin' friends had got all th'oo wid me I was as good as gone.

"But jes' as I was mizzably figgerin' on de length ob de puhsession an' 'bout how soon de widdah would marry ag'in, I comes up wid a Hard-shell Babdist brudder dat was uh-eetchin' an uh-ailin' to 'spute 'bout de Holy Scripters; an' he didn't take time to notice dat I wasn't long fo' dis world, but jes' lit in onto me like he was a she-bear an' I was a passel of orphant child'en.

"'Loogy puh, sah! Now, jes' loogy right yuh!' he prognosticates, uh-comin' at me wid his brizzles up. 'All this yuh Tommy-foolishness dat de Shoutin' Meferdists, dat yo' has de honah to b'long to, 'dulges in am twinklin' thimbles an' sounderin' brass, an' yo' knows it! How can yo' have de shamefacedness to stand up befo' me an' de Lawd in dat paltry attitude? W'y, ding-bust it, suh——'

"Well-uh, 'twuzn't much mo' dan no time a-tall twell me an' dat benighted brudder was at it hammer an' tongs, an' purt soon we had done tied into into each udder like a couple of catamounts an' was uh-gwine 'round an' 'round fo' de glory ob de Lawd. An' atter I had had de pleasure ob bouncin' a good-sized rock on his nappy head an' sendin' him uh-scootin' to'a'ds de wilderness ob sin, whuh he p'intedly b'longed, I sw'ar to gracious I never felt better or mo' able in all muh life; 'deed I nevah did."

Unfailing Insight.

The novelist Balzac flattered himself upon his skill in reading character from handwriting. A lady once brought him an extract from the exercise-book of a twelve-year-old schoolboy and asked for an opinion as to the youngster's character and prospects.

Balzac inquired whether the child was her own. Answered in the negative, he examined the exercise carefully and delivered his judgment.

"Madam," he said, "this child is thick-headed and frivolous. He will never come to any good. If he were my child, I would take him from school and put him to the plough."

And then it had to be broken gently to the graphologist that the exercise on which he had pronounced so severely was one of his own, which had been discovered hidden away between the leaves of an old lesson-book.

Back to the Hay.

The foreign nobleman was keenly disappointed.

"I was hoping, monsieur," he sighed, "that you might possibly install me in your glorious family."

The wealthy mine owner laughed.

"Install you," he echoed. "Why, certainly. You will find our family stable to the left, and if you don't disturb the horses you may have a stall all to yourself."

Range Etiquette.

The new owner of the Circle Bar Rancho walked stiffly over to the bunk house where one of the punchers sat, mending a riata.

"Saddle up a horse for me, my good man," he said, "a tame one if you can find it."

The puncher raised his pale blue eyes to the face of the new owner, a phantom smile hid under his drooping yellow moustache.

"Saddle him yourself," he said.

That night, the puncher called for his time and rode away with the unexplained explanation that he wouldn't be "no hostler for nobody; that was alright for city doods, but it don't go on the range."

Hypocrisy.

"What is a hypocrite?" asked the teacher.

Johnny, who never knew his lessons, suddenly surprised everyone by waving his hand as a signal that he could answer, so she called on him.

"A hypocrite," said Johnny, "is a boy who comes to school with a smile."

Leading Up to It.

"I wish you would look at the watch and see what's the matter with it," the man said, handing it over.

The jeweler examined it.

"I can't see anything wrong," he said. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"It has lost nearly a minute in the last three months."

"That isn't worth making a fuss over."

"I didn't know but one of the jewels might have broken, or something."

"No, they're all right."

"None of em' dropped out?"

"No, they're all there."

"It isnt' full jeweled, anyhow, is it?"

"Yes, it's full jeweled."

"I've been suspecting lately that the case is only washed."

"You're wrong. It's solid gold."

"But it isn't a first-rate make, is it?"

"Yes, there's nothing better on the market."

"I'm glad to hear you say so. Perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me have a fifty on it?"

Still Waiting.

A gentleman met a young woman who had formerly been a servant in his house and, being interested in her welfare, said to her:

"Why, haven't you married yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I thought you would have been married before now."

"Oh, no, sir," she said. "There's two waitin'!"

"Two!" he exclaimed. "Why, you don't intend to marry two, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then, who are they?" he inquired.

"Why," she replied naively, "the two that's waitin' is the minister and me!"

Had Heard of One.

"Who ever saw a perfect man?" asked the revivalist. "There is no such thing. Every man has his faults, plenty of them." The revivalist continued: "Who ever saw a perfect woman?" At this juncture a tall, thin woman arose. "Do you mean to say, madam," the evangelist asked, "that you have seen a perfect woman?" "Well, I can't just say that I have seen her," the woman replied, "but I have heard a powerful lot about her; she was my husband's first wife."

Clever Dog.

A gentleman once possessed a valuable sporting dog which was extremely clever in the retrieving of game. The owner, however, was a remarkably bad shot, and one day, on firing both barrels hastily at a rabbit, he heard a mournful howl. The next moment his dog appeared, carrying a black object in his mouth, and laid it carefully at his master's feet. The animal had retrieved his own tail.

Modern Fables.

There was once a steer that was a wonder from the time of his childhood. When he was a yearling he outweighed any two-year-old in his township, and before he was three he could make a steer that weighed a ton look like 30 cents. Then a man bought him and took him around to country fairs and exhibited him to the people at ten cents per look. And still the steer continued to get bigger and bigger until it was necessary to knock out the side of a barn to let him in. And the steer grew proud and haughty on account of all this public notice and concluded as he

chewed his cud that he was about the best thing that ever came down the pike. Finally his owner concluded to go out of the show business and decided that he would sell the steer at auction. There was a rattling big crowd at the sale, for everybody in the state had heard of the steer. The crowd, in fact, was so big that it blocked the street so that it was necessary to call the police to clear the road for the street cars. As the fat steer looked around on that crowd and heard the bids he said to himself, "I am certainly a very warm number. The governor couldn't attract half as big a crowd as this." Finally he was bought by a local butcher and led carefully away to a stall in a cattle shed. In the next stall was an undersized runt of Alberta parentage which would weigh about 650. The great steer sniffed at the runt as he was led into his stall, but the runt only said as he gathered in another wisp of prairie hay, "You think you are a great many just now, my beauty, but unless I am badly off my trolley I can see your finish within the next 24 hours." And within ten hours after this the carcass of the great steer was hanging up on exhibition in front of the butcher shop with a tag attached stating that choice cuts from this carcass could be had for $1 per pound. Then the runty Albertan steer tossed his head in triumph and said, "What did I tell you?" In less than two months the runty Albertan was filling tin cans and being devoured by an unsuspecting public under the impression they were eating choice roast beef.

Moral: All classes get it in the neck sooner or later.

Anecdotal.

The conversation turned to the war with Spain and the part played by the colonel of the Rough Riders in the battle at San Juan Hill. "There are two widely varying stories concerning the part I took in that affair," said the President. "One is to the effect that when the charge up San Juan Hill occurred I was two miles in the rear of our men, and did not get into action at all. The other is that I was far in advance of the men as the charge up the hill was made, and that while conspicuously in view of both armies I shot a Spanish officer in the back. Both of these stories," added the President, with a grim smile, "the democracy as a whole accepts as literally true."

Talking about the various persons who make the life of an editor obnoxious to him, by telling him how to run his paper, Colonel Charles A. Edwards, of Texas, said the other day: "I know all about it. I was an editor myself once down in Texas. One day a man came in and said to me: 'I have come in here to complain about this article you have in your paper to-day. I don't like it; its tone is undignified; its diction poor; its——' I pushed a button on my desk, and when the office-boy leaped in I let out all the notches in my voice. 'Bring me,' I thundered, 'an axe, a hammer and a six-shooter.' 'Good Lord,' said the kicker, pale-faced and astounded; 'what are you going to do?' 'I'm going, sir,' I replied, 'to kill every printer and reporter in the place, and to smash every blank press and throw it in the river. What am I running a paper for, except to please everybody?'"

A story was told by the late Admiral Murray about the much-lamented King Christian of Denmark. A small fleet of American ships visited Copenhagen, and the King invited the principal officers to dinner. "From my seat at dinner," related Admiral Murray, "I looked out on the pleasant lawn where the band was stationed. After the principal business of the dinner was over, at the invitation of King Christian the glasses were filled, and, all the table being at attention, his majesty arose and, with due formality, proposed 'The President of the United States.' Glasses were raised, but the King paused, glared over his shoulder, and abruptly left the dining-hall. The guests, upon invitation of an aide, reseated themselves. In a few minutes I saw the bandmaster come hurriedly into sight, followed by the King, who kicked him across my field of view. Shortly after, the King returned to the dining-hall, took his place at the head of the table, and, the guests having risen, again proposed 'The President of the United States.' As he raised his glass the band struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner.' With a satisfied smile His Majesty emptied his glass."

One day in the United States Senate when Senator Beveridge was in one of his most eloquent flights, old Senator Pettus of Alabama got up and asked leave to interrupt. "Does the Senator from Indiana yield to the Senator from Alabama?" thundered the Vice-President. "Nothing" replied Beveridge, "affords or can ever afford the Senator from Indiana more pleasure than to yield to the distinguished and able Senator from Alabama, who never makes a speech himself or interrupts the speech of another Senator without adorning it with brilliant radiance." Pettus stood there with his jaws wagging with the inevitable cud of tobacco until Beveridge had finished the sentence and then said: "Mr. President, I move we adjourn." And they adjourned

"Seamen's return" tickets are issued by most British railways at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates. When a somewhat stylishly dressed young man demanded one to Birmingham, the booking clerk at a southern seaport town demurred. "'Seamen's returns' are only issued to sailors," he snapped. "Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk; "how am I to know it is correct?" "How are you to know?" came the answer. "Why, you leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll know I've doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in your jaw tackle a bit.

During the siege of Kimberley the editor of the only daily paper there was often hard put to find enough news. One day in a clubroom he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon appeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Mr. Rhodes, who inquired: "Where's my Cape Town paper?" "Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply. "Please don't do that again," said Rhodes, mildly. "That paper came through by native runners and cost me $1,000."

A well-known American writer automobiled through Scotland, and at a hotel in the highlands was treated with the greatest incivility. "I complain in particular," he said to the manager, "about my waiter in the dining-room. The inattention and insolence of this man are insupportable." The manager sought out the waiter, a raw-boned, red-haired highlander. "Dugald," he said, "the American visitor accuses you of inattention and insolence. What have you to say?" Dugald snorted and hotly replied: "It's no' to be expeckit that a self-respectin' Scot could wait on him wi' civeelity. Wasna it he that said we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"

The late Senator John Sherman, whenever he went to New York City, nearly always consented to see and submit to an interview with Homer Fort (a journalist who knew more public men by sight and has interviewed more prominent people, perhaps, than George Alfred Townsend). Mr. Sherman's friendliness for Mr. Fort began in an amusing way. The latter sent his card to the ex-Secretary of the Treasury, who was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He was invited to the Senator's room and found the Ohio statesman in a gloomy, reticent mood. After some preliminary interrogatories that resulted in negative replies, the newspaper writer told a few jokes to his apparently cold listener. This is the one that caused the Senator to laugh and melt sufficiently to give a long and important interview. An Anglo-Saxon citizen in New Orleans attended the funeral of a Frenchman's wife. Several days afterward, meeting the bereaved husband on Canal Street, the latter asked, with Gallic jauntiness, "Ah, were you at ze funeral?" The American said "Yes." "How you tink I did?" "Oh, splendidly. You appeared to be fond of your wife, as it took four men to hold you and control your grief and active emotion." "You were only at ze house, eh? You should have gone to ze cemetaire, for there I raise ze Cain—it take ten men to hold me!"

Willie (very seriously): "Papa, I had a strange dream this morning."

Papa: "Indeed! What was it?"

Willie: "I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden street, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that Heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed."

Papa (laying down his newspaper): "And did you finally reach Heaven, my son?"

Willie: "No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up and saw you coming down."

Pain anywhere, pain in the head, painful periods, neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where the pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cents. All druggists.

If Your Horse Gets Hurt?

If one of the horses should be kicked—cut a knee—strain a shoulder—go lame—have you the remedy at hand to CURE the injury?

Kendall's Spavin Cure

ought to be in every stable and barn in Canada. It prevents little horse troubles from becoming big ones—and takes away all signs of lameness. With a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure handy, you are prepared for accidents that may happen at any time.

CROSSFIELD, Alta., Jan. 14 '06
"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success in many things, such as Barb Wire Cuts and Raw Sores." M. J. MORRISON.

Don't be without it another day. Get a bottle at your dealers. $1. or 6 for $5. Our "Treatise On the Horse" tells just what you ought to know about horses, their diseases, and how to cure them. Write for free copy.

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The Ideal Butter Separator will take Butter direct from Sweet Milk in Seven Minutes. It will also take it from Sour Milk and Sweet and Sour Cream. It costs but $24.00 for 7 gal size; $35.00 for 15 gal. size. If you are interested write for particulars. This Butter Separator does away with the Cream Separator and Churns of all kinds. It separates the butter direct from the Sweet Milk in less time than a Cream Separator separates the Cream from the Milk. Our Ideal Butter Separator combines both the working qualities of the Cream Separator and the Farrel Churn at a less cost than either one or the other.

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The Iroquois Manufacturing Co., Limited, Iroquois, Ont.

Write for Descriptive Circular.

Winnipeg Agents C. GRIFFITHS, 123 Bannatyne E. Calgary Agents McHUGH, Bros.

Forty-two Chances

We had forty-two calls for office help in the month of July. This means a chance for 42 young people to get started in business life.

Let us help you during the coming Fall and Winter months to prepare for some of these opportunities. Write for full information now. Our Calendar "A" will give full particulars. Address the

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PRINCIPALS.

Try KDC

MOST FAMOUS PREPARATION in the sphere of medicine. It ranks first in curative power. **Indigestion FLEES before it. It is a pure Household Remedy,** whose merits have long been established and can be used with perfect safety from the **Father to the Infant. Insure against Indigestion** by keeping K. D. C. always at hand.

25c, 35c and $1.00. All Druggists.

K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited, New Glasgow, N. S.

Catarrh Cure Free

If You Continually K'hawk and Spit, If You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, that Is Catarrh and I Can Cure It.

Let Me Send You a Free Trial Package

This Picture Is Awful, Catarrh Is Even Worse.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity.

In order to prove to all that are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 9599 Main St., Marshall, Mich. Simply send your name and address with his notice, and the trial package will be sent free by return mail. Duty Free.

What about your "Crown of Glory?"

The crowning glory of a woman is her hair and there are but few ladies who do not look after their hair and scalp, spend more time on them than on their complexions. Treatment for the hair and scalp is work that should always be attended to by a dermatologist. Hair is a product of the skin, and we have had the very greatest success with its treatment.

HISCOTT HAIR TONIC AND SCALP CLEANSER

is one of our newest preparations. As its name implies it is not only a tonic for the hair but cures scalp troubles also. A scalp is diseased when there is much dandruff, and dandruff is a forerunner of baldness. **Hiscott Hair Tonic** arrests falling hair, as it stimulates the scalp and hair cells, and makes it grow beautifully long and glossy. When there is an extreme case of scalp eczema **Ache and Pimple** cure should be used with the Hair Tonic. Price, **$1.00**, express paid.

PRINCESS HAIR REJUVENATOR

restores gray or faded hair to its original color in ten days, is neither greasy nor sticky, contains no injurious ingredients; clear as water; prompt to act; easy to apply; safe to use; sure in its results. If gray hair isn't becoming, use Hair Rejuvenator.

Write to Canada's leading dermatologists if you have any skin, scalp, hair, or complexional trouble. Correspondence confidential. Send 10c. for booklet "W" and sample Cream.

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ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

'Lasses-Makin' Time.

Is you evah notice, honey, when de
fros' a-peekin' out
Roun' de agies o' de medder, en' de
sun a-risin' late,
How yo' feelin's gits so bubbly dat you
gotta sing en shout
'Cause de 'lasses mill a-comin' en a-
stoppin' at yo' gate?
"Hi, Jawnson, is you come at las'? My
lan', you pesky slow,"
(Dat whut you up'n tell 'im, but he
only set en grin.)
"De sorghum cane all raidy, en it cut
a week uh-go,
So staht en git dat mill to wuk es
nimble es you kin."
Lindy, Lindy, fly aroun'—
Hunt de aigs en git de pan;
Fix de oven fer to bake
'Lasses cake fer yo' ole man.

Den you sets out on de wash bainch,
whar de air hit wa'm en still,
Wid de cheekin-hens a-pickin' in de
grass aroun' yo' feet,
En you listens to de chompin' of de
busy 'lasses mill,
Grindin'—grindin' out de juices dat's
so mighty good en sweet.
En he git de sap a-cookin', en he holler.
"Yere, you Jack,
Come 'long down en stir de 'lasses,
'less you wants de stuff to bu'n,"
En you stirs it en you stirs it till it git
all rich en black,
En it smell lak honeysuckle—den you
knows it good en done.
Den Lindy, Lindy, fly aroun'—
Brek de aigs en grease de pan;
Mek de oven hot en bake
'Lasses cake fer dis ole man.

Items of Interest.

The starfish has no nose, but the whole of its underside is endowed with the sense of smell.

The government of Sicily sells snow in the northen part of the island for one cent a pound. It is gathered on the mountains and retailed in the cities for refrigerating purposes.

The women of Sumatra wear costly dresses, many of them being made of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into a fine wire, which is woven into cloth and afterwards used for dresses.

In Belguim all cattle over three months old are to be seen wearing earrings. Breeders are obliged to keep a record of all the cattle raised by them, and each animal has a registered trade number, which is engraved on the ring fastened to its ear.

Northeast Australia develops very slowly. Farmers grow maize in the old-fashioned way. The maize crop in Queensland this year is a record one. Canning pineapple is becoming an important industry in Queensland. Opal mining is growing steadily.

The women of the Island of Yezzo have a very peculiar custom of making up their faces to look as though they wore moustaches. These women are called Ainus, and upon the upper lip of each belle is tattooed something that resembles a long, flowing mustache.

Among bees in the Isle of Wight a singular disease has been spreading. It assumes the form of a kind of paralysis, and up to the present all efforts to combat the malady have been useless. It is believed that the bees will be extinct in the island within another year unless a remedy be quickly found.

The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by fish. The whale moves with a velocity through a dense medium of water that would carry him, if continued, round the world in something less than a fortnight, and a swordfish has been known to strike his "sword" through the oak plank of a ship.

A remarkable court decision in a bigamy case has been handed down at Perugia, Italy, where Charles Balliori, a tailor, was acquitted of a charge of having two wives on the ground that he has two hearts. Four physicians testified that Balliori had two hearts, and the court at once decided that this was ample reason for him to marry two women.

The curious thinness of some skulls of Egyptian mummies of the fourth to the nineteenth dynasty has been studied by Dr. G. Elliott Smith, professor of anatomy at Cairo, and he suggests that the cause may have been the wearing of heavy wigs. It occurs in both male and female skulls. It is found only in mummies of wealthy people, and the upper classes of the period to which the phenomenon belong are known to have followed the fashion of wearing enormous wigs.

A Parisian has invented a camera shaped like a book in order that, while he appears to be reading, he may take pictures of his friends. By this means he expects to be able to get very natural poses. The machine is said to resemble a pocket dictionary, so beware the man with the Webster. No doubt the inventor will call his contrivance a picture book.

American Giant Buried in England.

It took fourteen men, with special tackle, to lower into the grave at Preston, England, the body of Jesse Amos Baker, who in his time claimed to be the heaviest man in the world.

Baker, who was professionally known at "Big Billy Bonno," was a native of the United States, and had been exhibited all over Europe and America. He died in the infirmary at Blackburn, England, recently, from erysipelas and fatty degeneration of the heart.

The following are some of his proportions: Weight 588 lbs., height 6 feet, waist 73 inches, neck 27 inches, chest 60 inches.

The grave was the largest ever made at Preston. It measured over 7 feet in length, 4 feet 5 inches in width and 12 feet in depth. The pitch pine coffin was 7 feet long and 3 feet 2 inches in width.

Chronology of Inventions.

Barometers were first made by Torricelli in 1643.

Bombshells were first made in Holland, in 1495.

The first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1470.

Iron pavements were first laid in London in 1817.

Buckles were first made in 1680.

Brandy was first made in France, in 1310.

Roller skates were invented by Plympton in 1863.

The first American paper money was made in 1740.

Covered carriages were first used in England in 1580.

Alcohol was discovered in the thirteenth century.

Stem winding watches were the invention of Noel, in 1851.

The first iron wire was drawn at Nuremburg in 1351.

The torpedo was first made in 1777.

The first plaster cast was made by Verochio in 1470.

Advertisements first appeared in newspapers in 1652.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826.

The folding envelope was first used in 1839.

Coal oil was first used as an illuminant in 1826.

The velocipede was invented by Drais in 1817.

Steel needles were first made in England in 1545.

Shorthand writing was the invention of Pitman in 1837.

Billiards were invented in France in 1471.

The first pipe organ was made by Archimedes in 220 B.C.

The first dictionary was made by the Chinese scholars in 1109 B.C.

The first pair of spectacles was made by an Italian in 1299.

The dinner fork was introduced into Italy in 1491 and into England in 1608.

The game of backgammon was invented by a Greek about 1224.

Glass mirrors were known in A.D. 23, but the art of making them was lost and not recovered until 1300 in Venice.

House-Eating Ants.

White ants are a never-ending trouble to the Australian settler.

From the earliest period of the white man's residence on the shores of Botany Bay the fragile little creature has waged a continuous war against him by attacking, dismanteling, and in many cases devouring the most cherished of his possessions—his house. Before the white man's advent houses were unknown. The aborigines of the vast territory knew nothing of such structures, a few sheets of bark constituted the shelter they temporarily required. But even then the white ants abounded.

They ate the standing trees in the forest; they devoured fallen branches; they made nests in logs and roots. From Port Darwin to the south of New South Wales evidences of their activity in far-off times exist in the remains of huge mounds, the labor of millions upon millions of the tiny insects.

With civilization and house-building came new spheres for their activity. Wherever woodwork was used, in city center or bush hut, the creature had to be guarded against, and the utmost care and precautions were often futile in the contest. Buildings in the capitals have had to be remodelled and sometimes taken down because of the extent of the ravages. A building in the country known to be affected with white ants becomes practically unsalable. Occasionally, the affected board or joist of several affected ones are removed and sound timber introduced, in the hope of making good the injury; but rarely does such patching avail.

The white ant is an unseen worker. It may have secured a lodgment in a house many years back; generations of creatures may have lived and worked and died, without creating, by sound or otherwise, the slightest suspicion of their presence, and it is only when they have consumed the entire substance underneath that the shell of the wood falls in and disaster is revealed.

Governments have spent tens of thousands of dollars experimenting with preventives, and individuals have expended even more; but the white ant is now as much a master of the situation as at any time in the past.

Curious and Costly Carpets.

A magnificent Persian carpet has just been brought to England as a present from the Shah to the King. It is entirely hand-made, and its manufacture, despite the number of workers employed, took upwards of three years to complete. It is of most artistic and intricate design, into which the King's name, Edward VII., is woven.

The palatial hall of Goldsmiths Company, in Foster Lane, London, contains three costly carpets, made at the factory at Wilton, near Salisbury. The largest, which is in the court drawing-room, and measures 40 feet 2 inches by 26 feet 9 inches, is of a rich crimson, surrounding a center, 10 feet by 9 feet, consisting of the company's arms in their heraldic coloring of blue, green, red and purple, upon a white ground, and enclosed in a border of festooned roses with medallions at each corner. In setting the pile of this carpet, which weighs about 1,200 pounds, over 5,500,000 knots were used.

Another company, that of the Girdlers, possesses a carpet which in historic interest is probably unique. It was manufactured in the reign of Charles I. at the factory of Akbar the Great at Lahore, to the order of Robert Bell, who in 1634 was master of the company. The carpet, which is 24 feet by 7 feet 6 inches, is worked with the company's crest and arms and two bales of merchandise, on either side of which are the donor's arms, and two bales of merchandise on which are his initials and trade mark. At the time of the great fire this carpet was saved from destruction only to fall upon a Gothic age that regarded it as a mere floor covering, and year by year it grew more dirty and dilapidated. From this scandalous neglect it was rescued a few years since by some members of the court more discriminating than the majority, and after a thorough renovation was placed in a finely carved oak frame and hung above the high table.

The prayer carpet on view at South Kensington is a splendid specimen. Measuring some thirty-three feet by twenty feet, it was purchased at a cost of $12,500, chiefly through the instrumentality of the late William Morris, the poet, who, with other gentlemen, gave a handsome subscription for that purpose. It came originally from the mosque at Ardebil, for which it was made in the year 946 of the Hegira (A. D. 540) by Maksoud of Kasham, a fact which, together with a pious maxim, is recorded in words which are woven into the texture of the carpet itself.

Two other magnificent carpets were four years ago sold at the Municipal Chamber at Lisbon to pay for repairs at the Convent of Antonio, to which they had been given by the Infanta Donna Sanche in 1500. For these carpets, which are of Persian manufacture, eighteen feet square and embroidered with gold, the bidding was very brisk. Starting at $4,400, it rapidly rose to $8,500, at which price the prize, at $5,000 below its real value, was secured by a Frenchman. Public opinion, however, was so great against the sale that two other equally valuable carpets, the property of the Estralia Convent, were withdrawn.

A curious carpet has lately been manufactured at Caesarea. It is a representation of the battle of Trafalgar, depicting the moment in the engagement when Nelson received his fatal wound. The carpet, which is entirely of silk, is seven feet by 6 feet, and it took two girls fourteen months to weave it. It was sold for $2,000. Another historical event, the recapture of Buda from the Turks, in 1686, was the subject of a carpet manufactured at the Beauvais factory established in 1664 for Mme. de Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV.

Some of the carpets in the possession of Eastern potentates are of similar magnificence and value. In the great exhibition of 1851 an elaborate cashmere carpet was shown by the Maharajah Goolab Singh. It was composed entirely of silk, and every square foot contained no fewer than 10,000 knots.

Novel Method of Raising Sunken Ships.

An ingenious device of raising sunken ships recently devised by a French engineer, is described in the "Electrical Review." The system depends upon the use of calcium carbide for setting free gas when brought into contact with water. At suitable points in the vessel cases of carbide are placed which, when brought in contact with water, force out the latter, thus emptying the vessel.

The method may also be used for emptying floats after they have been

attached to the ship. The success of the method depends upon obtaining an equal bouyancy at the different parts of the vessel. For this purpose, cans of carbide are placed at the points which are to be emptied of water. They are fitted with explosive caps, which are set off simultaneously by an electric current. In this way the case is ruptured, water is admitted, and the emptying of all compartments begins simultaneously.

It is suggested also by the inventor that the method can be used to advantage in operating floating docks. After such a dock has been sunk and has taken in the vessel to be lifted, the water is expelled from the ballast chambers by means of the acetylene gas set free from the carbide.

Divers' Delights.

Year by year the diving appliances have been so improved that it is now quite a pleasant experience to go down in shallow water and prowl around on the floor of the sea with an electric light. In shallow water, says Ocean, an experienced diver can remain below the surface without difficulty for three hours.

As the diver is paid by the hour, and moreover receives a great deal more for the second hour under water than he does for the first, he likes to stay below the surface as long as possible.

One veteran sea-captain told the writer that he had been down himself and found fourteen men, who were supposed to be hard at work, fast asleep in the cabin of a sunken vessel. They had crawled in there to get out of the way of various marine creatures who disturbed their slumbers.

Spanish Delicacy.

Visitors in Seville see women carrying baskets full of crabs' claws. The claws are cooked and people nibble at them, more for fun than sustenance, just as the Russians nibble at sunflower seeds. But what is this crustacean? What becomes of the rest of him—especially, if a crawfish, of his tail?

As a matter of fact, the crawfish has no part in the business. The carrasquenas—as the claws are called—are taken from a salt water crab, the Gelas mus tangeri, which lives along the shores of Morocco, Spain and Portugal. Each little crab, with his one little wife, has a little cave for a home; and, adopting the Arab estimate for the other sex, he usually keeps his wife shut up inside the cave, meanwhile staying about the threshold himself and making a brave show with his big claws.

When the tide runs out the crabfishers prowl along the beach looking for crab holes. Either the crab is stalking up and down seeking what he may devour, and thus showing whether he has fine claws, or he is still at home, and the size of his doorway indicates the size of the householder. In one case, the fisherman cuts off his retreat by blocking his front door with mud. In the other case ,he digs him out. Anyway, he deprives him of his pincers and sets him at liberty—to grow some more.

Right here appears the happiest feature of the whole affair; for the pincers are not torn away from the crab at all. Instead, he presents them to the fisherman—perhaps even with his compliments. It is a fact, easily demonstrable, that the crab can detach his claw by a muscular effort, thus making no hemorrhage, but leaving the stump in such condition that a new claw is soon grown. The fishermen simply take Mr. Crab by the hand, whereupon he lets go, leaves the claw with them, and runs off home without it. And as the claw is no longer of use to him or to anybody else in the water, and it is salable and edible, the fisherman naturally takes it home and sells it.

Making Hand Prints.

Look closely at the inside of the fingers near the tips. You will see furrows running in curved lines. They appear like mere lines, but if you look at them through a magnifying glass you will see they are really slight furrows. Or rub chalk or powder over them, and they will be outlined in white.

It is said that no two persons have these markings exactly alike, and also that the markings remain the same through life in each individual. You may test this by taking a print of your own. Spread some ink thinly over a piece of glass or paper. When the ink is nearly dry, press the fingers on it lightly and then on a piece of clean white paper. A few trials will give you some very good prints. By taking these prints every year, you may find out for yourself whether these lines remain unchanged.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial boxes 5 cts. Sold by all druggists.

That's the way: Try it! The next time you have a chop or cutlet, just try

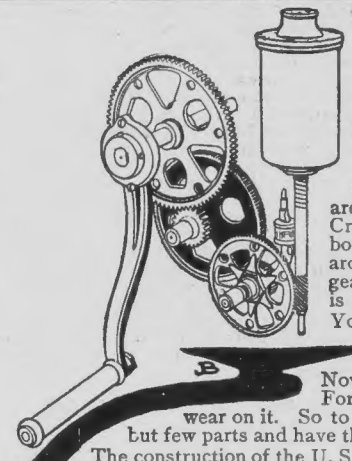
LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIS MAJESTY

Then see how you enjoy the meat.

Ask any honest grocer for THE BEST SAUCE. He is sure to give you LEA & PERRINS'.

The Simple U. S. CREAM SEPARATOR



See the gear wheels and the bowl. They are all the "machinery" there is to the U. S. Cream Separator. They do the business. The bowl skims the cream from the milk by whirling around several thousand times per minute. The gears get up this high speed although the crank is turned only about 50 turns per minute.

You get the idea. It's much the same as a mower's gear which makes the knives move very fast while the drive wheel turns slowly.

Now a Cream Separator runs at a very high speed. For this reason there is **bound** to be considerable wear on it. So to last for a long time a separator **must** have but few parts and have those parts **simple and easy to get at.**

The construction of the U. S. is simplicity itself (the cut shows). Of course the U. S. gears are entirely enclosed by a strong iron frame when set in the separator ready for work.

We want to tell you more about the simple construction of the U. S. Separator, and about its many other good points, too. Our handsome, new catalogue will do it, and make mighty interesting reading. We'll gladly send you a copy free if you want. Just write "Send catalogue number E **110**". A postal is all right. Better write now while you think of it, addressing

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WATCH The Kidneys.

They are the most important secretory organs. Into and through the kidneys flow the waste fluids of the body, containing poisonous matter taken out of the system. If the kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained, the whole system becomes disordered and the following symptoms will follow: Pain in the small of the back and loins, frightful dreams, specks floating before the eyes, puffiness under the eyes, and swelling of the feet and ankles or any urinary trouble.

When any of these symptoms manifest themselves you can quickly rid yourself of them by the use of the best of all medicines for the kidneys,

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. John L. Doyle, Sutton West, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with a pain in my back for some time, but after using two boxes of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS I was entirely cured and can speak highly in their favor."

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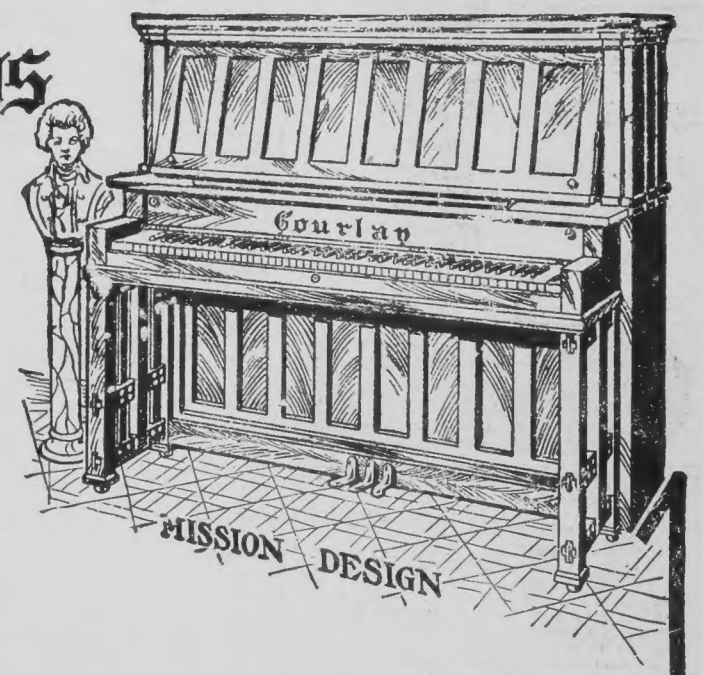
ADD THE ONE CHARM THAT PERFECTS THE HOME CIRCLE



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instruments—wearing well and staying in tune in all sorts of weather.

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In such cases the action of

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in quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is. beyond all question, marvellous.

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WE excel in FIT, WEIGHT, STRENGTH and NEATNESS. You can get the best in Winnipeg and will be sure of proper treatment.

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ALBERT PRESS COMPANY
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6285 Lorne Avenue, London, Ontario.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

Drink a Hindrance to the Working Man.

By John F. Cunneen.

The old days when employers had few employes, and in most instances knew them all, are gone. Vast combinations of capital have placed the employer and employed far apart. The employer no longer deals directly with his employes, but treats with them through agents. It is the chief duty of the agent to pay dividends upon the capital stock. Failure to do so means dismissal and installing another in his place who will do better.

The agent of the employer must leave sympathy outside of the business. He must drive the workmen to the utmost limit, that greater profits may be made. The most modern machinery, no matter how dangerous to life and limb, must be installed, that work may be got out at greater speed.

The tremendous speed of work of the present day whether it be in the office, mill, factory, building, railroad or outdoor work, places the drinking man at a disadvantage. Among labor saving machinery he is a dangerous man to both himself and to others. Drink tells upon the physique, and when the drinking man fails to keep up the rate required he is let out to make way for another, whom drink has not incapacitated.

Then again great combinations of capital are opposed by great combinations of labor, and often strikes of working-men result. Ofttimes the working-man, who through long years of service becomes an adept at his particular line of work, would have a life-time position but a strike forces him out to seek another situation.

The working-man who is seeking a situation is placed at a disadvantage if he drinks. The application blanks for those seeking employment nearly all contain the question, "Do you drink intoxicating liquors?" An unfavorable answer militates against his receiving a situation. When the workman seeking a situation applies to the agent of the employer it is important that his appearance makes a favorable impression. If he appears to be a drinking man, or if drink has made him seem older than he really is, the chances are against him. The agent of the employer may not be a total abstainer himself; he may sympathize with the man who drinks, but he knows that he must pay dividends upon the capital stock of his employers and he must hire only expert workmen or he will have to make way for some one else who will. The man who does not drink, who looks younger than his years, whose physique is at its best, is the man who stands the best chance of receiving employment.

There is no prospect of a slower rate in the future. On the contrary, the indications point to greater speed. Capitalists are striving more and more for money and power. Working-men are seeking advance in wages. People are not satisfied to travel slowly. Railroad and electric cars and automobiles must travel at lightning speed. The demand for speed will keep forcing the drinking man to the rear. The sooner a drinking man becomes a total abstainer the better for his future career. The young man not addicted to the liquor habit who remains faithful to his principle will have a good chance of winning in the modern swift race of life.

Kipling's Views on Beer Gardens.

Rudyard Kipling, whose stories and poems are read by all the English-speaking world, tells in his American Notes of a sad incident that came under his observation in this country. Mr. Kipling has not been a total abstainer, nor have his writings always commended temperance, but of that scene he writes:

In the heart of Buffalo there stands a magnificent building, which the population do innocently style a music hall. Everybody comes here of an evening to sit around the little tables and listen to a first-class orchestra. Here I went with a friend—poor or boor is the man who cannot pick up a friend for a season in America—and here were shown the really smart folk of the city.

One sight of the evening was a horror. The little tragedy played itself out at a neighboring table where two very young men and two very young women were seated. It did not strike me until far into the evening that the young reprobates were making the girls drunk. They gave them red wine and then white, and their voices rose with the maiden cheeks' flushes. I watched, and the youths drank till their speech thickened and their eyeballs grew watery. It was sickening to see, because I knew what was going to happen. My friend eyed the group and said:

"Maybe they're children of respectable people. I hardly think that, though, or they wouldn't be allowed out with no better escort than those boys. And yet the place is one where everybody comes, as you see. There may be little immoralities, but in that case they wouldn't be so hopelessly overcome with two or three glasses of wine. They may be—"

But whatever they were, they got intolerably drunk—there in that lovely hall, surrounded by the best of Buffalo society. One could do nothing except invoke the judgment of heaven on those two boys, themselves half sick with liquor.

At the close of the musical performance, the quieter maiden laughed vacantly and protested she could not keep her feet. The four, linked arms and staggering, flickered out into the street—drunk, gentlemen and ladies, as Davy's swine—drunk as lords. They disappeared down a side avenue, but I could hear their laughter until long after they were out of sight. And they were all children of sixteen and seventeen.

Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools, such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, "There is no harm in it, taken moderately," and yet, my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we shall let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary.

Stop the Drink Habit.

Probably no subject is as widely discussed, and as generally misunderstood as drunkenness. Statesmen, philanthropists and financiers would like to put a stop to it But most measures lack some vital quality which would render it effective. Legislation requires a majority of the voting power. Philanthropy helps the suffering caused by drink, but does not reach its cause. Business requirements bar the drunkard from employment, but they do not help him to conquer his addiction; they do not prevent other men from becoming drunkards.

There is too much half-hearted temperance work, too much misdirected effort, too much pulling in different directions by people who honestly desire to accomplish the same purpose.

It is time that every one should utilize all methods to stem the tide of intemperance. Preventive work is important. It reaches the young. Reform work is important. It reaches the victims. But what an army of men are going to destruction through drink who cannot be reached by either of these methods.

The drunkard is a man who has become diseased through the poison of alcohol, and this is true whether he is a moral or an immoral man. He may be greatly in need of reform measures, but the first step in his reformation should be to destroy his diseased craving for drink.

Formerly churches and temperance organizations stood alone in their efforts to promote the cause of temperance. They were hampered by ignorance of the nature of inebriety, and hindered by the tolerance it received. But an age that has wrought miracles in industrial devices has brought changes in the rules governing the drinking man. The chief factors in the improved conditions have been business requirements and the Keeley cure. The first makes it necessary for a man to stop drinking, and the latter makes it possible for him to do so.

Nansen on Intoxicants.

Dr. Nansen, the great Arctic explorer and scientist, has said: "My experience leads me to take a decided stand against the use of alcoholic drinks. It is often supposed that, even though the spirits are not intended for daily use, they ought to be taken upon an expedition for medicinal purposes. I would readily acknowledge this if any one could show me a single case in which such a remedy is necessary, but till this is done I shall maintain that this pretext is not sufficient, and that the best course is to banish alcoholic drinks from the list of necessaries for an Arctic expedition."

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the stomach, etc. A weak stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak stomach nerves or weak heart nerves. Strengthen these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this simple trial. Sold by all druggists.

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AND ALL WHO SUFFER FROM DISORDERS OF THE

STOMACH AND LIVER!

Mother Seigel's Syrup will quickly set you right. It is a purely vegetable compound, having specific action on the stomach, liver and kidneys. It promotes healthy digestion and excretion, cleanses and enriches the blood, and gives health and tone to every part of the body.

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cures thousands of people every week, of indigestion and other stomach and liver disorders. Their voluntary testimony is convincing proof that Mother Seigel's Syrup has curative and strengthening qualities not found in any other medicine in the world. Take it—now; it

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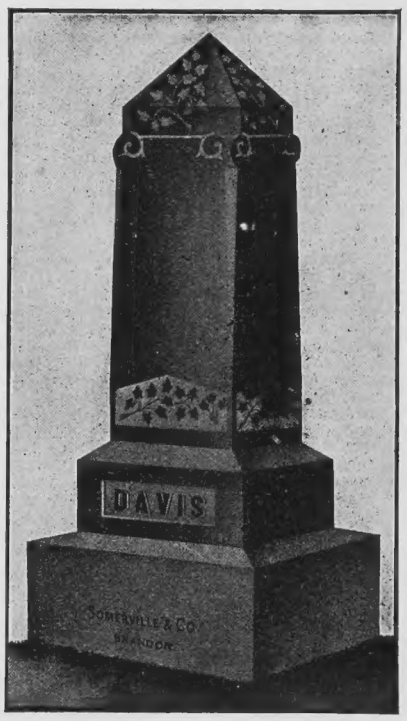

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We have about two carloads on exhibition in our yard here, and expect an 80,000 lb. car about May 1.

We buy at wholesale prices and direct from the Quarries in Aberdeen, Scotland. This means that we can sell to you for 25 per cent. less than any other dealer in the West.

EVERY KIND OF GRANITE AND MARBLE IN STOCK

Write us or give us a call.

IT'S MONEY IN YOUR POCKET

WEAK WOMEN.

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments, must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure," as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflammed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative.—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure.

—All Druggists—

Beware of imitations and substitutes, accept none but the genuine "Baby's Own."

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

The Telephone in Alkali Center.

There's a telephone in Alkali—it's a new, long talk machine,
And the girl who operates it is a reg'lar fairy queen;
The company sent her in here fer to run the thing in style,
And she's got the cowboys locoed, clear from here to Forty Mile.

She wears a janglin' bracelet, and a rollin' mass of hair,
And when good looks was passeled she was handed out her share;
She sets there in her glory, in her awe inspirin' togs,
And she knows that she's the ruler in this land of prairie dogs.

The boys they come a-ridin' from the corners of the range,
And they moon around in Alkali, and they're actin' mighty strange;
They have cut out cyards and drinkin', and they make a plum mean fuss
If a puncher who's forgitful rips a loud, resoundin' cuss.

They flock up to the office, and they spend their hard earned dough,
A phonin' off to cities where there ain't no folks they know;
It's money fer the comp'ny, but it breaks the boys like sin,
For, unlike their gamblin' pastimes, there is nary chance to win.

So, onless the girl flits eastward, there'll be trouble here this fall,
For the roundup season's comin' and we can't git help at all;
It's tur'ble, ain't it, pardner, when one woman, in her pride
Gits a country full of cowboys roped and throwd, and then hog tied.

Judge—"You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?" Intelligent Witness—"The dog."

Uncle Joe—"Yes, Tommy, it is quite possible that there are people in the moon." Tommy—"Well, what becomes of them when there isn't any moon?"

Hilton—"My wife is a matter-of-fact woman. She only speaks her mind." Chilton—"So does mine, but she changes her mind so often that it keeps her talking all the time."

Marks—"Say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?" Parks—"S-sh! No man should speak like that about his wife."

"Mrs. Henry Peck says Henry never spoke a cross word to her; don't you think that shows a great deal of love?" "Yes, or a great deal of discretion."

"Appearances," remarked Mrs. Highmus, "are deceitful." "I don't mind that so much," sighed Mrs. Ambish,

---

Hawley—"So her father objected to your suit, eh?" Sapleigh—"Oh, no; me clothes were perfectly satisfactorwy. It was me he objected to, doncher know."

The Missis—"Mary Ann, please explain to me how it is that I saw you kissing a young man in the kitchen last night." The Maid—"Sure; I dunno how it is, ma'am, unless yez were lookin' through the keyhole."

"Of course," said the tourist, "you know all about the antidotes for snake bites?" "Sure," replied the mountaineer. "Well, when a snake bites you, what is the first thing you do?" "Yell."

"A woman who tries to look like a man is a fool," announced Mr. Jawback. "I should say she is," said Mrs. Jawback, looking him over carefully. And even though she agreed with him, he didn't like it, somehow.

Anxious Mother—"Do you think that young man who has been calling on you means business?" Pretty Daughter—"I am sure he does. Everytime he calls he wants to know how papa's business is panning out."

Mrs. Suburbs—"How long were you in your last place?" Bridget O'Shaunnessy—"Three months, ma'am." Mrs. Suburbs—"Is it possible!" Bridget O'Shaunnessy—"Yes, ma'am, but it wasn't me fault. Oi had de smallpox, an' de house was quarantined."

Mrs. Bovenden Blunt—"But why did you leave your last place?" Applicant—"I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum." Mrs. B. B. (shocked)—"Dear me! Did they quarrel much, then?" Applicant—"Yes, mum; when it wasn't me an' 'im it was me an' 'er."

"I got a jawb I could go to if I could git five shillin's ter git me tools out er porn, guv'ner!" "Why, confound you, you got five shillings out of me a week or two ago with the very same story!" "Blimey, guv'ner, naow yer mentions it, I b'lieve I did. Ais't it wunnerful 'ow 'istory repeats itself?"

"In my babies' class last week the little ones were repeating the text, 'Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.' I showed them a picture representing the flight into Egypt. when they noticed the chief features. Then to one little boy there arose a difficulty, so up went his hand, and he asked, 'Please, teacher, where is the flea?"

We've shortened up our words a few,
The scheme is far from twaddle;
Progressive young folks say "skiddo!"
Our grandfathers said, "skedaddle."

First Tourist—"These customs officials seem to take a positive delight in their work."

Second Tourist—"Yes, they combine duty and pleasure."

"Any bottles? Any rags?"

"Queer combination you deal in, my friend."

"Not so queer. People as has bottles generally has rags."

New Office Boy—"Your wife wants you at the 'phone. sir."

Mr. Mormondub—"Boy, how many times must I tell you to get the name and number of the person who calls up."

Hubbubs—"Are you ever bothered with tramps out here?"

Subbubs—"No; I have a sign on the gate reading, 'We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't.'"

Editor's Son—"I asked papa when the millennium was comin,' an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was goin' to rain next First of July, an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be an editor."

In some parts of the West it is customary for the men to wear buckskin breeches, a fashion followed even by clergymen.

An Alberta minister tells of a fellow clergyman who, in preparing to attend conference, donned a pair of buckskin breeches that had not been worn for quite awhile, and during the time a nest of wasps had taken possession of them for winter quarters.

He put them on without noticing the wasps, and they did not wake up enough to notice him until after his arrival at the conference, when they started to make things lively.

When it came his turn he got up, read a chapter and announced his text, but he could not refrain from slapping his legs every once in a while.

He started in to preach, but simply couldn't stand it, and at last exclaimed: "Brothers and sisters, the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!" and made a hurried exit.

During the excitement which followed John Brown's raid into Virginia, Major Jaskson — "Stonewall" — went to Washington in command of the cadet artillery of the Virginia Military Institute. There, says the Century Magazine, he spent the night at a hotel. He shared a room with four of his officers. Before retiring he asked one of them, a captain, what he did with his watch and purse when spending a night in a hotel.

"Well," replied the captain, "I have no fixed rule. Ordinarily I put my waistcoat, in which I carry them, under my pillow."

"I can tell you a much better plan than that," said Major Jackson. "I always place my watch in one sock and my purse in the other, and lay them on the floor as if they had been thrown there carelessly. No one would think of looking in a pair of soiled socks for valuables."

They were up betimes in the morning, and having breakfasted, started for the wharf to take boat to their destination. They had marched one or two squares when the major suddenly ordered, "Detachment halt! Place rest!" He then left them standing as they were, and trotted off at his usual ungainly gait toward the hotel. He soon returned, and resumed the march.

"Major," said the captain at the first opportunity—for he suspected the cause of the return—"I was much struck by your method of concealing your watch and purse last night, and I think I shall adopt it hereafter."

A broad smile appeared on the major's face. "If you do," he said, "don't put on clean socks next morning and leave the old ones behind."

UNRIPE FRUIT, CHANGE OF WATER, COLDS, IMPROPER DIET CAUSE

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Etc.

These annoying bowel complaints may be quickly and effectually cured by the use of

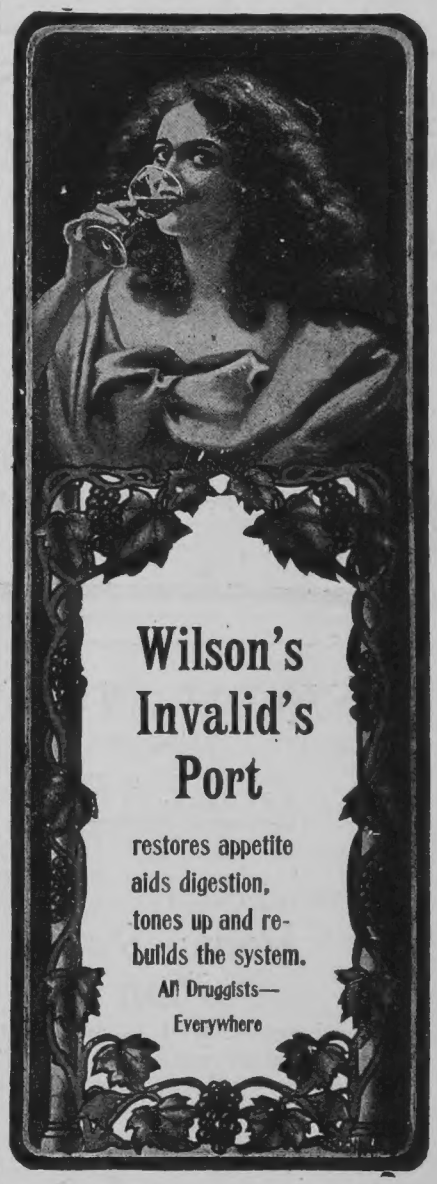
DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

This wonderful remedy has been on the market for over sixty years and in using it you are not running any risk.

Be sure when asking for Wild Strawberry you get DR. FOWLER'S and don't let the unscrupulous dealer palm off a cheap substitute on you.

Mrs. Gordon Helmer, Newington, Ont., writes: "I have used DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY for Diarrhoea and never found any other medicine to equal it. There are many imitations, but none so good as Dr. Fowler's."

Mrs. C. W. Brown, Grand Harbor, N.B., writes: "I consider DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY to be the best remedy for Summer Complaint, as it cured me of a very bad case. I can recommend it highly to anyone.



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Add value to any ready roofing but can be had only with Paroid. They are rust-proof on both sides and being square give larger binding surface. They will add years to roof life. To let you test and prove Paroid's superiority, we make this

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Buy one roll of Paroid, apply it to your roof. If you are not then satisfied that you have the best, we will send you a check for the amount you paid for the roofing and the cost of applying.

Ask For Free Samples of Paroid, Rust-Proof Caps and name of our Paroid dealer. You cannot afford to run risks with untried roofings. Investigate the merits of Paroid before buying roofing of any kind. If you care for our Book of Plans of Farm Buildings, enclose 4 cents for postage.

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The originators of the complete roofing kit and the Paroid Rust-Proof cap

Farm Buildings Should Be Covered With Ruberoid Roofing

Ruberoid Roofing gives longer and better wear, at smaller cost, than metal, asphalt, slate, shingles, and other roofings.

It withstands ammonia fumes from stables and is absolutely proof against extremes of heat and cold, fire and water.

Rain water comes from it pure and clean.

Shipped in rolls and can be applied by anyone—roll contains nails, tin caps and cement.

Is the pioneer roofing of its kind —the standard for 15 years.

Write for booklet and samples and we will send you the address of your nearest dealer.

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3

SHORT STORY
WRITING BRINGS IN THE
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Home Study Plan

will enable you to make preparation during spare hours at trifling expense. Our Booklet "S.S." explains, it will cost you 1 CENT and a moment of time to get a post-card and address it to us. Send your request to

The SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
393 YONGE STREET TORONTO, CAN.
W. H. SHAW, PRESIDENT C. W. CHANT, SECRETARY

Hints for the Housewife.

Peaches.

"Peaches in the dumpling,
Peaches in the pie,
Peaches in the market,
Who can pass them by?"

Peach Dumplings.

Make quite a rich biscuit dough, cut into small squares. Pare peaches and cut in half; extract the seed, put sugar in its place and cover with the other half. Put a peach on each square, with a little sugar on top. Pinch edges of dough carefully together; bake half an hour in moderate oven. Serve hot or cold with plain cream.

Peach Pie.

Line a pie-pan with a rich paste. Peel, halve and seed peaches enough to fill the pan. Then sprinkle over the pie two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of sugar; fill up with thick sweet cream and bake till done—about an hour.

Potato Fritters.

Cold potatoes mashed, two eggs, spring onions. Beat two eggs well with one tablespoonful of milk in a deep dish, then beat into this as much cold mashed potatoes as will make a thick batter; sprinkle into this one-half cup of spring onions chopped fine, beating all the time, drop one tablespoonful at a time into boiling lard, and fry a bright brown: serve hot. A nice supper dish.

Pancake Pudding.

Cold pancakes, scraps of bacon, three eggs, one cup of milk. Take a deep pie dish and grease it well, cut up the cold pancakes and put a layer in the bottom of the dish, then a layer of bacon cut into dice, sprinkle a little pepper and a very little salt, then more pancakes, and so on until the dish is full; let the last layer be bacon and pancakes mixed, beat the three eggs well and mix with the milk; pour this over the top and bake in a rather hot oven for half an hour. Serve hot or cold.

My Way of Making Bread.

Put cake of "Yeast Foam" to soak in a pint of tepid water, add flour and beat to stiff batter, let rise several hours or till evening. Fill bread pan half full of flour, pour in two quarts of warm whey (I scald some flour with whey). Add a pint of water, salt and beat thoroughly. In the morning mix with hand till stiff, then knead till it blisters, raise and knead again, raise and form into loaves; bake one hour, and I think your bread will be good. Mine is.

Parker House Rolls.

Two quarts sifted flour, 1 pint new milk after it is boiled and cooled: 2 tablespoonfuls lard, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, ¼ cup yeast. Measure the flour into a granite crock. Rub shortening, salt and sugar into the flour, pour in milk and egg beaten to a froth, make a thick batter, add yeast last, cover, and let it stand over night In the morning add more flour if necessary, knead a few moments. Grease the crock and return the dough, cover, let it raise to nearly twice the size, turn out on molding board and roll to half-inch thickness; cut out with biscuit cutter, brush over with melted butter; fold over until edges meet, press slightly, prick and place in greased tins, cover until light; bake in moderate oven. fifteen minutes.

Green Pickled Walnuts.

Pick them when tender enough to pierce with a pin and put in a strong brine, letting them stand for four days, changing the brine once during that time; rinse off and keep in the sun until they become black, turning them frequently so that all parts of their surface may be exposed to the sun's rays; pack in jars and pour over them a pickle of the best vinegar with pepper, ginger, mace, cloves, mustard-seed and horse-radish all boiled together.

Apple Jelly.

Apples for jelly should be tart, juicy and of good flavor. Pare the apples, core and quarter them, then put them with the skins and cores, in a jar in a slow oven. When they are quite soft, strain all through a coarse muslin bag, pressing hard to extract all the flavor of the fruit. Put a pound of loaf sugar to every pint of juice, and the juice of a lemon, and put the liquor over the fire in a preserving kettle. Boil steadily for twenty minutes or so, skimming occasionally. Roll glasses in hot water, and fill them with the jelly while hot; when cold, cover with brandied tissue paper and store in a cool, dry place.

Green Peas. Southern Style.

This is the way the southern mammies cook peas: The peas are put in one kettle and cooked in the usual way. The pods are put into another kettle with a piece of meat, and cooked until done. Drain the peas from their liquor, put on a platter around the meat (which was cooked with the pods). There will be nothing left of the pods but the thin shell-like husk, which must be skimmed out, and add the liquor to that in which the peas were cooked. Season to taste and thicker with egg and flour. This is delicious, and when peas are scarce, will be appreciated.

Rhubarb and Apple Jelly.

Cut up rhubarb, wash and put over the fire, without any water at all. Take good sour apples, pare and quarter and cook in a very little water; strain the juice of both and put them on the stove to cook for fifteen minutes, then add the heated sugar ¾ as much as juice, boil hard for twenty minutes and turn into glasses, set in the sun for half a day, seal next day.

Corn Salad.

Twenty-eight or thirty ears of corn, grated or cut off, 1 large head of cabbage, 3 green peppers, 4 large onions. Box of mustard, ½ cup salt, 4 cups brown sugar, 3 pints of vinegar. Chop cabbage, peppers and onions finely and mix all ingredients thoroughly. Cook well or till it turns a brownish color. Put in cans and seal while hot.

To Polish Old Furniture.

Boil for ten minutes equal parts of sweet oil and vinegar. After it has cooled, rub the furniture with it, using a piece of soft silk and plenty of the mixture. This will both clean and polish the furniture, if the rubbing is continuous and vigorous.

To Clean Black Silk.

First brush and wipe all the dust from it. Then lay it upon a flat surface with its right side up, and sponge it thoroughly with hot black coffee that has been carefully strained. Take care that the surface upon which the silk has been laid will not stain it. When the silk is nearly dry, iron it with a warm iron on the wrong side. Press the silk so as not to leave iron marks or to disturb the grain.

Starch Brown Linen and Dark Goods.

Make the starch in the ordinary way, but instead of clear water, use weak clear coffee or hay water. Hay water is made by pouring scalding water over a wisp of hay until the water is richly colored. Starch made in this manner will leave no white flecks on brown or black goods.

To Preserve Gilt.

Cover the gilded surface with a coating of white varnish. Dust, marks, or stains of any kind can then be washed off without removing the gilt.

To Save Gasoline.

Gasoline that has been used for cleaning purposes, however discolored, can be restored to its original brightness by filtering it through ordinary filter paper that can be had of any druggist, or by using chamois in place of filter paper. The gasoline loses none of its virtue by being strained.

A Substitute for Carpets.

A good substitute for linoleum or hard wood flooring is deadening felt. It comes in large rolls like any other building paper and should be cut to fit the floor, laid in place and left to flatten for a week or two, when it is tacked so that it will not wrinkle or ridge when it is tacked. Two coats of good floor paint will make this paper carpet last a year or more and it is warm and clean.

Keep the Goblets Shining.

I have found that the only way to have the drinking glasses shining is to keep a tea-towel exclusively for that purpose. Crystal won't shine if there is an atom of grease upon it, and it is impossible to dry the plates and platters without leaving a trace of the all pervading oil of the dishwater upon the towel. As it is a needless expenditure to take a fresh towel every time, I set aside a nail for the "glass towel" and trained my helpful household to respect it.

How to Make Home Beautiful.

Too many designs in a room make it jump and such a room hurts one who is sensitive to impressions. I found an easy way to get around such a difficulty by kalsomining over the wall paper. The design showed through but the tone was simple and the color even. This brought peace into an erstwhile distraught household.

Not Troubled Since.

Peterson Bros. & Lind, of Headley, B.C., say that they have never had any trouble with cockroaches since having used Jackson Roach Powder. They have found it a great success, and would advise any one troubled with roaches to give it a trial.